

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 24.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Feb. 12, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.
No. 8, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.
No. 6, 11:55 A. M.
No. 4, 6:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:55 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark: * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIMMER, AGT.

Antioch Home News.

S. B. Russell was home from Chicago Saturday last.

Wm. Hodge has moved into his new house on Main street.

R. S. Grice has moved to Waukegan, where he will reside in future.

Lyman Grice has been drawing lumber for his new house during the past week.

Mr. Wm. Young started last week for a two week's visit with friends in "York State."

Mr. Hendricks, of Spring Grove, was here on Saturday last in the interests of his insurance companies.

We are sorry to say that quite a number of valuable contributions have been unavoidably crowded out this week.

Mr. J. E. Perkins was called to the town of Mt. Pleasant on Friday last by the death of his brother-in-law, Albert Newman.

Mr. Stephen Grice has moved his blacksmith shop onto the lot north of his residence, and will fit it up for rent as a dwelling house.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.20.

Miss Addie Schaffer is now visiting with friends and relatives in Burlington and will probably remain in that place for a couple of weeks at least.

The party given by Mr. S. Spafford of Millburn brought a number of our young people in that direction on Friday evening last. A good time is reported.

Proprietor Rogers is preparing for a grand masquerade ball to be given at his hall in this village during the present month. See further announcement in our columns.

The Swift ice company of Lake Villa has been doing a deal of hustling around lately in consequence of an order received last week for 3000 cars of ice, to be delivered in Chicago.

I. R. Webb and his brother Christopher, returned from "York State" Saturday last and report snow four feet deep down there. When they left for home their sister was still very low and fears were entertained that she would not recover.

The parties engaged in dispensing temperance (?) drinks at Lake Villa were brought to Waukegan last week and fined \$100 by Esquire Kennedy. Verily the way of the rum seller is a "rocky" one and hath many a "jag" in its winding course.

Quite a crowd of our people listened to the temperance lecture given by Mr. W. Chaffin at the Disciple church on Wednesday evening of last week, and the majority of those present seemed well pleased with his remarks. Mr. Chaffin is a fluent speaker and has the happy faculty of being able to keep his audience in a pleasant mood, no matter what their views on the temperance question may be. With such men Mr. Chaffin in the field fighting for question, it is but a matter of time when the evil will be soothed.

News was received today announcing the death of Mrs. Herman Zude of Silver Lake. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn her loss.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

Lounges, \$4.50, woven wire springs, \$1.75, chairs, 50 cents each, chambersuits (3 pieces) \$13.50, plush parlor suits, \$20.00, for ten days from this date. Everything else also at bed rock prices at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Foltz's store.

As there seems to be a doubt in the minds of a few on the school question, should the village become incorporated, we would say that children residing in the present school district will not be denied the privilege of attending the village school even then, as the village would still remain part of the school township and be subject to the general provisions of the school law. Neither would it be necessary to make a new survey of the place, as has been stated by others.

Mr. Albert Herman of Grass Lake and Miss Mary A. Brogan of Antioch were united in marriage Wednesday, Feb. 4th 1891, at the bride's parents, in the presence of a few of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The News joins with a large circle of friends of the happy twain in wishing them a long, pleasant and prosperous voyage on the sea of life.

On the 25th day of this month the voters of the village will be afforded a chance to decide by ballot whether or not the place shall be incorporated. The question of incorporation is, or should be, of interest to all who have the right to cast a ballot on that day, for or against the measure. Don't sit at the fire when the time comes and trust to your neighbor to settle the matter according to your liking. Step to the ballot box yourself and deposit therein your ballot either for or against the measure as your conscience may dictate. You will then have exercised your right as an American freeman and cannot be taunted with having failed to perform your duty as a voting citizen. It is not at all likely that any unlawful methods will be resorted to by either side to gain their point, so that if the measure is defeated it will be by fair means that this result is brought about. It can be as truthfully said on the other side that, should incorporation gain the day, it will be through no unfair means on the part of its advocates.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mr. C. W. Youk and wife are Chicago visitors this week.

The new church sheds are progressing finely.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Maley returned from Chicago on Monday eve.

Mr. E. Blank of Whitewater made his brother Chris a call a few days ago.

John Hegeman Jr. was tendered a surprise by his many young friends last Sat. evening.

News was received today announcing the death of Mrs. Herman Zude of Silver Lake. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn her loss.

Rumor reports another wedding. What's struck Wilnot anyway? Only five weddings in as many weeks.

On Sunday last the St. John Lutherans received and welcomed their new pastor, Rev. Oleit, called from Bay City, Mich. with very appropriate ceremonies. The church was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and the Burlington choir favored the audience with some very fine singing. Rev. Bender their former pastor officiated.

GUESS WHO.

GRASS LAKE.

Mr. Loof will have an auction sale next week.

C. B. Little is again buzzing up wood in this neighborhood.

There was quite a number of hunters at the Herman House Sunday.

Mr. Chance Hawkins is going to build an addition on Eli Cobb's house.

Mrs. Willie Allen has been visiting her brother R. Jones at Hickory during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brogan were guests of their daughter Mrs. Albert Herman on Friday last.

Mr. H. Middendorff came home Wednesday to attend the wedding of his brother-in-law Albert Herman.

Geo. Needham of Chicago who recently bought the Morley farm was a guest at the Soules House the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Herman Sr. will live with Grandma Herman and their son Albert will run the hotel during the coming season.

Wm. Ramaker has for some time been the victim of that monster, the La Grippe, but under the care of Dr. Karr is now much better.

Geo. Huber came out from Chicago Wednesday. In coming home he lost his new "plug" hat which he had done up in a parcel.

Mrs. Alonzo Little has been quite sick for some time past. Dr. Karr of Antioch has been attending her. At the present writing she is much better.

Mrs. Andrew Ellinger, of Waukegan, is visiting at the Ellinger House. She took in the wedding party at the Herman House Wednesday evening.

We are glad to welcome our former school teacher Mrs. Annie Herman to our neighborhood. She taught here for three years and during that time made many warm friends.

Mrs. Chance Hawkins nee Soule of Snodwine, Ill. arrived here Saturday. She has been visiting with her daughter Mrs. Grubbs, in Chicago for upwards of a week.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Albert Herman, of Grass Lake to Miss Annie Brogan of Antioch. Dinner was partaken of at the bride's home and supper at the Herman House. The young folks of Grass Lake gathered in the evening at the latter place to welcome the future landlord and landlady of the "Herman House."

The bride wore a lovely dress of brown satin with real flowers. Many nice presents were received. Among the guests from a distance were Mrs. Geo. Cropper of Chicago, a sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ellinger of Waukegan and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ramaker of Doon Iowa. They tripped "the light fantastic toe" 'til the "wee sma' hours and departed with many kind wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of the newly wedded couple.

Wisconsin Central Time Table. Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor. as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m. No. 2, 4:52 a. m.
No. 3, 10:50 p. m. No. 4, 8:03 a. m.
No. 5, 5:11 p. m. No. 6, 11:53 a. m.
No. 7, 10:23 a. m. No. 8, 6:30 p. m.
No. 9, 7:20 p. m. No. 10, 7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAYEN, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mr. J. U. Howard was up from Chicago last week to visit his aged mother who is still stopping at the Cleveland Hotel.

Parden Yaw got a quit claim deed of a house and lot in Liberty of the Rev. O. B. Thayer last week. Consideration \$30.00.

H. G. Hanson has put in an emery wheel at the butter factory where he can grind pulverizers for the farmers in this vicinity.

The weather of February 3rd and 4th was the coldest in these parts for a number of years, the thermometer ranging from 14 to 18 degrees below zero in the vicinity of Trevor.

Mr. Nicholas Schoemacher bought of Mrs. L. A. Havens eleven acres of land more or less on the south side of the road leading to Wilnot and west of the railroad, for sixty dollars per acre.

D. C. Stewart received two sacks of fine wool from Kansas a few days ago as a sample of a large lot for sale. Now is a good chance for some factory to lay in a good stock of the necessary article of superior quality.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Henry Yaw spent last week in Chicago.

Miss Maggie Enzenbacher is visiting friends here.

A dance was held at J. McVey's last Friday night.

Mr. L. Lamb took a trip to Chicago Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Haverstick and family came to Camp Lake to attend the Silver Wedding.

About eighty five guests assembled at the residence of Mr. C. Phillips Saturday evening to celebrate their Silver Wedding. The spacious parlors were filled with merry guests and the evening was spent in dancing and music. At twelve a beautiful supper was served and all retired wishing them many happy returns of the day.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Harbor work is about to begin. Harbor Inspector Hugh McGillen is here.

Chas. Whitney purchased a 20 acre tract of Mr. Henninger for \$6,000.

More brick yards are a growing necessity as the present accommodation does not supply the demand.

The next factory in prospect is a box factory, with T. A. and W. T. Jebb as proprietors. Several hundred men will be employed.

It is reported that large contracts for brick and lumber have been made with Chicago and Racine firms, by the Washburn-Moen Co. That looks as if their location here was certain.

Chas. Yager sold 27 feet of ground on Genesee street to H. J. Slyfield for \$5,000. Mr. Slyfield recently bought a lot adjoining, containing 80 feet. On these lots he will proceed to build a brick block.

Fred Erskine sold his house on Genesee street to Francis Sauter for \$3,000.

J. Bairstow has bought the Davalin place on Hickory street for \$1,000.

H. W. Mallory has sold two lots in his sub-division to Dora Alcock, for \$15,000.

Sales of lots are steady. 25 feet of the Crabtree property on Genesee street, sold to D. W. Arnold for \$5,000.

It is reported that Mrs. Short has sold a small tract situated a short distance north of Glen Flora Avenue and at the terminus of North Ave., for \$15,000.

Griffin & Strows have purchased of Mrs. Dr. Farr of Kenosha the lot on Genesee street where their undertaking establishment is located and the house and lot north for \$7,000. They will erect a brick block there as soon as arrangements can be made.

The Elgin, Joliet & Eastern R. R. Co. sustain the reputation of making generous offers of land along the lake. They have given several factory companies their choice of 200 acres and gave the Washburn-Moen Co. 34 acres near the Sugar Refinery.

The United States Starch Works will begin work March 1st. The boilers are in place and every thing nearly completed. A large number of men will be employed. The fuel used will be oil, thus doing away with smoke from the factory. It will be shipped here from Ohio and stored in large quantities and will reach the boilers by pipes. There will be ten tanks with a capacity of 2000 barrels for holding this oil.

Special Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

A LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Walds, Florida, Feb. 2, 1891.

As I have a few leisure moments on hand I will give the readers of the News a little idea of the State of Florida.

We left Chicago Jan. 23rd on the Macon route, which takes one through Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and Southern Georgia, and arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn. the next evening, where we stopped to see the great battlefield near Lookout Mountain. This mountain is 1700 feet high and from its summit, they claim, one can see seven States with the aid of a telescope, can also see the battlefields of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the site of the battles that were fought near the foot of the mountain.

The city of Chattanooga is north-east of this mountain, on the bank of the Tennessee River, and has a population of from ten to twelve thousand.

On the top of the mountain they have a narrow gauge railroad that runs to all the principal points on the mountains. There is one of the hotels that will accommodate 500 guests and several smaller ones. There is also a Museum of war relics that interests one greatly. From this mountain you can see the National Cemetery where 12,000 soldiers are at rest. The cemetery is fenced in with a stone fence 4 1/2 feet high and covered with trees, plants and running vines that are green the whole year round, which makes it look more like a park than a cemetery.

From Chattanooga we took the Georgia Southern railroad which runs through what I call a very poor country, nothing but hills and hollows, rocks and scrubby timber all the way through Georgia and but very little land that is cultivated. Once in a while there is a settlement of daylakes with very poor shanties, the size being about four by eight feet with no addition to them.

We arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, Jan. 27th, where everything was in blossom, even new potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages and all kinds of vegetables can be had now. Occasionally a few boxes of

strawberries will be seen in the markets. Orange trees can be seen anywhere, in the villages, along the railroads etc. and some trees are covered with oranges. The orange crop is not very good this season on account of a frost they had last March that killed a great many small trees and blossoms.

Lemons are not raised very much here. It is too far north. Bananas, figs, peaches, pears and grapes, as well as many kinds of berries that I am not familiar with are raised here. Peach trees are all white with blossoms and folks claim the peaches will be ripe by the last of May.

I have not seen a decent herd of cattle since I came here. The poorest cattle, horses and hogs I ever saw are here and run out the year round. Hay is something that does not grow here, only a little wire grass. The soil is mostly all a whitish sand and the grass is very scarce and of a poor quality. Most of the milk used is condensed milk.

Business men in town don't think of having stoves in their buildings; they always open all the windows and doors so as to get a fresh breeze even until nine o'clock in the evening. It is just as warm here now as we have it in Illinois the first part of June. The mornings are generally fresh with a cool breeze, but about 10 or 11 o'clock the sun comes out pretty hot, the thermometer registering from 70 to 75 degrees yesterday, which I call pretty warm for the first of February. There have been several frosts here this winter but little damage was done as they came before the trees were in blossom.

The climate here is very good for this time of year, but one cannot live on climate alone. All the land that is used for vegetables has to be fertilized, even the fruit trees, which are planted about 30 feet apart are cultivated and hoed like corn. It takes from 5 to 8 years to get an orchard to bear and then they calculate each tree will yield from 12 to 15 dollars worth of fruit. I hear there is an orange grove near here that is worth \$1000 per acre. I will take pleasure in answering any inquiry about this section for any one who wishes to learn about it. Address: A. F. Herman, Waldo, or Interlachen, Florida.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned will sell at public auction at his premises in Grass Lake, in the town of Antioch, four miles southwest of the village of Antioch.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1891.

At 10 o'clock a. m. the following property to wit: 8 cows, nearly all new milkers, 1 heifer coming three years old, 1 yearling heifer, 15 weathers, 1 four-year-old horse, 1 four-year-old mare, 1 mare colt coming 3 years old, 1 horse coming 6 years old, 1 span of matched colts, 3 and 4, 1 Whaley mow, 1 old mow, 1 Champion combined reaper, 1 double buggy, 1 single buggy, 1 light wagon, 1 cutter, 1 sulky cultivator, nearly new, 1 seeder, 1 roller, 1 sorghum mill, 1 stubble plow, set of drags, 1 cook stove, grind stone, set light double harness, road cart, fanning mill, set of bobs, hay rake, cauldron kettle, quantity of seed corn, 30 bushels seed wheat and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:

All sums of \$10 or under cash, on all sums over \$10 twelve months time will be given on good approved notes with 6 per-cent. interest.

CHRISTOPHER LOOF,
Frank Ramaker, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold to W. H. Morgan of Union Grove, Wis. all my interest in the firm of B. D. Dunning & Co. except the outstanding accounts. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their accounts as we are anxious to close up the business as soon as possible. The new firm of Dixon & Morgan will carry on the business at the old stand. They have a full line of general merchandise including hardware, pumps &c. They are young men of good reputation and will spare no pains for the interest of their customers. Thanking you for your liberal patronage and wishing you prosperity, I remain Yours very truly
B. D. Dunning.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time.
Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining-room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland at Washington, and as no one of the family had been hurt the police are puzzled over the mystery.

The gunboat Concord has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

Two cases of small pox in Macoupin county, Ill., have terminated fatally. No new cases are reported.

A passenger train on the Cotton Belt Road was wrecked near Stuttgart, Ark. The fireman was killed and the engineer mortally wounded.

Business failures for the week number 207, compared with 220 last week, and 321 in the corresponding week of 1890.

The strike of the coal-miners of Belleville, Ill., has been ended by the operators conceding an increase of pay to the workmen.

Two soldiers, names unknown, were drowned in the Missouri river at Winona, Minn.

W. G. Howells, son of a prominent Missouri attorney, was lodged in jail by United States officers at St. Louis, charged with robbing a stage in Colorado last August.

James Redpath, the well-known journalist and labor advocate, was run down by a street car in New York and seriously injured.

Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington will unite under one management the Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, which will control 7,000 miles of railway.

The election in Canada will be contested on the issue of reciprocity with the United States, the liberals advocating and the conservatives opposing the policy.

The Marquis de Leville, once engaged to be married to Mrs. Frank Leslie, has sued the Chronicle of London, England, for libel for writing up his escapades.

In a fight with Havana police on board steamship, Montecarlo, the noted Cuban hand and two companions were killed and a fourth was captured.

An examination into the accounts of defaulting State Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, by his bondsmen, showed a shortage of \$96,000, and it is expected that a legislative investigation will increase this amount.

The belated and not manufacturing plant of J. Henry Sternberg & Son, at Reading Pa., the largest of its kind in America, burned entailing a loss of \$275,000 insured for two-thirds. Six hundred men are thrown out of employment.

An Albany (N. Y.) paper reports that the American Express Company has secured control of the National Express Company, and that the price paid for the stock of the latter concern was far above par.

The Workmen's League at Haverhill, Mass., is endeavoring to form an alliance with the farmers of the State, and to build an organization in the East similar to the farmers' confederations in the South and West.

United States Government officers detailed to examine the coast defenses and railways of Mexico report having found them in better condition than they anticipated. The coast works, in particular, are progressing with notable rapidity.

At Marion, Iowa, an attempt was made to assassinate C. M. Hollis. What prompted the act is not known.

At New Hampton, Iowa, Miss Anna Corbis, a fever patient, crushed a fever thermometer in her mouth and was fatally poisoned by the mercury.

Elmer Clark, superintendent of the Kansas City, Mo., Cable Railroad company, was struck by a grip car in a power house and killed.

The Ontario Government is asked by the temperance people for sweeping restrictive liquor legislation.

Years ago when the old Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad promised to be an important line the Ames family acquired a considerable quantity of land in Dorchester, a part of Boston. The Board of Health has condemned the property.

It is reported that a syndicate of brewers has been formed in Germany to manufacture beer in the United States.

The Coffeyville dynamite episode, which created a sensation in political circles during the campaign of 1888, was revived in the lower House of the Kansas legislature by Mr. Andrews, who introduced a resolution looking to an investigation of the matter.

A sensation was created in the Kalamazoo, Mich., insurance market by the sudden death of Miss Jennie Barth, who went crazy over religion. She was taken to a bath-room by attendants, and while there was severely scalded, the shock causing instant death.

Near Harrodsburg, Ky., George Best, who had recently been married, was murdered in the presence of his bride by the Holiday brothers. Brothers of the victim are in pursuit of the murderers.

The City Council of Terre Haute has instructed the Police Board to investigate the charge that Superintendent of Police Davis took a drink of whisky in a saloon late Sunday night.

A dividend of 80 cents per share was declared by the stockholders of the Lead Trust.

The storekeeper and agent of the Farmers' Alliance at Spartansburg, S. C., W. McZimmerman, is accused of having defrauded the alliance out of \$10,000. It is expected that the affair will develop into a big sensation.

In the Catholic diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., \$1,625 has been collected and forwarded to the suffering poor of Ireland.

The swimming record for 100 feet has been lowered by W. C. Johnson, amateur 100-yard champion, in the Manhattan Athletic Club's swimming pool, at New York.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance company of Waterloo, Iowa, has assigned with liabilities of \$50,000.

It is now thought that two boys who disappeared from Nenah, Wis., last October and who were supposed to have been drowned in Lake Winnebago, were murdered by fishermen for meddling with nets.

The Hecla iron-works at New York were burned, causing a loss of \$500,000.

The Michigan Federation of Labor is now in session at Grand Rapids and is largely attended by delegates from all parts of the State.

The San Francisco police destroyed in a Chinese joss house idols and furnishings worth \$10,000.

Congress will investigate the statement that transcontinental railway lines pay \$3,000,000 a year to the Canadian Pacific Road and \$1,000,000 to the Pacific Mail Steamship line to prevent rate-cutting by these companies.

A. B. Tickney, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City railroad, has written a book on railroads in which he is to make severe criticism on managers and Legislators.

George S. Bryant, supposed to be from Chicago, fell down stairs at St. Joseph, Mo., receiving fatal injuries.

The Canadian government has prepared a reciprocity proposition, which will be submitted to the next United States Congress.

A San Francisco Chinaman swindled the United States out of \$10,000 by disappearing with a large quantity of opium on which the duty had not been paid.

Mayor J. J. Ward of Palestine, Texas, assaulted the Rev. Sam Jones because the latter criticized him, but the politician was whipped by the evangelist.

Sir Gordon Cumming, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, has been detected cheating at cards, and he will be sent to Coventry by the Prince's set.

Twenty officers of the battalion at the University of Illinois at Champaign are being tried by the faculty for military conduct in refusing to take their companies to chapel exercises. They demand the reinstatement of Capt. Miller, who was removed from office recently because his grade in study was not up to requirements.

The Nebraska House has passed the bill prohibiting the operation of bucket shops in Nebraska.

Daniel Brew, of Danbury, Conn., was beaten and robbed in New York city and thrown into a freight-car, in which he was carried to Houston, Texas, before securing his release.

Representative Whitehead, of Cook county, Ill., will introduce a bill to repeal the drainage law, because the work now proposed by the drainage trustees will cost Chicago \$300,000, or three times the sum originally estimated.

Superintendent Kellogg, of the Mammoth mine, was attacked and severely injured by wives of victims of the recent mine disaster, who declared that he had murdered their husbands.

Kansas Alliance men have begun talking of nominating Senator-elect Peffer for the Presidency in 1892.

A girl named Lena Barker, aged 19, was chloroformed and had her throat cut in the yard of her father's bakery, at Marcy, N. Y., by an unknown man. It is believed that she will recover.

Miss Martha Hickox died at Lansing, Mich., from the effects of the strychnine administered by mistake for quinine.

George M. Bradley, a consumptive, who has been inoculated with Dr. Koch's lymph, died at New Haven, Conn. The remedy had an ill effect on the man's throat. Another lymph patient is also reported dying in the same city.

Commissioner Sir James Haslet, and Mr. Ruby, the American Consul at Belfast, are taking the evidence of the Belfast and Ulster claimants to the A. T. Stewart estate.

Three negroes confined on trivial charges set the jail on fire at Moss Point, Miss., trying to escape, but were burned to death.

Miss Lent, the young teacher near Winnebago City, Minn., who was assaulted recently by the Kruger family because she punished a child, died of her injuries.

A dry goods firm at Louisville, Ky., will file a petition for the return of \$10,000 due it collected under the McKinley bill, on the ground that the bill is unconstitutional.

An advance in wheat caused the failure at St. Louis of John Tyson, a well-known broker and member of the Art Club. He was a "bear" and carried a large amount of short wheat.

In the Union club at Omaha Robert Derr, the steward, was crushed to death in the elevator.

Six inches of snow fell at Pierre, S. D. The thermometer is twenty degrees below zero.

The building and machinery of the Time Rock Oil and Compress company near Little Rock, Ark., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000. Insurance \$85,000.

J. A. Owenby, of silver pool fame, was arrested in Chicago by Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the House Forsyth and taken to Washington to appear before the silver pool investigation committee. It is rumored that his testimony will cause a great sensation in speculative financial circles.

MURDEROUS BURGLARS.

A Nebraska Banker's Wife Killed by Burglars.

The residence of Banker Cowles at Claris, Neb., was burglarized this morning. Cowles was knocked senseless and his wife killed. The burglars secured about \$50 in cash. A reward of \$5,000 has been offered for the arrest of the murderers.

When found Mrs. Cowles' tongue extended from her mouth, her eyes were almost bursting from their sockets, and the imprints of finger nails deep in her throat told the story of the crime.

Within a foot of the murdered woman lay her babe peacefully sleeping, not having been aroused by the dying struggles of the mother. Physicians were hastily summoned. All efforts to restore Mrs. Cowles were fruitless. Life had been effectually choked from her body, but the corpse was still warm, showing that the crime had been committed only a few minutes before.

O'SHEA DEFENDS HIMSELF.

The Captain Writes a Letter to a Friend in New York.

Capt. O'Shea has written a letter to W. H. Hurliout, which is published in New York City, in which the former husband of Parnell's mysterious friend pronounces the stories published in this country to be fabrications. He says the statement that his wife was intimate with a former governor of the Bank of England who paid him for marrying her is a lie.

CHOKED HER TO DEATH.

How Walter Martin Killed the Girl Found in the River at Columbia.

A Columbia, S. C., special says Walter Martin has confessed to the murder of Alice McLeod. The case was a very mysterious one. Ten days ago Alice disappeared. Martin was arrested, but denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. Thursday the woman's body was fished out of the river. To-day Martin broke down completely and confessed that he choked her to death in a fit of rage and attacked her to her body, kissed her cold lips, and pushed her into the river.

FOUND DYNAMITE FUSE.

A Discharged Employee Wanted to Blow Up the Leeds Gas Works.

A large quantity of dynamite was discovered in the gas works at Leeds, England. A fuse was attached, but it had not been fired. There was enough dynamite to destroy the entire works, and there would have been a frightful loss of life, as the men have been working night and day recently. A discharged employee is supposed to be the planner of the intended outrage.

H. B. Campbell's Will.

From Chicago: Judge Kohlsaat has admitted to probate the will of the late Benjamin H. Campbell. The value of the property disposed of is fixed at \$700,000 and by the terms of the will the estate is to be divided between the children of the deceased. Augustus S. Campbell was made executor and filed a bond for \$1,100,000.

Murders Found Guilty of Murder.

The four rioters on trial for the fatal attack on New Year's day have been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

WILL HURRY THINGS UP.

CONGRESSMEN DON'T WANT AN EXTRA SESSION.

They Will Therefore Rush All the More Important Measures Through as Soon as Possible.

The United States Senate is shaping its business with a firm determination to adjourn March 4 without leaving behind it anything for an extra session. The fortification appropriation bill comes up next as unfinished business, and the pension appropriation bills on the calendar and the District of Columbia appropriation bill, soon to be reported, will follow.

An effort will be made to pass the Indian depletion claim bill, and sandwiched between the above named appropriation bills will probably be the eight hour bill and the copyright bill. An attempt is also being made to secure action upon the House bankruptcy bill.

Not one of the thirteen annual appropriation bills has been finally passed by both branches of Congress and sent to the President. But one of these bills has passed the Senate—the army bill. While the present condition of the appropriation bill is not encouraging as compared with their state of progress in previous Congresses, no doubt is entertained by experienced members of both the House and the Senate of the ability of Congress to complete its necessary legislation before March 4.

After the Canadian Railroads.

According to report, the agitation for Congress "to do something" with the Canadian roads which have lines in the United States is being renewed. Gen. John McNeill, on behalf of the Vanderbilt lines, is urging the amendment to the Interstate law which proposes that the Canadian lines shall be required to take out a license from the Interstate commission and be subject to its regulations.

In the House there is a resolution introduced by Mr. Whiting of Michigan, designed to cover the complaints of the Port Huron elevator interests and the commerce committee has promised a hearing to the Michigan people.

Election Bill Abandoned.

It can now be stated with positiveness that the managers of the election bill have finally decided to abandon the measure in the interest of important public business remaining to be acted upon. This decision has been communicated to the Democratic Senators.

COOKED TO DEATH.

Awful Fate of a Chicago Woman Caused by Fire.

An accident resulted in the burning of Mrs. Anna Sell, who is but 22 years of age, went to the clothes closet at her home and was arranging a ball dress on the hooks when she stepped on a match and the spark was at once communicated to the gauzy fabric. The flames communicated to Mrs. Sell's apparel and in an instant she was enveloped in a sheet of fire. She ran from the closet and called to her sister, who was in the house, for help, but the latter was paralyzed with fright and could render no assistance. Mrs. Sell ran frantically up and down the house, each movement fanning the flames which enveloped her. She screamed for help, and finally neighbors rushed in as she fell fainting to the floor. Her blazing garments were torn from her, taking with them pieces of flesh and blistered flesh wherever they had touched her body, and with some of the neighbors rushed into the street, where they laid her on a bed and tried to revive her. The flames which had communicated to the home others lifted the now unconscious woman to a bed and called physicians. They at once pronounced her injuries fatal and busied themselves in applying lotions to soothe the awful pain the unfortunate woman was suffering. The flesh about Mrs. Sell's neck, face, hands, and breast was terribly burned, and she had inhaled the flames to such an extent that she will die of her injuries alone. Mr. Nicholson, the Sell's landlord, who lived upstairs and was the first to rush to the burning woman's assistance, was badly burned about the face and hands. His injuries are not serious.

GETTING READY FOR A BREAK.

Stillwater Prisoners Well Supplied With Weapons.

Stillwater, Minn., special: When Albin Holmstrom, known as the "State Prisoner," the other day he made use of some of the experience he had gained at Joliet in the many years he acted as Deputy Warden and made an immediate search of the prison cells, and searched both inside and outside of the main building. The search revealed an astonishing array of knives, revolvers, hammers, daggers, saws, and other implements. Among the prisoners were the famous Younger brothers and other desperate and lawless criminals, and the finding of such weapons indicates that many were planning an escape. None of the knives, however, were found in the cells of the Youngers.

SAW HIS SWEETHEART EATEN.

A Most Horrible Narrative of Vornoi-on Wolves in Russia.

St. Petersburg telegram: A man and a woman who were walking in a park, were attacked by wolves a few days ago in the province of Kieff. The man attempted to defend himself and the girl, but finding his efforts useless took refuge in a tree, from which he beheld the wolves tearing the woman's body to pieces. Overcome by the sight he fell fainting among the beasts and was also devoured.

FOUND DYNAMITE FUSE.

A Discharged Employee Wanted to Blow Up the Leeds Gas Works.

A large quantity of dynamite was discovered in the gas works at Leeds, England. A fuse was attached, but it had not been fired. There was enough dynamite to destroy the entire works, and there would have been a frightful loss of life, as the men have been working night and day recently. A discharged employee is supposed to be the planner of the intended outrage.

H. B. Campbell's Will.

From Chicago: Judge Kohlsaat has admitted to probate the will of the late Benjamin H. Campbell. The value of the property disposed of is fixed at \$700,000 and by the terms of the will the estate is to be divided between the children of the deceased. Augustus S. Campbell was made executor and filed a bond for \$1,100,000.

Murders Found Guilty of Murder.

The four rioters on trial for the fatal attack on New Year's day have been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

BLAND KNOCKED OUT.

His Free Colnage Amendment Decided Not to Be in Order.

When the House of Representatives Monday went into committee of the whole on the sundry civil bill the first question was Mr. Dingley's point of order raised yesterday on the Bland free colnage amendment to the colnage section of the measure.

The chair (Mr. Payson) decided that the point of order was well taken for the reason that the amendment would change existing law, which could not be done in an appropriation bill.

While the chairman was reading his decision every seat was filled up. It was known that an appeal was to be taken and that the vote on that appeal would determine the fate of all free colnage legislation for this session. When Mr. Bland formally appealed from the decision the chairman decided that debate was in order and a discussion was begun which did fair to consume the remainder of the day. The question was finally put to a vote and the ruling of the chair was sustained by a vote of: Yeas, 134; nays, 127. Speaker Reed voted to sustain the chair.

House.

Mr. McKinley asked unanimous consent for the present consideration of the bill providing that nothing in the tariff act shall be held to repeal or impair the reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Bland (Mo.) thought the bill should be considered in committee of the whole, and Mr. McKinley moved that the House go into committee for that purpose, but withdrew his motion when he found that it was impossible to limit the time for debate.

The Speaker laid before the House a Senate bill amending the land-forfeiture act of Sept. 29, 1890, which was passed.

The Senate.

Mr. Paddock presented the resolutions of the Nebraska House of Representatives against the Conger land bill, for the reason that its passage would inflict great losses on the cattle industry of Nebraska, and in favor of the passage of the Paddock pure food bill.

A conference report on the bill to provide for an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of Arizona was presented and agreed to.

Mr. Morgan addressed the Senate in support of the bill reported from the committee on foreign relations to aid in the construction of the Nicaragua maritime canal.

The naval appropriation bill was reported with sundry amendments, and Mr. Hale gave notice that he would ask the Senate to take it up to-morrow Monday.

Mr. Hawley offered a resolution (which was agreed to) calling on the president for the correspondence in reference to the conduct of the senior naval officer present at San Jose de Guatemala on the occasion of the arrest and killing of Gen. Barrundia and the action of the navy department.

MINE HORROR IN COLORADO.

An Explosion That Came Near Rivaling the Mammoth Disaster.

What almost proved to be another Mammoth mine disaster occurred on Wednesday at Newetie, Col. In the Grand River coal and coke mines. Just at 6 o'clock, as the day shift, composed of seventy-five men, was about to leave the mine, a terrible explosion occurred, and immediately the black smoke came pouring out of the side of the mountain.

Soon seventy-five miners were brought to the surface, some of them more dead than alive, none of them any too soon.

The excitement was so great that it was impossible to tell if any one failed to get out. It is thought several have perished. Had the explosion occurred when the men were at work not one would have escaped. The mine has been on fire several times before in the last two years, caused by miners' lamps lighting gas, which always troubled them.

SHORT IN THEIR ACCOUNTS.

Two Ticket Agents on the C. H. & D. Suspected of Dishonesty.

A Cincinnati dispatch says Auditor Lishawa of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad has found a serious shortage in the accounts of Ticket Agents Herron and Benedict. The men claim the discrepancy is due to a clerical mistake—an error due to the large number of excursions run by the road last summer. No arrests have been made thus far.

Diamond Thieves on Their Way East.

A telegram from St. Louis says John Laduko and Charles Green, in custody of Detectives Sheldon and Hurd, of Inspector Lyness' staff, arrived here and were lodged behind the bars on a stop-over on their way to New York, where they are charged with having stolen \$10,000 worth of diamonds from guests in the Fifth Avenue hotel some time ago. They were located at Saginaw, Mich., and were arrested there about two weeks ago. Requisition papers were gotten out and the quartet started for New York. Some of the diamonds were recovered at Chicago, a goodly portion of them in St. Louis at a prominent broker's, and will move to Saginaw, Mich.

Bride and Bridegroom in Jail.

Ottumwa, Iowa, special: At the instance of Silas Osburn, the father of the bride, Samuel Drift and wife, together with the parties who acted as witnesses at their marriage in this city Saturday last, were to-day arrested for perjury. The bride was only 14, but she and the other parties now in jail swore she was of legal age, and the father, who doesn't like his son-in-law, proposes to make them suffer for it.

FOUR FATALLY INJURED.

Bad Wreck on the Cincinnati, Louisville & Western.

A telegram from Massillon, Ohio, says a rear-end collision on the Cincinnati Louisville & Western railroad at Beach City resulted in the death of Brakenham Lamm and the fatal injuring of three others.

Choked to Death While at Dinner.

Justice of the Peace Conroy of Dubuque, Iowa, invited his uncle to take dinner with him. While the meal was in progress the old man threw up his hands and was supposed to be in a fit. He was taken outdoors, where he died. The coroner investigated the matter and found a piece of beef lodged in the throat of the deceased by which he was choked to death.

Crushed by Falling Timber.

George Brown, a carpenter, was crushed to death at Ironton, Ohio, by heavy timber falling upon him.

HOW HE MET HIS FATE.

Strangler Eyraud Faces the Guillotine Without a Tremor.

Paris cablegram: Michael Eyraud, the murderer of Gouffe, met his fate with fortitude and resignation.

He looked ghastly, could hardly walk, and had to be assisted up the steps of the scaffold. But he died bravely. He declined cognac, which was offered him to strengthen his nerves. He refused all religious rites and did not return the kiss of peace given him by the attendant priest. He allowed himself to be bound to the plank without resistance.

The knife fell with startling suddenness, and Eyraud was dead before the greater part of the spectators were aware of it. The hour of execution had been purposely kept a secret until midnight. Even the prisoners, who generally get wind of such things, were ignorant of it. Consequently the crowd was not as large as it might have been. But it was exceedingly loud and violent, growing in numbers and fierceness as the fatal hour approached.

After the execution the body was given to Eyraud's relatives; but the mob was not to be cheated, and held a mock funeral in the place de la Bouquette. It was a grim and grotesque performance.

Gabrielle Lombard, when informed of Eyraud's death, exclaimed: "C'est fini," and cried hysterically. She will be conveyed to Clermont, where she will be kept in solitary seclusion until the birth of her child.

Gabrielle takes her imprisonment cheerfully. When she asked if there was any chance of her twenty years' sentence of imprisonment being reduced she was assured that good behavior and industry would considerably shorten her term, besides favorably inclining the authorities to clemency. With this she was well pleased.

Gabrielle is not obliged to do prison work and will not be until her child is born. She will then be transferred to the department of high-class needle-work. She shows no sorrow for Eyraud's fate. She seemed to experience a feeling of relief when informed of his execution.

The murder was committed in a room at Rue Tronson Ducoudray, occupied by a young woman named Gabrielle Lombard, who was Eyraud's accomplice in the crime. Gouffe was lured into the woman's apartment and strangled to death. At the trial Eyraud claimed the woman committed the crime while under his hypnotic influence, but subsequently he confessed that he not only killed Gouffe, but lured him to the place of death. The woman, however, assisted in burying the body. After the murder Eyraud escaped to America, but was eventually captured at Havana.

MAY REVOLT.

Spanish Republicans Make Ugly Charges Against the Government.

From Barcelona Spain: The conservative candidate for member of the chamber of deputies has been elected, defeating Senor Salmeron, the Republican leader. The victory has greatly elated the supporters of the government. The Republicans are enraged at the result of the electoral contest and accuse the officials who had charge of the election of tampering with the ballots. The Republicans insist that Salmeron is duly elected. The conservative victory has caused popular discontent, which has been smoldering for a long time, to break out in all directions. Yesterday evening two large pearls were exploded in a public thoroughfare, causing a panic among the people who were in the neighborhood of the explosions. The government officials are thoroughly alarmed, and are making preparations to resist a popular uprising.

THEY CLAIM \$4,000,000.

The Late John H. Schoenberger's Estate Sued.

John Schoenberger, of New York City who died about a year ago, left an estate valued at \$8,000,000. It appears that Mr. Schoenberger was appointed the testamentary trustee by the will of his father, Dr. Peter Schoenberger of Pennsylvania, and the children of his deceased father now claim \$4,000,000 to be due them by their late uncle and trustee, John H. Schoenberger, and sue his estate for that amount. The complaints were served on the executors yesterday and suits were commenced in the Supreme court of New York. A bitter contest is expected, and an army of lawyers representing different charitable institutions will be engaged in the fray.

WAS IT A MURDER?

Watchman McCracken of Chicago Found Dying in a Hallway.

Joseph McCracken, a private watchman, was found on the third floor of the building at 192 Madison street with a bullet wound in his right temple and his revolver with one chamber empty, lying by his side.

Investigation shows that the case was doubtless one of suicide, though Lieut. Louis Haas of the Central station, who has known McCracken for thirty-five years, does not accept the theory and believes the watchman was murdered.

FOUR LIVES LOST.

Collapse of the New Louisville & Nashville Bridge at Shelby, Ala.

The Louisville & Nashville bridge, which is being erected across the Coosa river gave way under five cars loaded with rock. Three men were drowned and one killed by falling timbers. The calamity will set the work back about six weeks.

SIXTY-FIVE HORSES BURNED.

Disastrous Incendiary Fire in a Stable at Boston.

Hagelow & Bernstein's stable in Boston, Mass., was burned, together with sixty-five horses, four herds, and a large amount of hay, grain, etc. The total loss is between \$20,000 and \$30,000. There are rumors of incendiaries.

Raum Report Recommended.

From Washington: The report of the Raum investigating committee was submitted to the House and ordered to be printed and recommended.

The house adopted the conference report to ratify the agreement with the Sa and 1 Fox nations of Indians and the Iowa tribe of Indians in Oklahoma.

Will Discuss Anarchism.

From Berno It is reported that the underground, or federal council, has been officially notified of the intention of the powers to hold an international congress here during the present year, when the subject of anarchism will be fully discussed.

James Phelan Dead.

Hon. James Phelan, member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., died in Nassau, New Providence, of pulmonary consumption.

DEATH

THE CAMP FIRE.

ITEMS AND CLIPPINGS RELATING TO THE REBELLION, ETC.

A Little Poetry—A Soldier of Fortune—
Horror of Andersonville—Increase of Pay, Etc., Etc.

It is twenty long years and more ago
We camped in the light of the orange glow
On Virginia's soil, in sight of our foes,
And dimly the light of our camp-fire rose,
And we watched at Falling Waters.

The wind blew freshly o'er the clover farms,
As all that night we had rest on our arms.
Morn came, and we knew our set of the sun
The battle hearing would be lost or won,
On the field of Falling Waters.

We shudder'd not, but firmly we stood,
As the blinding fog came down like a flood;
And we braved the storm of his leaden rain,
And soon on the path lay the enemy slain,
When we charged at Falling Waters.

We pressed them backward with bayonet
And shot,
And fierce grew the fight, but we wavered
Not;
By the noon tide sun we put them to rout,
Oh, never again did their banners float
O'er Freedom at Falling Waters!

Aye, we fought and bled four work is done;
We wear decorations our valor won;
By year by year the old veterans fall,
And soon in vain shall our country call
For soldiers of Falling Waters.
—Maj. J. H. Keelsum, in Home and Country.

A Story of the Draft.

The provost in their peculiar line
Of duty had many serious as well as
amusing adventures. The following
is a true incident, and I have often
met the hero when we were in front
of Petersburg.

One of the selectmen of a town in
New England had been very active in
procuring recruits, but was like the
man who urged others to get religion
but forgot to get any himself. It had
never occurred to his mind to
set an example and enlist him-
self. When the draft came he drew a
prize—to go. Going to a dentist he
had all his front teeth extracted. Proud
of his own Yankee sharpness, he
boasted to his friends that he had
procured his own exemption without
expense. As the man was sound in
every way the provost telegraphed to
Washington for instructions, and re-
ceived orders to "take the man and
accept neither substitute nor excuse
for exemption, as an example must be
made in this case." The conscript,
who was a man of wealth, was
at once taken, and as he could
not serve very well in infantry,
he was assigned to artillery. He had
a false set of teeth made by a dentist,
and thus equipped, was ready for army
rations, hard or soft. Unfortunately,
the first day out from Boston the false
teeth followed the baked beans over
the side of the steamer, and he landed
at the front in poor shape to utilize
the lovely hardtack and army beef.
He made a good soldier at the en-
sions, but was always late in getting
through his rations, as it required
time, teeth and tough jaws to inter-
view hardtack and investigate army
beef.—Drad, in Rural Call.

Boston to be Fortified.

Boston, so the war department has
decided, is to become a fortified port,
says the Chicago Tribune. The plan
laid out involves the expenditure of
\$11,000,000. The principal points of
fortification will be Nahant, Grover's
Cliff, Deer Island, Long Island head,
Fort Warren and Nantasket. The
armament recommended by the
board of fortifications is to consist
of forty-seven breech-loading
rifles, 128 rifled mortars, eighteen
torpedo boats and as many submarine
mines. On the high land in
Winthrop, back of Grover's Cliff,
three batteries will be built, one con-
taining three 12-inch breech-loading
rifles, and two of 12-inch mortars, fifteen
in all. The mortar batteries
will be the same as those of Nahant.
The 12-inch rifles will be mounted on
hydraulic lifts. The batteries on
Deer Island will be the heaviest in the
harbor. They will consist of two 16-
inch rifles mounted in revolving tur-
rets, five of 8-inch rifles on "disap-
pearing carriages," and thirty-two
12-inch mortars in two batteries of
sixteen inches each.

Lovell's Island will be fortified by
four guns of great power, two 16-
inch rifles mounted in turrets at the
northern end of the island, and two
16-inch pneumatic guns able to fire
ten rounds of shells, containing 500
pounds of explosives, in forty minutes,
at the southern end. On Gallipoli
Island will be mounted two 16-inch
breech-loading rifles in turret form.
In the fort at the east end of Long
Island head will be placed five 10-inch
rifles weighing thirty tons each.
Paddock's Island will have a battery
of sixteen 12-inch mortars, which
throw a 610-pound projectile five
miles. Nantasket will be strongly
fortified by two batteries of rifled
guns, each mounting three 12-inch
and five 10-inch breech-loaders.

Conceded on Little Hog Island will
be a battery of sixteen 12-inch mor-
tars, and in remodeled Fort Warren
five 8-inch guns on disappearing
carriages and five 10-inch rifles in
armored casemate.

Fought Under Fourteen Flags.

Gen. Ronald MacIver, who was en-
joying a peaceful interval in the Uni-
ted States while waiting to take com-
mand of the San Salvador army, is
considered by experts the champion
soldier of the world. That is, he has
been in more battles and fought under
more flags than any other man now
living.

He has documents (and many scars)
to show that he has fought under four-
teen flags, and has been repeatedly
promoted and decorated for conspicu-
ous gallantry. Unfortunately for him,
many of his campaigns have been for
causes that were unsuccessful, such as
the Southern Confederacy, Maximilian
in Mexico, and the Carlist war in
Spain, and where successful the re-
wards were not great. He may be

called an American, as he was born in
a vessel on the coast of Virginia in
1811, and he calls that his native
state, but his parents were Scotch, his
mother of the famous Douglas clan
and his father a Melver of high social
rank in Edinburgh.

At the age of 16 he joined the army
in India, just in time to help put
down the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-58.
In this war, when surrounded by the
enemy's cavalry, he killed two of
them, but was cut down and left on
the field for dead. He was picked up,
however, recovered after a long ill-
ness and received promotion. He
next joined Garibaldi and fought till
Italian independence was secured;
but failing in love with the daughter
of the British consul at Naples he
thereby became involved in a duel in
which he killed his antagonist. He
was then decoyed into an ambush and
set upon by bravos, but fought so
desperately that he escaped. Taking
refuge in the mountains from the
fouls thus caused, he was captured by
bandits; but when they learned that
he was "the brave MacIver" they let
him go.

He then ran the blockade, reached
Richmond, fought under Job Stuart
and was badly wounded, and for a long
time disabled. He was therefore sent
to Europe as a secret agent, did his
work well and got back just after
Lee's surrender. With other Confed-
erates he went to Mexico, fought two
duels successfully with American offi-
cers, served Maximilian well, and after
the latter's fall escaped from the country
with great hardships. He then fought
under Dom Pedro in the Cretan army
against the Turks and in the Greek
army against the brigands of Thessaly.
He joined the revolutionists of Cuba,
was again defeated and lived many weeks
in the woods as a hunted fugitive. He
also served in Egypt under the Khedive,
in France against Germany, in Spain for
the Carlists, and in Herzegovina against
the Turks. He is now ready for more
fun.—N. Y. World.

The Third Michigan Cavalry.
In the fall of 1862 Gen. Grant
marched from Corinth and Lagrange,
Tenn., toward Vicksburg. About 2
o'clock a. m., November 7, the 3d
Michigan cavalry was ordered to saddle,
mount and move forward. Co. A
in the advance. Comrade Charles
Billings and myself were on the ex-
treme advance, with orders to move
swiftly and quietly until we came to
the rebel pickets, and to capture them
without alarm if possible. If not, the
main advance would support us. The
morning was very dark and foggy.

When about a mile from Holly
Springs we saw a small fire of coals at
one side of the road, about 80 rods
ahead, and noticed some one moving
around.

A few cold waves like the old-fash-
ionedague chilled me somewhat, then
the fever set in. I grasped my Colt's
navy with the grip of a master-mason
and prepared to meet the enemy.

When about four or five rods from
the fire a man stepped into the road
and gave the command: "Halt; who
comes there?"

Billings replied: "Friends with the
counter-sign." The Johnny then said:
"Advance one with the counter-sign."

Charley rode up to him with his
revolver at a "ready" held to his
breast, and ordered the rebel to sur-
render. The latter aimed his carbine
at Charley, but was too late. Charley
pulled the trigger and the enemy fell
a corpse. In an instant I was ready,
and seeing a Johnny attempt to mount
a horse by the fire, one shot from my
revolver brought him down. I saw
their arms in a fence corner, and
springing from my horse I secured
them. One of the pickets escaped
through a hole in the fence, though
we fired several shots at him. Re-
sult at picket post—one killed, one
wounded, five more prisoners and one
escaped. We had just got in shape
when the regiment went past like a
Kansas cyclone, capturing about 150
prisoners, many horses, commissary
stores, etc. We were also the first
Yanks to enter the beautiful city of
Holly Springs.—M. C. McCurdy, 3d
Mich. Cav., in Toledo Blade.

Horror of Andersonville.
In reviewing his prison life at An-
dersonville, in the National Tribune,
Comrade Lloyd G. Thompson says:

More than 25 years ago the gates of
the Southern prison were swung open
for the ingress of living Union prison-
ers of war, and leaving nearly one-
half of their numbers resting in South-
ern soil, the remnant crept forth, a
spectacle to awaken commiseration in
the breast of a savage. Nearly naked,
grimy with smoke and dirt, swarming
with vermin from head to foot, their
skins clinging to their bones and re-
sembling mildewed parchment,
bloated with scurvy, covered with
gangrenous sores, their nails falling
from their hands, their nails falling
from their toes, and their teeth
so loose that they could push them out
with their tongues.

Many of these men crawled home
to die; none of them were able to do
any manual labor for months; nearly
all of them exhausted their slender
supplies of money in paying doctors'
bills, and all of them had drawn so
heavily on life's forces during their
confinement as to render them prom-
tently old, and to permanently unfit
them for the toils and struggles of life.

A prompt exchange of prisoners is
recognized by the people of the civil-
ized world as one of the ameliorating
conditions of modern warfare, and yet
it was our government that refused to
exchange. A stern and cruel neces-
sity may have justified this action at
the time, but what necessity can be
urged in extenuation of the continued
neglect of the survivors of Southern
prisons? Sympathy for the men who
starved for their country has been
sincere and general, but thus far it
has expended itself in words.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

ABOUT CULTIVATING THE SUGAR BEET.

Interesting Letter from an Expert in the Indus-
try in California—Don't Water Too
Early—Fertilizing Grain for
Stock—Old Horses.

Cultivating Sugar Beets.

A. A. Bertrand, of Moro Cojo Ranch,
Cal., writes to the Rural Home about
cultivating the sugar beet. The in-
dustry in California, he says, is still in
its infancy and the methods employed
are very crude, yet it will compare
favorably with any other part of the
country, but it is for information more
than anything else that has prompted
me to write this article. In the first
place, I will describe the Moro Cojo
Ranch and its methods. This is the
largest beet farm in the world, con-
taining 1,500 acres and owned by Claus
Spreckles, the sugar king. It is situ-
ated on Monterey Bay, at the mouth of
the Salinas river, ten miles from Wat-
sonville, where Mr. Spreckles has a
large sugar factory. The farm is of
such magnitude as to cause Mr. Spreckles
to build a railroad from
Watsonville to the ranch, where it is
carried to any part of the field by port-
able tracks. In addition to this it is
the only ranch of any size that employs
white labor exclusively. The facts
here given were furnished me by W.
V. Gaffey, the originator and main
stay of the place.

First we will refer to the preparing
of the soil, he says: "My opinion
about plowing is, that the ground
should be plowed deep, at least ten
inches, early in the fall, after the first
rain, so that the soil will be well ex-
posed to the atmosphere, and be thor-
oughly warmed by the time it is ready
for planting, using a five horse sulky
plow. Let it then be well harrowed
and cultivated, and if the weather has
not been too wet this plowing will
suffice.

"Then in the spring as soon as the
weather will allow, we plant, using a
planter, sowing in rows fifteen inches
apart and about two inches deep, using
from two and one-half to six pounds
per acre according to the size of the
seed. If the soil pulverizes well there
is no need to soak the seed, if not you
must soak it well for forty-eight hours.
This seed classified into Nos. 1 and 2
before placing in the soil. The planter
itself is an original idea of
Mr. W. C. Waters, superintendent of
the Western Beet Sugar Co. There
are no patents on it, being for the
benefit of the beet grower, and is the
most complete in existence.

"As soon as the beets have put forth
four or six leaves the thinning
process commences. This is all done
by hand, the men going through pull-
ing all the surplus beets, leaving a
good plant every six or eight inches.
This will cost from \$6 to \$10 per acre,
according to the stand.

"Then comes the cultivating. This
is also done by hand, using the hoe,
as there is no machine that will
cultivate fifteen inches. The men are
kept going backward and forward as
long as there is a weed in sight.

"In California beets ripen in from
four to five months.

"Now we come to the harvest. First
we use a plow that loosens the beet.
This year we had twelve plows going,
paying the men that handled them \$1
per day behind the plows. We had
twenty-two men at \$1.10 per day to
pull the beets and spade up those the
plows failed to loosen. They placed
them in piles for the tappers, who
were furnished with knives to remove
the green tops and parts of beets that
had been exposed above ground. Of
these we had fifty, and they re-
ceived 21 cents per box, which aver-
aged from 111 to 115 lbs., according to
the soil. These boxes are removed by
trucks operated by two men, a driver
who received \$1.10, and a helper who
received \$1, the driver giving the
topper a check for every box he re-
moved. He then conveyed the boxes
to a portable track; run to any part of
the field, where they were dumped in
curs, he receiving a check for every
box he hauled, keeping perfect tally.
The cars were then drawn to the main
line of the P. V. narrow-gauge rail-
road, where the engine picked them
up and carried them to the sugar
factory at Watsonville. Here a
sample of from four to five beets are
taken together with the number of
the car and sent to the laboratory
where the chemist polarizes them.
The factory allowing \$1 per ton for 14
per cent, and 50 cents per ton for
every additional per cent.

"It would take too much of your val-
uable space to describe the process
they undergo in being reduced to
sugar, so I will wrap up by giving you
an idea of the yield of Moro Cojo
Ranch. We will take a sixty acre
tract I saw harvested. The yield was
323 car loads or 871 tons, the beets
weighing from two to five pounds and
averaged from 21 to 17 per cent suc-
charine matter. This is but a fair
showing of the whole field."

Wintering too Many Fowls.

The best profits per head from poultry
are usually found in small flocks.
It is, therefore, a bad sign when poultry
growers begin to reckon prospec-
tive profits according to the rule of
three. Experience proves that the
business is not generally worked by
that rule. Nobody should keep over
winter more fowls than he has accom-

modations for. The best rule we
know for most farmers who keep
fowls is to kill off all their surplus
roosters each fall or winter, and also
to weed out the undesirable pullets.
One or two thoroughbred roosters
may be kept with a few hens for breed-
ing. As for the eggs to be cooked or
sold for cooking, it does not matter
whether the hens that lay them are
ever mated or not. The hens lay
more in number and of better keep-
ing eggs if they are never mated.
By continuing this plan a few years,
selecting all the time the best hens for
breeding, the flock will soon be as
good as thoroughbreds, and if the
breeder uses good judgment it may
for laying be better. First cures are
often better layers than the pure breeds.

Dead Tips in Wool.

Experienced wool buyers will not
take the wool from poor farmers with-
out large reduction in price, there are
so many "dead tips" in it. This is
the technical name for wool that grew
while the sheep was suffering from ex-
posure, from lack of food or from in-
digestion caused by improper feeding.
Dead tips are deficient in strength,
and can only be used in making in-
ferior cloth. If the sheep regains
strength and health the wool is not
materially helped, as the new growth
is usually too short to be of much use.

It is not generally exposure to
storms that causes this poor wool. If
a sheep's digestion is good, the oily
matter exuded from the skin prevents
rains from penetrating. The outside
of the woolen covering may be wring-
ing wet, but the inside is dry. But if
the digestion is injured either by too
much or too little food, the sheep suf-
fers severely from storms.

Vermin in Chickens.

The one great enemy of your chickens,
young or old, is vermin. First as a
remedy, we prepare the nests for sit-
ters or layers as follows: "Put a lit-
tle saltpetre into the box, after saturat-
ing it well with kerosene oil. Then
fill the box as full as is necessary with
pine sawdust or shavings. These are
both disinfectants and absorbents as
well. We occasionally sprinkle the
boxes with dry sulphur or carbolic
acid. I use a great deal of carbolic
acid about the nests and roosts. Sup-
ply the fowls with the means of taking
a dust bath in coal ashes or road dust.
As often as twice a year fumigate the
houses by burning sulphur and saltpetre
in them, with the doors and win-
dows closed tightly. No vermin
can live in such a sulphurous odor.

Old Horses Not Economical.

It is not good economy to keep old
horses where heavy work is required.
They are only valuable as they are
lucky for the women to drive, being
safe, well broken, and not liable to
run away or break harness and car-
riage. But whenever heavy straining
is to be done the old horse can only do
the work by being heavily fed, and
thus stimulated into doing more than
unstimulated it is capable of doing.
Double the grain ration is needed, and
even with this the old horse will be
poor, while one in its prime will keep
fat on hard work, and the harder it is
the better he likes it.

Rolling Grain for Stock.

Where it is not possible to grind
grain for feed thoroughly, cooking it
by boiling answers the purpose of
making it more easily digestible.
This is especially important in feeding
cows to hogs. Boil it until the grains
are soft, and the pigs will get much
more good from them. It should be
remembered, however, that the cook-
ing swells the corn so that an equal
bulk in each case does not represent
an equal amount of nutriment. Pigs
fed on cooked food soon come hungry
again, and need more frequent feeding,
but always at regular intervals.

Raising Fealps.

The process of scalping is very sim-
ple. The Indian simply holds the hair
on the top of the head in his left hand.
Two semicircular cuts are made and
then a good pull tears the scalp off.

The Apaches seldom if ever scalp.
There was a time when rewards were
paid for Apache scalps, both in Mexico
and Arizona. The fashion on the
American side was simply to skin the
head; the Mexicans, however, did the
work more neatly. They simply cut a
strip right over the middle of the
head, from side to side and under the
ears. This gave them a band of hair,
with the ears attached, that was am-
ple proof that the Indian from whose
head it came was dead. It must be
said, however, that even when scalps
were worth \$200 a piece the market
was never glutted. The people on the
frontier do not like to hunt Apaches.
The Indians are usually closely pursued
while on their raids and have not much
time to spend in scalping. On this ac-
count a small number of people have
been scalped and have lived to tell
of it.

What Bothered him.

Prison chaplain (to condemned):
"My poor man, you are about to die;
are you ready for the rope?" Death—
that sooner or later must gather us all
in?" Condemned: "I don't object to the
rope; it's the twine-binder that
bothers me."—New York Herald.

A Lesson in Economy.

"I wish you wouldn't bite threads off
with your teeth," said Mr. Skinnaphill
to his wife. "You'll wear your teeth
out and the set my first wife left won't
fit you."

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE EMBLEM OF PURITY.

The Wonders and Mysteries Con-
tained in a Snowflake.—God Re-
vealed in a Frozen Main-drop.—
How the Sinner May Become
"Whiter Than Snow."

New York, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1891.—Dr.
Talmage's sermon this evening, which he
also preached in the Brooklyn Academy
of Music in the morning, was from Job 38,
22, "Hast thou entered into the treasures
of the snow?"

Grossly mislaid is the season of winter,
The spring and summer and autumn have
had many admirers, but winter, hoary,
bearded and white-bearded winter, hath
had more enemies than friends. Yet with-
out winter the human race would be inane
and effortless. You might speak of the
winter as the mother of tempests; I take
it as the father of a whole family of phys-
ical, mental and spiritual energies. The
most people that I know are strong in pro-
portion to the number of snow banks they
had to climb over, or push through, in
childhood, while their fathers drove the
sled loaded with logs through the crunching
drifts high as the fences. At this season
of the year when we are so familiar with
the snow, those frozen vapors, those fall-
ing blossoms of the sky, those white
angels of the atmosphere, those poems of
the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the
wintry tempest, I turn over the leaves of
my Bible and—though most of it was
written in a clime where snow seldom or
never fell—I find many of these beautiful
congregations. Though the writers may
not have had the snow in their mind, yet
the snowflake on their cheek, they had in
sight two mountains, the tops of which
were suggestive. Other kings sometimes
take off their crowns, but Lebanon and
Mount Hermon all the year round and
through the ages never lift the coronets of
crystal from their foreheads. The first
time we find a deep fall of snow in the
Bible is where Samuel describes a fight
between Beniamin and a lion in a pit; and
though the snow may have crimsoned
the wounds of both man and brute,
the shaggy monster rolled over dead and
the giant was victor. But the snow is not
fully recognized in the Bible until God in-
terrogates Job, the scientist, concerning his
wonders, saying: "Hast thou entered into
the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have exam-
ined the snowflake with a microscope; for,
although it is supposed that the microscope
was invented long after Job's time, there
had been wonders of glass long before the
microscope and telescope of later day were
thought of. So long ago as when the Col-
umbus was in its full splendor, Nero sat in
the emperor's box of that grand theatre,
which held a hundred thousand people, and
looked at the combatants through a gem in
his finger-ring which brought everything
close up to his eye. Four hundred years
before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were
sold powerful glasses called "burning
spheres," and Lysander, the explorer, found
a magnifying-glass amid the ruins of Nine-
veh, and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether
through magnifying instruments or with-
out aid of eye, I cannot say, but I am sure
that Job somehow went through the galleries of
the snowflake and counted its pillars and
found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theo-
logies, majesties, infinities walking up and
down its corridors, as a result of the ques-
tion which the Lord had asked him, "Hast
thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

And now I propose for your spiritual and
overlaid profit, if you will accept my
guidance, to take you through some of
these wonders of crystallization. And
notice first, God in the littles. You may
take Alpengaste and cross the Mer de
Glace, the Sea of Ice, and ascend Mont
Blanc which rises into the clouds like a
pillar of the Great White Throne, or with
Aretic explorer ascend the mountains
around the North Pole and see glaciers a
thousand feet high grinding against glaciers
three thousand feet high. But I will take
you on a less pretentious journey and show
you God in the snowflake. There is room
enough between its pillars for the great
Jehovah to stand. In that one frozen drop
on the tip of your finger you may find the
throne-room of the Almighty. I rake up
the snow in my hand and see the courses of
celestial dominion paying these crystal
pavements. The telescope is grand, but I
must confess that I am quite as much
interested in the microscope. The one
reveals the universe above us; the other,
just as great a universe beneath us. But
the telescope overwhelms me, while the
microscope comforts me. What you want
I want especially is a God in littles.
If we were scrupulous or arch-angelic in our
natures, we would want to study God in
the great; but such small, weak, short-
lived beings as you and I are, want to find
God in the littles.

When I see the Maker of the universe
giving himself to the architecture of a
snowflake and making its shafts, its domes,
its curves, its walls, its irradiations so
perfect, I conclude he will look after our
insignificant affairs. And if we are of
more value than a sparrow, most
certainly we are of more value
than an inanimate snowflake. So
the Bible would chiefly impress us with
God in the littles. It does not say, "Con-
sider the clouds," but it says "Consider
the lilies." It does not say, "Behold the
tempests!" but, "Behold the fowls!" and
it applauds a cup of cold water, and the
yew's two inches, and says the hairs of
your head are all numbered. Do not fear,
therefore, that you are going to be lost
in the crowd. Do not think that because
you estimate yourself as only one snow-
flake among a three-days' January snow-
storm that you will be forgotten. The
birth and death of a drop of chilled vapor
is as certainly regarded by the Lord as the
creation and demolition of a planet.
Nothing is big to God and nothing is small.
What makes the honey industries of South
Carolina such a source of livelihood and
wealth? It is because God teaches the
lady-bug to make an opening in the rind of
the apple for the bee who cannot other-
wise get at the juices of the fruit. So God
sends the lady-bug ahead to prepare the
way for the honey-bee. He teaches the
ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts
in the ground for winter food in order that
it may not take root and so ruin the little
granary. He teaches the raven in dry
weather to throw pebbles into a hollow
tree that the water far down and out of
reach may come up within reach of the
bird's beak. What a comfort that he is a
God in the littles.

"Oh," says someone, "I would like to
stop the forces of sin and evil that are
marching for the conquest of the nations;
but I am nobody, I have neither wealth
nor eloquence nor social power. What can I
do?" My brother, how much do you
wonder? As much as a snowflake? "Oh
yes." Then do your share. It is an ag-
gregation of small influences that will yet

put this last word back into the bosom of
a paragoning God. Alas that there are so
many men and women who will not do
the one talent because they have not ten
and will not give a penny because they
cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as
well as they can because they are not elo-
quent, and will not be a snowflake because
they cannot be an avalanche. In early
years the generals get about all the credit,
but in the war for God and righteousness
and heaven all the private soldiers will get
crowns of victory unfading. When we
reach heaven—by the grace of God may
we all arrive there!—I do not think we
will be able to begin the new song right
away, because of the surprise we shall feel
at the comparative rewards given. As we
are being conducted along the street to our
celestial residence, we will begin to ask
where live some of those who were mighty
on earth. We will ask, "Is so-and-so here?"
and the answer will be, "Yes, I think he is
in the city, but we don't hear much of
him; he was good and he got in, but he
took most of his pay in earthly applause;
he had enough grace to get through the
gate, but just where he lives I know not.
He squeezed through somehow, although I
think the gates took the skirts of his gar-
ments. I think he lives in one of those
back streets in one of the plainer resi-
dences."

Then we see a palace, the door-steps of
gold and the windows of agate, and the
tower like the sun for brilliance, and
chariots before the door, and people who
look like princes and princesses going up
and down the steps, and we shall say,
"What one of the hierarchs lives here?"
That must be the residence of a Paul or a
Milton, or some one whose name rounds
throughout all the planet from which we
have just ascended. "No, no," says our
celestial dragoman, "that is the residence
of a soul whom you never heard of. When
she gave a charity her left hand knew not
what her right hand did. There she comes
now, out of her palace grounds, in her
chariot behind those two white horses, for
a ride on the banks of the river that flows
from under the throne of God. Let me
see. Did you not have in your world below
an old classic which says something about
"These are they who came out of great
tribulation, and they shall reign forever
and ever?"

As we pass up the street I find a good
many on foot, and I say to the dragoman,
"Who are these?" And when their names
are pronounced I recognize that some of
them were on earth great poets and great
orators and great merchants and great
warriors, and when I express my sur-
prise about their going aloft, the drago-
man says, "In this country people are
rewarded not according to the number of
their earthly talents, but according to the
use they made of what they had." And
then I thought to myself, "Why, that
theory would make a snowflake that falls
cheerfully and in the right place, and does
all the work assigned as honorable as a
whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes,
yes," says the celestial dragoman, "Many
of these pearls that you find on the fore-
heads of the righteous, and many of the
gems in the jewel case of prince and
princess, are only the petrified snowflakes
of earthly tempest, for God does not for-
get the promise made in regard to them:
"They shall be mine, said the Lord of hosts,
in the day when I make up my jewels." "Accumulated power!" The snow is one of
the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is necessary for the land's pro-
ductiveness. Great snows in winter are
generally followed by great harvests next
summer. Scientific analysis has shown
that snow contains a larger percentage of
ammonia than rain, and hence its greater
power of enrichment. Thank God for the
snows, and may those of February be plen-
tiful—high and deep and wide and enrich-
ing. But who with any analogical faculty
can notice that out of six cubits of snow
comes the wheat without realizing that
chilling sorrows produce harvests of grace!
The strongest Christians, without
any exception, are those who were by be-
reavements, or sickness, or poverty, or per-
secution, or all of them together, snowed
under, and again snowed under. These
snow-storms of trouble! They kill the
malaria of the soul. They drive us out of
worldly dependence to God. Call the roll of
all the eminently pious of all the ages and
you will find them the snowed and the
sorrowed. What problems the richest
and most golden harvests that wave on all
bills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the
deep snows, the awful snows of earth by
calamity. And the comforting thought is
one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sug-
gestion that this mantle covering the earth
is like the snow after it is forgiven. "Wash
me and I shall be whiter than snow," said
the Psalmist. I do not care who you are
or where you are, you need as much as I
that cleansing. Do not take it as the
tenet of an obsolete theology that our na-
ture is corrupt. We must be changed. We
must be made over again. We must be
washed in the fountain of God's mercy be-
fore we can be whiter than snow. "With-
out holiness, no man shall see the Lord."
Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man
or woman whose thoughts have always
been right, and whose words always right,
and whose actions always right, let such a
one rise, or if already standing, lift the
right hand. Not one! All we, like sheep,
have gone astray. Unclean! Unclean!
And yet we may be made whiter than
snow; whiter than that which, on a cold
winter's morning, after a night of storm,
clothes the tree from bottom of trunk to
top of highest branch; whiter than that
which, this hour, makes the Adriatic des-
erts and the Sierra Nevada and Mount Wash-
ington heights of pomp and splendor fit
to enthrone an archangel.

I declare to all you who are in the heavy
and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that
there is a cross near by that can direct you
to home, and peace, and God; and bear
you not the ringing of the gospel bell
hanging to that cross, saying: "This is the
way, walk ye in it." No wonder that the
sacred poet put the Psalmist's thought into
rhythm with that ringing chorus we have
so often sung:

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE RISING GENERATION.

Donkards Versus Drunkards—An Old-Time Settler's Cabin on the Plains—Humorous Items—Etc., Etc.

Last year a party of twenty-five donkards was on route to the general conference via St. Louis, says the Nashville American. No agent accompanied them, and a telegram was sent to Union Depot Passenger Agent Bonner to "meet twenty donkards."

The religious education of the telegraph operator who received the message had been neglected. He had never heard of the donkards, and supposing a mistake had been made, he just inserted the letter "r," and when Bonner received the message it read: "Meet No. 4. Twenty drunkards aboard. Look after them."

Bonner was somewhat taken aback. He did not know but that an inebriate asylum had broken loose, but anyway prompt action was necessary. The twenty drunkards must be desperate men or the dispatch would not have been sent, and murder might have been committed on the road.

Bonner posted off to police headquarters, and his story did not lose in the telling. The chief of police, alive to the exigencies of the situation, made a patrol wagon of ten policemen and a patrol wagon.

The policemen were drawn up in line at the depot, and intense excitement prevailed among the numerous depot loungers, a rumor having gained currency that a desperate band of train robbers was on the incoming train.

In due time the train arrived, but no party of roystering drunkards alighted. The party on the train was composed of several pious-looking gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats, who stood around as though expecting some one.

Bonner approached one of them and said interrogatively:

"Had any trouble on the road?"

"No, brother," said the gentleman, "none that I know of. And now I'll ask you a question: Do you know a gentleman named Bonner?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Bonner," was the answer.

"Well, these brethren and myself are donkards, and you were to meet us and put us on the right train. Did you get a telegram?"

Bonner was completely done for. He excused himself, and calling the sergeant of police aside, he told him that it was all a mistake, and he and his men could go back to headquarters. Then he disposed of his religious friends, went around and jawed at the telegraph operator, after which he had to coax the whole police force to promise to keep it mum.

A Settler's Cabin of Yore.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looked as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkias said, "That's your house as long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-spring hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkias had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of blackbirds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone hid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near by a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low left over-head. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaned against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

Young Man, Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to take God's name in vain.

Hold on to your feet when they are about to take you into the place of sin.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join their revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold.

Hold on to your hand when it is about to put that to your lips which brings misery and death.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well in time and eternity.

Hold on to virtue, it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is a life ever with your best friend.

—Christian Evangelist.

Sally, the Monkey at the London Zoo.

We did not come to the hotel yesterday for our luncheon, but we ate it in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. To-day we are going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal. Here I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw the lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, cats, parrots, and O, so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey, and her name was Sally, and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house. Then he cut another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said, "Take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soup, and she took up the spoon and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her take up three straws. "Sally, there is one, now go on," and she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "Take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws, and gave it to her master. "Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," and she did. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage write next to Sally's. And when he saw we were coming to him he came down from the bars, turned his back to us and sat down. Then he sat around and put his hand through the bars and begged for some biscuits. We gave him some, but he would beg over and over again, until we went away. Then we went to the snakes of all kinds. And the Alligators were very big. We saw a turtle a foot and a half long and about three-quarters of a foot wide.—St. Nicholas.

"Good Enough Boys."

"I made a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I bellow," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a bob-sled, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly, "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross-slat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground."

The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was 'good enough.' That generally means not good at all."

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.—Christian Standard.

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left-hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, says Farm and Fireside, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck, and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks, and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm, and fired at Smart Aleck. The bullet broke a hole in his silk hat, just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers, or only one?"

What is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough.

A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous.

A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it.

A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems others better than himself.—Ex.

KILLING WILD TURKEYS.

RARE SPORT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

General Sheridan's Diplomatic Ambassadors and Their Magnificent Results—Fun Only for the Officers—Troops Camped in a Turkey "Roost."

Twenty-two years ago, the whole region, which includes the Wichita, Canadian and Beaver rivers, in the Indian territory, was the habitat of our noblest indigenous bird, the wild turkey. To employ a slang phrase—for the wild turkey makes its haunts in the timber—the woods were full of them. During the winter expedition against the Indians in 1869-70, writes Major Inman, portions of the command, particularly those companies which escorted General Sheridan on his mission to Fort Sill, lived for days on them, and shooting them by moonlight afforded an immense amount of sport to the officers, in which the general indulged largely.

On the North Fork of the Canadian, is a place still known as "Sheridan's Roost." The general was an old sportsman. After going into camp at this place, on the evening of the 27th of December, the command found themselves in a "turkey roost."

Sheridan had himself made the discovery, and he immediately gave orders that no one, either officer or man, should leave the camp without his permission, because, if anyone commenced to prowl around, the birds would not come back to their accustomed roosting place at night. Just as the last rays of the setting sun sunk behind the low mountains on the west of the camp, the general and about seven officers, whom he had selected as companions, left their fire and wandered slowly into thick woods where he had discovered early in the afternoon the coveted birds were in the habit of congregating to roost. Each of the officers, at the suggestion of the general, took a position on the ground to watch until the time should arrive for the birds to seek their sleeping place.

They did not have long to wait, as, before it had grown fairly dark, two or three magnificent flocks came walking down the ravines leading to the valley. At the head of each flock, as they unsuspectingly advanced, was a fine male bird, upon whose bronze plumage the moonlight glistened as it sifted through the interstices of the trees. When he had arrived at the place at which the flock under his charge had been accustomed to roost, he stopped, glanced all around for a few seconds and then, apparently satisfied that everything was all right, he gave a signal—a sharp, quick, shrill whistle. At that instant every bird in the flock with one accord raised with a tremendous fluttering of their wings and alighted in the tops of the tallest trees. At this juncture, all the various flocks having become settled in their several roosting places, the general gave the word and every man commenced to fire on his own account. The turkeys fell like the leaves in the fall, but did not seem to have sense enough to get away from their doom; they flew from tree to tree at every shot, but persistently remained in the immediate vicinity of their "roost," with all the characteristic folly of a sage hen, which appears, according to my observation, to have less sense than any bird that flies.

It was time that all honest men, whether "in camp or court," were in bed before the general and his party left the ground, so exciting was the rare sport. After counting the number of birds that had fallen, it was discovered that they had bagged nearly 100, of which the general had killed the lion's share. The now historic spot was called "Sheridan's Roost," which name is retained to this day.

Another turkey shooting occurred previous to the one above referred to, in which the whole of General Custer's command took part. It was about eighteen days after the terrible battle of the Washita, and Custer was chasing the fugitive savages towards Fort Cobb. The weather had been very disagreeable—cold, snow and a furious wind. The troops had been wading through about a foot of snow, and the horses were nearly starved, because it was impossible to get at the grass lying so deep under the snow. That night the command went into camp on the Washita, and it was soon discovered that accidentally they had pitched upon an immense turkey roost. It was not yet sun-down when the picket line was stretched and preparations for the men's scanty supper begun. Eagerly expecting that the birds would come to their haunts at the usual hour, the cooks were a little perfunctory, anticipating that the bill of fare would, that night, vary materially from the customary sow-belly and hard-tack.

So sure enough, just about sundown, the turkeys began to return from their search for food, and it was a most remarkable sight to watch the evident surprise of the birds as they approached their roost to discover that their ground had been usurped. Several flocks "rounded up" in full view of all, and it could be noticed that they were bewildered and did not know what to do. They stood still, apparently paralyzed, for some time, and as other flocks soon arrived they all began to fly up into the trees right in the middle of the camp. At this moment everyone seemed to be imbued with

the desire to shoot and a fusillade began, resulting in the tumbling off the trees of fifty or more of the bronzed beauties; and, of course, driving all the remainder from their roosts until the air was full of the frightened birds. As night drew on, not knowing or failing to seek another roosting place, back they came, but in increasing numbers, determined, apparently, to roost there or nowhere. The air and the ground were filled with turkeys; they were dazed by the turn affairs had taken and great flocks ran right among companies and the wagons.

Then was enacted a scene such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed, nor has it since, in all probability; all the dogs in the command—and there was every breed and size, for the average United States soldier loves a dog—joined in the pandemonium that followed the chase for the bewildered birds.

There was feasting in camp that night, and never before did turkey taste so delicious as the magnificent birds, served up in every conceivable style, at that supper in camp on the Washita, to the half-famished troops of the famous Seventh cavalry, and the gallant boys of the Nineteenth Kansas; and that there were many cases of riding that subjective brute known as the nightmare, before the morning, I have not the slightest doubt.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Climate Effects Upon the Habits and Temperament of the People.

It has been said that this land of the sun and of the equable climate will have the effect that other lands of a southern aspect have upon temperament and habits. It is feared that Northern-bred people, who are guided by the necessity of making hay while the sun shines will not make hay at all where the sun always shines. It is thought that unless people are spurred on incessantly by the exigencies of the changing seasons they will lose energy, and fall into an idle floating along with gracious nature. Will not one sink into a comfortable and easy procrastination if he has a whole year in which to perform the labor of three months? Will southern California be an exception to those lands of equable climate and extraordinary fertility where every effort is postponed till to-morrow?

I wish there might be something solid in this expectation; that this may be a region where the restless American will lose something of his hurry and petty, feverish ambition, partially it may be so. He will take, he is already taking, something of the tone of the climate, and of the old Spanish occupation. But the race instinct of thrift and of "getting on" will not wear out in many generations. Besides, the condition of living at all in Southern California in comfort, and with the social life indispensable to our people, demands labor, not exhausting and killing, but still incessant—demands industry. A land that will not yield satisfactorily without irrigation, and whose best paying produce requires intelligent as well as careful husbandry, will never be an idle land. Egypt, with all its dolce far niente, was never an idle land for the laborer.—From "The Winter of Our Content," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

The Drummer Didn't Enjoy It.

Conductor Rodman, who runs on the Villisca branch of the Burlington, has a very pretty wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rodman had an opportunity of enjoying the discomfort of a traveling man on the down town train the other morning. The drummer knows Mr. Rodman rather well, as his business takes him to Villisca frequently. Last Monday Mr. Rodman took his wife on his trip, and they came back to St. Joseph the next day. On this morning as Mr. Rodman came through the car collecting tickets, the drummer pulled at his arm and whispered:

"Say, Rodman, do you see that rattling pretty girl back there?"

"Yes," responded the conductor, glancing in the direction indicated.

"Well, do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Where does she come from?"

"St. Joseph, I believe."

"Say, old man, do you know her well enough to give me a 'knock down' to her, for she's a beauty, and no mistake."

"Oh, yes. I guess I can fix it for you. Come along."

In a moment more the drummer was standing in front of the "rattling pretty girl" and had a winning smile prepared, when—"Mr. Blank, allow me to present you to my wife."

The drummer murmured something about his pleasure, but went up into the baggage car soon after, where he managed to say to Mr. Rodman, "I didn't say anything out of the way, did I, old man?"—St. Joseph News.

His Reason.

Mr. Blossom—I don't think you are doing right in forbidding Nelly to receive gentlemen callers. Why did you do it?

Mrs. Blossom—I do not desire the child to ever marry.

You seem to forget that you were young once, that you received gentlemen callers and that you married.

Indeed, I don't, Mr. Blossom; and what is more, I don't intend to have Nelly make a fool of herself because her mother did.—Epoch.

TRIALS OF A PREACHER.

Incidents in the Life of a Methodist Minister at a Four Appointment.

One of the clergymen in the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church tells this story about himself:

"When I was the pastor of a small church in Delaware county, this state, I had a hard time in trying to keep soul and body together. My labors were arduous and the salary only \$400 a year, and if we had not received various donations of provisions from parishioners almost equally poor as ourselves, we would in all probability have starved to death.

"It was what is known as a 'backwoods appointment,' being eighteen miles from a railroad and located in a valley created by thickly wooded hills. To give you an idea of our reduced circumstances I am compelled to say that there was but one white shirt in the house, and that was shared in common by my eldest son and myself. When he wore it I went into the pulpit without one and made up for the deficiency the best I could.

"One Sunday we had the presiding elder of the district with us. He had come the previous night. Early in the morning he was disturbed by this shrill question from my son:

"Father, father, who wears the shirt to-day, you or me?"

"Well, I was in doubt who was entitled to encase himself in that useful garment on that occasion, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice I shouted from the confines of my room, I think it's your turn, my boy."

"I thought no more about the matter until after breakfast and family prayers were over; then the elder took me aside and asked if there was only one white shirt in the house. Of course it was an embarrassing question, and I tried to evade making a reply, but he was persistent, and I finally was forced to admit the truth. Tears swelled up in the elder's eyes and he offered to part with some of his meager hoard of money, but I assured him that I did not need it, and as I refused absolutely to accept a cent, he did not press the matter further.

"Still," although the elder was a kind-hearted man and received but little more salary than myself, yet he loved to indulge in practical jokes. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to dine with us, and my wife, who always seemed to stand in awe of the big, dignified elder, made an extra effort to prepare a tempting repast. Oysters were scarce and very high in that section and consequently a luxury, but my wife concluded that for once we should have oysters.

"Well, thanks to recent wedding fees, she was able to buy them. Then she exercised all her ingenuity to place them on the table in every conceivable form that would please the eye and gratify the taste.

"Well, when we sat down to the table we saw oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters roasted and oysters on shell. It was literally a wilderness of oysters.

"Outside of oysters there was, in fact, but little to eat except bread, butter, apple sauce and, I believe, some sage cheese. Still the little women sat with a beaming countenance, eagerly anticipating the elder's delight at the unexpected treat.

"After a blessing had been invoked I, as a matter of form, turned to our guest and inquired:

"Elder, will you permit me to help you to some of the oysters?"

"The elder's face assumed a severe expression as he slowly and deliberately replied:

"Well, Dominie, I hate to say it, but the truth of the matter is I very seldom eat them."

"I glanced at my wife. Her face was almost a crimson hue and tears were starting from her eyes. I think I felt just a trifle savage, but I betrayed no sign.

"After a few seconds of the most painful embarrassment I ever experienced the elder broke the silence, by saying with unflinching deliberation:

"You see, Dominie, I very seldom eat oysters, because I very seldom get them," and he burst into a tremendous fit of laughter that almost made the dishes rattle.

"Of course he did ample justice to the dinner, which at the best was frugal enough, but I don't think that my wife ever quite forgave him for those painful moments of suspense."—New York Herald.

Not Superstitious.

"Now father," said the youth, "I have fixed up a check for a small amount in my favor, and all it wants is your name at the bottom."

"I'm sorry my son, but I've been converted from all superstitious ideas I ever had."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I don't believe in signs."—Washington Post.

A Good Liar.

A Virginian, who stole a pile of greenbacks from a bank, made seventeen different "confessions," and each time implicated a new party and cleared himself. After arresting about half the town they finally concluded that he was a good liar and a poor thief and sent him up. He then wanted to tell the truth, but they wouldn't have it.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

The Reform church in the United States (German) reports 1,656 congregations and 109,892 members.

The amount collected in the churches of London on Hospital Sunday was \$310,000. This was \$5,000 more than in any previous year.

There is a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in the Wisconsin State prison, which has more than 100 members and is doing a good business.

The Methodist Episcopal church has, in connection with its mission in Mexico, 2,437 communicants. This indicates a gain of 304 during the last year.

Seventeen hundred of the Sioux are members of the Episcopal church, and Baptists, Catholics, and Congregationalists are also represented among them.

A St. Louis congregation paid off the church mortgage and then turned the instrument in open meeting, the choir singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Young Men's Christian associations are being organized in Jerusalem, Hamlet, and Lydda. Hind Smith, who is engaged in the work, has secured the co-operation of the bishop of Jerusalem.

Two thousand women of India have signed a petition to the Queen of England, asking that restriction may be put on child marriages by raising the marriageable age of girls from 10 to 14 years.

The American Congregational union reports receipts for the last year of \$155,530, of which \$76,300 came from individuals and churches. This has been the most successful year in the history of the organization.

The Presbyterian Theological seminary of San Francisco has recently received gifts amounting to \$350,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the gift of one man, Alexander Montgomery of San Francisco.

The various Lutheran bodies in this country have twenty-two theological seminaries, with sixty-eight professors and 1,032 students; twenty-five colleges, with 263 professors and 3,452 students, and thirty-eight academies and seminaries with 5,500 students.

Some preachers put their listeners asleep with dreamy discourses, but the Rev. David Kaufman of Indiana reverses this and puts himself asleep while in the pulpit. While apparently asleep and unconscious it is said that he delivers sermons of amazing eloquence.

The Toppa has purchased from the Gonzaga family a picture by Veronese representing St. Louis de Gonzaga in his princely dress with a sword. The picture is now exhibited in the Germania college, where it is visited by cardinals and priests. It is a sign of the preparations for the centenary of St. Louis, which falls on the 21st of June, 1891.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has had a prosperous voyage to India and has commenced his labors in Calcutta. Large numbers of invitations from other cities have been sent to him. He says the mission stations are deplorably undermanned and begs that Christian people in this country will pray that more missionaries may enter the field, and that God will bless his work in India.

The excitement over the mixed-marriage question in Hungary has been most painfully increased by the publication in a Magyar paper of the letter of Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Simor. It contained the decision of the Holy See that none but Catholic haplisms could be permitted in mixed marriages, and gave Cardinal Simor instructions how to act. It was altogether private, and its appearance in print is a mystery yet unexplained.

PECULIAR PUNISHMENTS.

The letter B was burned upon a man at Boston in 1767 for stealing a copper kettle.

A forger at Boston in 1769 had a letter F burned upon the palm of his hand.

A counterfeit of Walpole, Mass., was in 1762 obliged to stand in the pillory for two hours.

In 1627 a woman of Salem, Mass., was bound and chained to a post for beating her husband.

For passing counterfeit money at Springfield, Mass., in 1767, a criminal had his ears cropped.

For absence from the Salem, Mass., court, Sir Richard Saltentale was fined four bushels of malt.

Mary Oliver of Salem, Mass., was sentenced in 1646 to have a clef stick put on her tongue for half an hour for wandering the elders.

EYES OF THE EYE OCULIST

For information about lands and cheap homes in Florida, address J. C. Croft, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Mail Co.

DR. CALVERT, 101 STATE ST., CORNER MADISON. In speciality, diseases of women and the nervous system. All diseases of the skin, throat, and lungs successfully treated; twelve years' practice. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 31; elevator, 15 Madison St.

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PENSIONS.

The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Veterans dependent on today, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address:

JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' Nervine!

CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ETC., ETC., ETC. FREE Samples at Druggists, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 24.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Feb. 12, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.
No. 4, 11:55 A. M.
No. 8, 6:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:55 P. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

S. B. Russell was home from Chicago Saturday last.

Wm. Dodge has moved into his new house on Main street.

R. S. Grice has moved to Waukegan, where he will reside in future.

Lyman Grice has been drawing lumber for his new house during the past week.

Mr. Wm. Young started last week for a two week's visit with friends in "York State."

Mr. Hendricks, of Spring Grove, was here on Saturday last in the interests of his insurance companies.

We are sorry to say that quite a number of valuable contributions have been unavoidably crowded out this week.

Mr. J. E. Perkins was called to the town of Mt. Pleasant on Friday last by the death of his brother-in-law, Albert Newman.

Mr. Stephen Grice has moved his blacksmith shop onto the lot north of his residence, and will fit it up for rent as a dwelling house.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Miss Addie Schaffer is now visiting with friends and relatives in Burlington and will probably remain in that place for a couple of weeks at least.

The party given by Mr. S. Spafford of Millburn brought a number of our young people in that direction on Friday evening last. A good time is reported.

Proprietor Rogers is preparing for a grand masquerade ball to be given at his hall in this village during the present month. See further announcement in our columns.

The Swift ice company of Lake Villa has been doing a deal of hustling around lately in consequence of an order received last week for 3000 cars of ice, to be delivered in Chicago.

I. R. Webb and his brother Christopher, returned from "York State" Saturday last and report snow four feet deep down there. When they left for home their sister was still very low and fears were entertained that she would not recover.

The parties engaged in dispensing temperance (?) drinks at Lake Villa were brought to Waukegan last week and fined \$100 by Esquire Kennedy. Verily the way of the rum seller is a "rocky" one and hath many a "jag" in its winding course.

Quite a crowd of our people listened to the temperance lecture given by Mr. W. Chaffin at the Disciple church on Wednesday evening of last week, and the majority of those present seemed well pleased with his remarks. Mr. Chaffin is a fluent speaker and has the happy faculty of being able to keep his audience in a pleasant mood, no matter what their views on the temperance question may be. With such men as Mr. Chaffin in the field fighting the liquor question, it is but a matter of time when the evil will be so thoroughly regulated that much of its present insidious power will be forever destroyed.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

Lounges, \$4.50, woven wire springs, \$1.75, chairs, 50 cents each, chambersuits (3 pieces) \$13.50, plush parlor suits, \$20.00, for ten days from this date. Everything else also at bed rock prices at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Foltz' store.

As there seems to be a doubt in the minds of a few on the school question, should the village become incorporated, we would say that children residing in the present school district will not be denied the privilege of attending the village school even then, as the village would still remain part of the school township and be subject to the general provisions of the school law. Neither would it be necessary to make a new survey of the place, as has been stated by others.

Mr. Albert Herman of Grass Lake and Miss Mary A. Brogan of Antioch were united in marriage Wednesday, Feb. 4th 1891, at the bride's parents, in the presence of a few of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The News joins with a large circle of friends of the happy twain in wishing them a long, pleasant and prosperous voyage on the sea of life.

On the 25th day of this month the voters of the village will be afforded a chance to decide by ballot whether or not the place shall be incorporated. The question of incorporation is, or should be, of interest to all who have the right to cast a ballot on that day, for or against the measure. Don't sit at the fire when the time comes and trust to your neighbor to settle the matter according to your liking. Step to the ballot box yourself and deposit therein your ballot either for or against the measure as your conscience may dictate. You will then have exercised your right as an American freeman and cannot be taunted with having failed to perform your duty as a voting citizen. It is not at all likely that any unlawful methods will be resorted to by either side to gain their point, so that if the measure is defeated it will be by fair means that this result is brought about. It can be as truthfully said on the other side that, should incorporation gain the day, it will be through no unfair means on the part of its advocates.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mr. C. W. Voak and wife are Chicago visitors this week.

The new church sheds are progressing finely.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Maley returned from Chicago on Monday eve.

Mr. E. Blank of Whitewater made his brother Chris a call a few days ago.

John Hegeman Jr. was tendered a surprise by his many young friends last Sat. evening.

News was received today announcing the death of Mrs. Herman Zude of Silver Lake. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn her loss.

Rumor reports another wedding. What's struck Wilnot anyway? Only five weddings in as many weeks.

On Sunday last the St. John Lutherans received and welcomed their new pastor, Rev. Oeleit, called from Bay City, Mich. with very appropriate ceremonies. The church was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and the Burlington choir favored the audience with some very fine singing. Rev. Bendler their former pastor officiated.

GUESS WHO.

GRASS LAKE.

Mr. Loof will have an auction sale next week.

C. B. Little is again buzzing up wood in this neighborhood.

There was quite a number of hunters at the Herman House Sunday.

Mr. Chance Hawkins is going to build an addition on Eli Cobb's house.

Mrs. Willie Allen has been visiting her brother R. Jones at Hickory during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brogan were guests of their daughter Mrs. Albert Herman on Friday last.

Mr. H. Middendorff came home Wednesday to attend the wedding of his brother-in-law Albert Herman.

Geo. Needham of Chicago who recently bought the Morley farm was a guest at the Soules House the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Herman Sr. will live with Grandma Herman and their son Albert will run the hotel during the coming season.

Wm. Ramaker has for some time been the victim of that monster, the La Grippe, but under the care of Dr. Karr is now much better.

Geo. Huber came out from Chicago Wednesday. In coming home he lost his new "plug" hat which he had done up in a parcel.

Mrs. Alonzo Little has been quite sick for some time past. Dr. Karr of Antioch has been attending her. At the present writing she is much better.

Mrs. Andrew Effinger, of Waukegan, is visiting at the Effinger House. She took in the wedding party at the Herman House Wednesday evening.

We are glad to welcome our former school teacher Mrs. Annie Herman to our neighborhood. She taught here for three years and during that time made many warm friends.

Mrs. Chance Hawkins nee Soule of Snodwine, Ill. arrived here Saturday. She has been visiting with her daughter Mrs. Grubbs, in Chicago for upwards of a week.

MARRIED:—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Albert Herman, of Grass Lake to Miss Annie Brogan of Antioch. Dinner was partaken of at the bride's home and supper at the Herman House. The young folks of Grass Lake gathered in the evening at the latter place to welcome the future landlord and landlady of the "Herman House." The bride wore a lovely dress of brown satin with real flowers. Many nice presents were received. Among the guests from a distance were Mrs. Geo. Cropper of Chicago, a sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Effinger of Waukegan and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ramaker of Doon Iowa. They tripped "the light fantastic toe" 'til the "wee sma' hours and departed with many kind wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of the newly wedded couple.

Wisconsin Central Time Table. Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor. as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1.... 11:45 a. m.
No. 3.... 10:50 P. M.
No. 5.... 5:11 P. M.
No. 7.... 10:25 a. m.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.
SOUTH.
No. 2.... 4:52 a. m.
No. 4.... 8:03 a. m.
No. 6.... 11:53 a. m.
No. 8.... 6:36 P. M.
No. 10.... 7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVEN, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mr. J. U. Howard was up from Chicago last week to visit his aged mother who is still stopping at the Cleveland Hotel.

Parden Yaw got a quit claim deed of a house and lot in Liberty of the Rev. O. B. Thayer last week. Consideration \$300.00.

H. G. Hanson has put in an emery wheel at the butter factory where he can grind pulverizers for the farmers in this vicinity.

The weather of February 3rd and 4th was the coldest in these parts for a number of years, the thermometer ranging from 14 to 18 degrees below zero in the vicinity of Trevor.

Mr. Nicholas Schoemacher bought of Mrs. L. A. Havens eleven acres of land more or less on the south side of the road leading to Wilnot and west of the railroad, for sixty dollars per acre.

D. C. Stewart received two sacks of fine wool from Kansas a few days ago as a sample of a large lot for sale. Now is a good chance for some factory to lay in a good stock of the necessary article of superior quality.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Henry Yaw spent last week in Chicago.

Miss Maggie Enzenbacher is visiting friends here.

A dance was held at J. McVey's last Friday night.

Mr. L. Lamb took a trip to Chicago Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Haverstick and family came to Camp Lake to attend the Silver Wedding.

About eighty five guests assembled at the residence of Mr. C. Phillips Saturday evening to celebrate their Silver Wedding. The spacious parlors were filled with merry guests and the evening was spent in dancing and music. At twelve a beautiful supper was served and all retired wishing them many happy returns of the day.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Harbor work is about to begin. Harbor Inspector Hugh McGillen is here.

Chas. Whitney purchased a 20 acre tract of Mr. Henninger for \$8,000.

More brick yards are a growing necessity as the present accommodation does not supply the demand.

The next factory in prospect is a box factory, with T. A. and W. T. Jebb as proprietors. Several hundred men will be employed.

It is reported that large contracts for brick and lumber have been made with Chicago and Racine firms, by the Washburn-Moen Co. That looks as if their location here was certain.

Chas. Yager sold 27 feet of ground on Genesee street to H. J. Slyfield, for \$5,000. Mr. Slyfield recently bought a lot adjoining, containing 30 feet. On these lots he will proceed to build a brick block.

Fred Erskine sold his house on Genesee street to Francis Sauter for \$3,000.

J. Bairstow has bought the Davalin place on Hickory street for \$1,000.

H. W. Mallory has sold two lots in his sub-division to Dora Alcock, for \$15,000.

Sales of lots are steady. 25 feet of the Crabtree property on Genesee street, sold to D. W. Arnold for \$5,000.

It is reported that Mrs. Short has sold a small tract situated a short distance north of Glen Flora Avenue and at the terminus of North Ave., for \$15,000.

Griffin & Strows have purchased of Mrs. Dr. Farr of Kenosha the lot on Genesee street where their undertaking establishment is located and the house and lot north for \$7,000. They will erect a brick block there as soon as arrangements can be made.

The Elgin, Joliet & Eastern R. R. Co. sustain the reputation of making generous offers of land along the lake. They have given several factory companies their choice of 200 acres and gave the Washburn-Moen Co. 34 acres near the Sugar Refinery.

The United States Starch Works will begin work March 1st. The boilers are in place and every thing nearly completed. A large number of men will be employed. The fuel used will be oil, thus doing away with smoke from the factory. It will be shipped here from Ohio and stored in large quantities and will reach the boilers by pipes. There will be ten tanks with a capacity of 2000 barrels for holding this oil.

Special Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

A LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Walds, Florida, Feb. 2, 1891.

As I have a few leisure moments on hand I will give the readers of the News a little idea of the State of Florida.

We left Chicago Jan. 23rd on the Monon route, which takes one through Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and Southern Georgia, and arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn. the next evening, where we stopped to see the great battlefield near Lookout Mountain. This mountain is 1700 feet high and from its summit, they claim, one can see seven States with the aid of a telescope, can also see the battlefields of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the site of the battles that were fought near the foot of the mountain.

The city of Chattanooga is north-east of this mountain, on the bank of the Tennessee River, and has a population of from ten to twelve thousand.

On the top of the mountain they have a narrow gauge railroad that runs to all the principal points on the mountains. There is one of the hotels that will accommodate 500 guests and several smaller ones. There is also a Museum of war relics that interests one greatly. From this mountain you can see the National Cemetery where 12,956 soldiers are at rest. The cemetery is fenced in with a stone fence 4 1/2 feet high and covered with trees, plants and running vines that are green the whole year round, which makes it look more like a park than a cemetery.

From Chattanooga we took the Georgia Southern railroad which runs through what I call a very poor country, nothing but hills and hollows, rocks and scrubby timber all the way through Georgia and but very little land that is cultivated. Once in a while there is a settlement of darkies with very poor shanties, the shacks being about four by eight feet with no addition to them.

We arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, Jan. 27th, where everything was in blossom, even new potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages and all kinds of vegetables can be had now. Occasionally a few boxes of

strawberries will be seen in the markets. Orange trees can be seen anywhere, in the villages, along the railroads etc. and some trees are covered with oranges. The orange crop is not very good this season on account of a frost they had last March that killed a great many small trees and blossoms.

Lemons are not raised very much here. It is too far north. Bananas, figs, peaches, pears and grapes, as well as many kinds of berries that I am not familiar with are raised here. Peach trees are all white with blossoms and folks claim the peaches will be ripe by the last of May.

I have not seen a decent herd of cattle since I came here. The poorest cattle, horses and hogs I ever saw are here and run out the year round. Hay is something that does not grow here, only a little wire grass. The soil is mostly all a whitish sand and the grass is very scarce and of a poor quality. Most of the milk used is condensed milk.

Business men in town don't think of having stores in their buildings; they always open all the windows and doors so as to get a fresh breeze even until nine o'clock in the evening. It is just as warm here now as we have it in Illinois the fore part of June. The mornings are generally fresh with a cool breeze, but about 10 or 11 o'clock the sun comes out pretty hot, the thermometer registering from 70 to 75 degrees yesterday, which I call pretty warm for the first of February. There have been several frosts here this winter but little damage was done as they came before the trees were in blossom.

The climate here is very good for this time of year, but one cannot live on climate alone. All the land that is used for vegetables has to be fertilized, even the fruit trees, which are planted about 30 feet apart are cultivated and hoed like corn. It takes from 5 to 8 years to get an orchard to bear and then they calculate each tree will yield from 12 to 15 dollars worth of fruit. I hear there is an orange grove near here that is worth \$1000 per acre. I will take pleasure in answering any inquiry about this section for any one who wishes to learn about it. Address: A. F. Herman, Waldo, or Interlachen, Florida.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned will sell at public auction at his premises in Grass Lake, in the town of Antioch, four miles southwest of the village of Antioch.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1891.
at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property to-wit: 8 cows, nearly all new milkers, 1 heifer coming three years old, 1 yearling heifer, 15 weathers, 1 four-year-old horse, 1 four-year-old mare, 1 mare colt coming 3 years old, 1 horse coming 6 years old, 1 span of matched colts, 3 and 4, 1 Whitley mower, 1 old mower, 1 Champion combined reaper, 1 double buggy, 1 single buggy, 1 light wagon, 1 cutter, 1 sulky cultivator, nearly new, 1 seeder, 1 roller, 1 sorghum mill, 1 stubble plow, set of drags, 1 cook stove, grind stone, set light double harness, road cart, fanning mill, set of bobs, hay rake, cauldron kettle, quantity of seed corn, 30 bushels seed wheat and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:
All sums of \$10 or under cash, on all sums over \$10 twelve months time will be given on good approved notes with 6 per-cent. interest.

CHRISTOPHER LOOF,
Frank Ramaker, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold to W. H. Morgan of Union Grove, Wis. all my interest in the firm of B. D. Dunning & Co. except the outstanding accounts. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their accounts as we are anxious to close up the business as soon as possible. The new firm of Dixon & Morgan will carry on the business at the old stand. They have a full line of general merchandise including hardware, pumps &c. They are young men of good reputation and will spare no pains for the interest of their customers. Thanking you for your liberal patronage and wishing you prosperity, I remain
Yours very truly
B. D. Dunning.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time.

Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining-room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland at Washington, and as one of the family had been hurt the police are puzzled over the mystery.

The gunboat Concord has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

Two cases of small pox in Macoupin county, Ill., have terminated fatally. No new cases are reported.

A passenger train on the Cotton Belt Road was wrecked near Stuttgart, Ark. The trainman was killed and the engineer mortally wounded.

Business failures for the week number 205 compared with 320 last week, and 311 in the corresponding week of 1890.

The strike of the coal-miners of Belleville, Ill., has been ended by the operators conceding an increase of pay to the workmen.

Two soldiers, names unknown, were drowned in the Missouri river at Winona, Minn.

W. G. Howells, son of a prominent Missouri attorney, was lodged in jail by United States officers at St. Louis, charged with robbing a stage in Colorado last August.

James Redpath, the well-known journalist and labor advocate, was run down by a street car in New York and seriously injured.

Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington will unite under one management the Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, which will control 7,000 miles of railway.

The election in Canada will be contested on the issue of reciprocity with the United States, the liberals advocating and the conservatives opposing the policy.

The Marquis de Leuville, once engaged to be married to Mrs. Frank Leslie, has sued the Chronicle of Oldham, England, for libel for writing up his escapades.

In a fight with Havana police on board steamship, Montelongo, the noted Cuban bandit and two companions were killed and a fourth was captured.

An examination into the accounts of defunct State Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, by his bondmen, showed a shortage of \$96,000, and it is expected that a legislative investigation will increase this amount.

The belt and nut manufacturing plant of J. Henry Sternberg & Son, at Reading Pa., the largest of its kind in America, burned entailing a loss of \$275,000 insured for two-thirds. Six hundred men are thrown out of employment.

An Albany (N. Y.) paper reports that the American Express Company has secured control of the National Express Company, and that the price paid for the stock of the latter concern was far above par.

The Workingmen's League at Haverhill, Mass., is endeavoring to form an alliance with the farmers of the State, and to build an organization in the East similar to the farmers' confederations in the South and West.

United States Government officers detailed to examine the coast defenses and railways of Mexico report having found them in better condition than they anticipated. The coast works, in particular, are progressing with notable rapidity.

At Marion, Iowa, an attempt was made to assassinate C. M. Hollis. What prompted the act is not known.

At New Hampton, Iowa, Miss Anna Corbin, a fever patient, crushed a fever thermometer in her mouth and was fatally poisoned by the mercury.

Elmer Clark, superintendent of the Kansas City, Mo., Cable Railroad company, was struck by a grip car in a power house and killed.

The Ontario Government is asked by the temperance people for sweeping restrictive liquor legislation.

Five years ago when the old Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad promised to be an important line the Ames family acquired a considerable quantity of land in Dorchester, a part of Boston. The Board of Health has condemned the property.

It is reported that a syndicate of brewers has been formed in Germany to manufacture beer in the United States.

The Coffeyville dynamite episode, which created a sensation in political circles during the campaign of 1888, was revived in the lower House of the Kansas legislature by Mr. Andrews, who introduced a resolution looking to an investigation of the matter.

A sensation was created in the Kalamazoo, Mich., insane asylum by the sudden death of Miss Jennie Barth, who went crazy over religion. She was taken to a bath-room by attendants, and while there was severely scalded, the shock causing instant death.

Near Harrodsburg, Ky., George Best, who had recently been married, was murdered in the presence of his bride by the Holiday brothers. Brothers of the victim are in pursuit of the murderers.

The City Council of Terre Haute has instructed the Police Board to investigate the charge that Superintendent of Police Davis took a drink of whisky in a saloon late Sunday night.

A dividend of 50 cents per share was declared by the stockholders of the Lead Trust.

The storekeeper and agent of the Farmers' Alliance at Spartansburg, S. C., W. McInnesman, is accused of having defrauded the alliance out of \$10,000. It is expected that the affair will develop into a big sensation.

In the Catholic diocese of Port Wayne, Ind., \$1,025 has been collected and forwarded to the suffering poor of Ireland.

The swimming record for 100 feet has been lowered by W. C. Johnson, amateur 100-yard champion, in the Manhattan Athletic Club's swimming pool, at New York.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance company of Waterloo, Iowa, has assigned with liabilities of \$30,000.

It is now thought that two boys who disappeared from Neenah, Wis., last October and who were supposed to have been drowned in Lake Winnebago, were murdered by fishermen for meddling with nets.

The Hecla iron-works at New York were burned, causing a loss of \$500,000.

The Michigan Federation of Labor is now in session at Grand Rapids and is largely attended by delegates from all parts of the State.

The San Francisco police destroyed in a Chinese joss house idols and furnishings worth \$10,010.

WILL HURRY THINGS UP.

CONGRESSMEN DON'T WANT AN EXTRA SESSION.

They Will Therefore Rush All the More Important Measures Through as Soon as Possible.

The United States Senate is shaping its business with a firm determination to adjourn March 4 without leaving behind it anything for an extra session. The fortification appropriation bill comes up next as unfinished business, and the pension appropriation bills on the calendar and the District of Columbia appropriation bill, soon to be reported, will follow in order. An effort will be made to pass the Indian depletion claim bill, and sandwiched between the above named appropriation bills will probably be the eight hour bill and the copyright bill. An attempt is also being made to secure action upon the House bankruptcy bill.

Not one of the thirteen annual appropriation bills has been finally passed by both branches of Congress and sent to the President. But one of these bills has passed the Senate—the army bill. While the present condition of the appropriation bills is not encouraging as compared with their state of progress in previous Congresses, no doubt is entertained by experienced members of both the House and the Senate of the ability of Congress to complete its necessary legislation before March 4.

After the Canadian Railroads.

According to reports, the agitation for Congress "to do something" with the Canadian lines which have lines in the United States is being renewed. Gen. John McNulta, on behalf of the Vanderbilt lines, is urging the amendment to the Interstate law which proposes that the Canadian lines shall be required to take out a license from the Interstate commission and be subject to its regulations. In the House there is a resolution introduced by Mr. Whiting of Michigan, designed to cover the complaints of the Port Huron elevator interests and the commerce committee has promised a hearing to the Michigan people.

Election Bill Abandoned.

It can now be stated with positiveness that the managers of the election bill have finally decided to abandon the measure. In the interest of important public business remaining to be acted upon, this decision has been communicated to the Democratic Senators.

COOKED TO DEATH.

Awful Fate of a Chicago Woman Caused by Fire.

A sad accident resulted in the burning of Mrs. Anna Sell, Mrs. Sell, who is but 22 years of age, went to the clothes closet at her home and was arranging a ball dress on the hooks when she stepped on a match and the spark was at once communicated to the gauzy fabric. The flames communicated to Mrs. Sell's apparel and in an instant she was enveloped in a sheet of fire. She ran from the closet and called to her sister, who was in the house, for help, but the latter was paralyzed with fright and could render no assistance. Mrs. Sell ran frantically up and down the house, each movement fanning the flames which enveloped her. She screamed for help, and finally rushed in a she fell fainting to the floor. Her blazing garments were torn from her, taking with them pieces of charred and blistered flesh wherever they had touched her body, and while some of the neighbors hurried themselves in extinguishing the flames which had communicated to the house others lifted the now unconscious woman to a bed and called physicians. They at once pronounced her injuries fatal and busied themselves in applying lotions to soothe the awful pain the unfortunate woman was suffering. The flesh about Mrs. Sell's neck, face, hands, and breast was terribly burned, and she had inhaled the flames to such an extent that she will die of internal injuries alone. Mr. Nicholson, the Sell's landlord, who lived upstairs and was the first to rush to the burning woman's assistance, was badly burned about the face and hands. His injuries are not serious.

GETTING READY FOR A BREAK.

Stillwater Prisoners Well Supplied With Weapons.

Stillwater, Minn., special: When Albert Garvin became Warden of the State Prison at Stillwater, he made use of some of the experience he had gained at Joliet in the many years he acted as Deputy Warden and made an immediate search of the prison cells, and searched both inside and outside of the main building. The search revealed an astonishing array of knives, daggers, hammers, saws, and other implements. Among the prisoners here are the famous Younger brothers and other desperado and lawless criminals, and the finding of such weapons indicates that many were planning an escape. None of the knives, however, were found in the cells of the Youngers.

SAW HIS SWEETHEART EATEN.

A Most Horrible Narrative of Vicious Wolves in Russia.

St. Petersburg telegram: A man and a woman, who was his sweetheart, were attacked by wolves a few days ago in the province of Riazan. The man attempted to defend himself and the girl, but finding his efforts useless took refuge in a tree, from which he beheld the wolves tearing the woman's body to pieces. Overcome by the sight he fell fainting among the beasts and was also devoured.

FOUND DYNAMITE FUSE.

A Discharged Employee Wanted to Blow Up the Leeds Gas Works.

A large quantity of dynamite was discovered in the gas works at Leeds, England. A fuse was attached, but it had not been fired. There was enough dynamite to destroy the entire works, and there would have been a frightful loss of life, as the men have been working night and day recently. A discharged employee is supposed to be the planner of the intended outrage.

H. H. Campbell's Will.

From Chicago: Judge Kohlsaat has admitted to probate the will of the late Benjamin H. Campbell. The value of the property disposed of is fixed at \$700,000 and by the terms of the will the estate is to be divided between the children of the deceased. Augustus S. Campbell was named executor and filed a bond for \$1,400,000.

Hitlers Found Guilty of Murder.

The four rioters on trial for the affair at Braddock on New Year's day have been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

BLAND KNOCKED OUT.

His Free Coinage Amendment Decided Not to Be in Order.

When the House of Representatives Monday went into committee of the whole on the sundry civil bill the first question was Mr. Dingley's point of order raised yesterday on the Bland free coinage amendment to the sundry civil bill.

The chair (Mr. Payson) decided that the point of order was well taken for the reason that the amendment would change existing law, which could not be done in an appropriation bill.

While the chairman was reading his decision every seat was filled up. It was known that an appeal was to be taken and that the vote on that appeal would determine the fate of all free coinage legislation for this session.

When Mr. Bland formally appealed from the decision the chairman decided that debate was in order and a discussion was begun, which did fair to consume the remainder of the day. The question was finally put to a vote and the ruling of the chair was sustained by a vote of: Yeas, 134; nays, 127. Speaker Reed voted to sustain the chair.

House.

Mr. McKinley asked unanimous consent for the present consideration of the bill providing that nothing in the tariff act shall be held to repeal or impair the reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Bland (Mo.) thought the bill should be considered in committee of the whole, and Mr. McKinley moved that the House go into committee for that purpose, but withdrew his motion when he found that it was impossible to limit the time for debate.

The Speaker laid before the House a Senate bill amending the land-forfeiture act of Sept. 29, 1890, which was passed.

The Senate.

Mr. Paddock presented the resolutions of the Nebraska House of Representatives against the Conger land bill, for the reason that its passage would inflict great losses on the cattle industry of Nebraska, and in favor of the passage of the Paddock pure-flood bill.

A conference report on the bill to provide for an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of Arizona was presented and agreed to.

Mr. Morgan addressed the Senate in support of the bill reported from the committee on foreign relations to aid in the construction of the Nicaragua maritime canal.

The naval appropriation bill was reported with sundry amendments, and Mr. Hawley offered a resolution (which was agreed to) calling on the president for the correspondence in reference to the conduct of the senior naval officer present at San Jose de Guatemala on the occasion of the arrest and killing of Gen. Barrandilla and the action of the navy department.

MINE HORROR IN COLORADO.

An Explosion That Came Near Wrecking the Mammoth Disaster.

What almost proved to be another Mammoth mine disaster occurred on Wednesday at Newcastle, Col., in the Grand River coal and coke mines. Just at 6 o'clock, as the day shift, composed of seventy-five men, was about to leave the mine, a terrific explosion occurred, and immediately the black smoke came pouring out of the side of the mountain.

Soon seventy-five miners were brought to the surface, some of them more dead than alive, none of them any too soon.

The excitement was so great that it was impossible to tell if any one failed to get out. It is thought several have perished. Had the explosion occurred when the men were at work not one would have escaped. The mine has been on fire several times before in the last two years, caused by miners' lamps lighting gas, which always troubled them.

SHORT IN THEIR ACCOUNTS.

Two Ticket Agents on the C. H. & D. Suspected of Dishonesty.

A Cincinnati dispatch says Auditor Libshaw of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad has found a serious shortage in the accounts of Ticket Agents Herron and Belletel. The men claim the discrepancy is due to clerical mistake or an error due to the large number of excursions run by the road last summer. No arrests have been made thus far.

Diamond Thieves on Their Way East.

A telegram from St. Louis says John Ladue and Charles Green, in custody of Detectives Sheldon and Hurd, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, arrived here and were lodged behind the bars on a stop-over on their way to New York, where they are charged with having stolen \$10,000 worth of diamonds from guests in the Fifth Avenue hotel some time ago. They were located at Saginaw, Mich., and were arrested there about two weeks ago. Requisition papers were gotten out and the quartet started for New York. Some of the diamonds were recovered at Chicago, a goodly portion of them St. Louis at a prominent broker's, and still more at Saginaw, Mich.

Bride and Bridegroom in Jail.

Ottumwa, Iowa, special: At the instance of Elias Osburn, the father of the bride, Samuel Privitt and wife, together with the parties who acted as witnesses at their marriage in this city Saturday last, were to-day arrested for perjury. The bride was only 14, but she and the other parties now in jail were of legal age, and the father, who doesn't like his son-in-law, proposes to make them suffer for it.

FOUR FATALLY INJURED.

Bad Wreck on the Cincinnati, Louisville & Western.

A telegram from Massillon, Ohio, says a rear-end collision on the Cincinnati Louisville & Western railroad at Beach City resulted in the death of Brakeman Lammam and the fatal injuring of three others.

Choked to Death While at Dinner.

Justice of the Peace Conroy of Dubuque, Iowa, invited his uncle to take dinner with him. While the meal was in progress the old man threw up his hands and was supposed to be in a fit. He was taken outdoors, where he died. The coroner investigated the matter and found a piece of beef lodged in the throat of the deceased by which he was choked to death.

Crushed by Falling Timber.

George Brown, a carpenter, was crushed to death at Ironton, Ohio, by heavy timber falling upon him.

HOW HE MET HIS FATE.

Strangler Eyrand Faces the Guillotine Without a Tremor.

Paris cablegram: Michael Eyrand, the murderer of Bouffie, met his fate with fortitude and resignation.

He looked ghastly, could hardly walk, and had to be assisted up the steps of the scaffold. But he died bravely. He declined cognac, which was offered him to strengthen his nerves. He refused all religious rites and did not return the kiss of peace given him by the attendant priest. He allowed himself to be bound to the plank without resistance.

The knife fell with startling suddenness, and Eyrand was dead before the greater part of the spectators were aware of it. The hour of execution had been purposely kept a secret until midnight. Even the prisoners, who generally get wind of such things, were ignorant of it. Consequently the crowd was not as large as it might have been. But it was exceedingly loud and violent, growing in numbers and roughness as the fatal hour approached. After the execution the body was given to Eyrand's relatives; but the body was not to be elevated, and held a mock funeral in the place de la Roquette. It was a grim and grotesque performance.

Gabrielle Lombard, when informed of Eyrand's death, exclaimed: "C'est fini," and cried hysterically. She will be conveyed to Clermont, where she will be kept in solitary seclusion until the birth of her child.

Gabrielle takes her imprisonment cheerfully. When she asked there any chance of her twenty years' sentence, imprisonment being reduced she was assured that good behavior and industry would considerably shorten her term, besides favorably inclining the authorities to clemency. With this she was well pleased. Gabrielle is not obliged to do prison work and will not be until her child is born. She will then be transferred to the department of high-class needlework. She shows no sorrow for Eyrand's fate. She seemed to experience a feeling of relief when informed of his execution.

The murder was committed in a room at Rue Tronson Ducoudray, occupied by a young woman named Gabrielle Lombard, who was Eyrand's accomplice in the crime. Gouffe was lured into the woman's apartment and strangled to death. At the trial Eyrand claimed the woman committed the crime while under the influence of her insanity, but subsequently he confessed that he not only killed Gouffe, but lured him to the place of death. The woman, however, assisted in burying the body. After the murder Eyrand escaped to America, but was eventually captured at Havana.

MAY REVOLT.

Spanish Republicans Make Ugly Charges Against the Government.

From Barcelona Spain: The conservative candidate for member of the chamber of deputies has been elected, defeating Senor Salmeron, the Republican leader. The victory has greatly elated the supporters of the government. The Republicans are enraged at the result of the electoral contest and accuse the officials who had charge of the election of tampering with the ballots. The Republicans insist that Salmeron is duly elected. The conservative victory has caused popular discontent, which has been smoldering for a long time, to break out in all directions. Yesterday evening two large petrols were exploded in a public thoroughfare, causing a panic among the people who were in the neighborhood of the explosions. The government officials are thoroughly alarmed, and are making preparations to resist a popular uprising.

THEY CLAIM \$4,000,000.

The Late John H. Schoenberger's Estate Sued.

John Schoenberger, of New York City who died about a year ago, left an estate valued at \$8,000,000. It appears that Mr. Schoenberger was appointed the testamentary trustee by the will of his father, Dr. Peter Schoenberger of Pennsylvania, and the children of his deceased sister now claim \$1,000,000 to be due them by their late uncle and trustee, John H. Schoenberger, and sue his estate for that amount. The complaints were served on the executors yesterday and suits were commenced in the Supreme court of New York. A bitter contest is expected, and an army of lawyers representing different charitable institutions will be engaged in the fray.

WAS IT A MURDER?

Watchman McCracken of Chicago Found Dying in a Hallway.

Joseph McCracken, a private watchman, was found on the third floor of the building at 192 Madison street with a bullet wound in his right temple and his revolver, with one chamber empty, lying by his side.

Investigation shows that the case was doubtless one of suicide, though Lieut. Louis Haas of the Central station, who has known McCracken for thirty-five years, does not accept the theory and believes the watchman was murdered.

FOUR LIVES LOST.

Collapse of the New Louisville & Nashville Bridge at Shelby, Ala.

The Louisville & Nashville bridge, which is being erected across the Coosa river gave way under five cars loaded with rock. Three men were drowned and one killed by falling timbers. The calamity will set the work back about six weeks.

SIXTY-FIVE HORSES BURNED.

Disastrous Fire in a Stable at Boston.

Hagelow & Bernsten's stable in Boston, Mass., was burned, together with sixty-five horses, four herds, and a large amount of hay, grain, etc. The total loss is between \$20,000 and \$30,000. There are rumors of incendiarism.

Haum Report Recommended.

From Washington: The report of the Haum investigating committee was submitted to the House and ordered to be printed and recommitment.

The house adopted the conference report to ratify the agreement with the Sac and Fox nations of Indians and the Iowa tribe of Indians in Oklahoma.

Will Discuss Anarchism.

From Berna It is reported that the Bundesrath, or federal council, has been officially notified of the intention of the powers to hold an international congress here during the present year, when the subject of anarchism will be fully discussed.

James Phelan Dead.

Hon. James Phelan, member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., died in New Haven, New Providence, of pulmonary consumption.

DEATH TO ALL TRUSTS.

SO SAYS THE SENATE OF INDIANA.

Passage of a Straightout Measure Against Pools and "Com-bines" of All Descriptions.

A stringent measure against trusts, pools, combinations and all like restraints has been passed in the Indiana Senate by an overwhelming majority after a spirited debate. It declares that all such combinations are contrary to public policy and unlawful. Any person in any way connected with such schemes shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$10,000, to which may be added imprisonment for not less than two nor more than five years. Any corporations organized under the laws of the State that may have any connections with such combinations shall forfeit their charters and be subject to certain penalties prescribed by the law.

The Senate also passed a bill providing for the establishment of a State Court of Arbitration and Mediation, to consist of three persons, not more than two of whom shall belong to the same political party. In cases of strikes or other labor troubles arising from the payment of wages as fixed by law the court shall have authority to summon witnesses and inquire into causes.

MOUNTAINS ON FIRE.

Terrible Scenes at the Burning New-castle Mine in Colorado.

Denver, Col., telegram: A correspondent who left for Newcastle Wednesday morning wires that hundreds of families were fleeing for their lives last night. Mile after mile and mountains of coal are on fire. The loss will reach into the millions as mountain after mountain is rapidly burning up. The terrible heat and smoke are almost suffocating. Those residing within a few miles of the conflagration are rapidly removing their household effects. Horses and cattle are stampeding in all directions. Railroad cars are running their trains, conveying passengers to a place of safety. The Colorado Midland railway is the leading owner of the coal mountains and is a heavy loser.

The miraculous escape of hundreds of miners is just being fully realized, and it seems like a kind act of providence that dispatches do not recount the death of hundreds of brave toilers. The day force had just set the fuses and left the shaft for supper, and the night shift, numbering over 500, were congregating outside the shaft when the explosion occurred. Had it happened ten minutes later it would have been a repetition of the Pennsylvania horror.

How much longer the fire will continue it is impossible to say. If all the fire companies in the civilized world should congregate in front of the burning mountains it is doubtful if the flames could be subdued. The residents of Glenwood Springs, a town of 500 inhabitants, thirty miles from the scene, are preparing to seek a more congenial climate. The residents of Leadville, nearly 100 miles from the scene of the conflagration, can plainly see the terrible scene, while the smoke is perceptible here in Denver.

SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS.

The New York Sun Announces That One Will Be Held.

The Sun has the following double-headed column leader: "We are not speaking from mere probabilities when we inform the public that a proclamation from the president may be expected, probably before the 20th or 25th of this month, calling an extra session of the United States congress to meet in Washington on the 4th of March or immediately afterward. It may also be presumed that the business to be brought before this called session will be of more than ordinary importance."

Cheap Traveling in France.

The French government having abolished the 10 per cent railway duty all the French railways have reduced second-class fares 20 per cent and third-class 30 per cent. Large reductions have been made in the prices of return tickets and freight rates are largely reduced.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

BEVES—Extra 1,500 (g) 1,500 lbs. \$ 3.40 @ 5.60

Hogs—Choice fancy steers 4.50 @ 5.35
Poor to medium 3.90 @ 4.45
Cows 1.50 @ 2.50
Veal calves 2.50 @ 5.75

MILK Cows—per head 20.00 @ 40.00
Hogs—Mixed 3.10 @ 3.70
SHEEP—Native 4.10 @ 5.35
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring95 @ .97
CORN—No. 251 @ .53
OATS—No. 247 @ .48
BUTTER—per bushel50 @ .95
POTATOES—Chickens, dressed per lb.09 @ .10
Duck, dressed per lb.10 @ .11
Turkeys, dressed, per lb.12 @ .13
BUTTER—Choice creamery25 @ .26
Low grades06 @ .09
CHEESE—Full cream09 @ .10
Off grades04 @ .06
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen21 @ .22

St. Louis.

BEVES—Choice natives \$ 4.00 @ 5.50
Hogs—Choice 3.10 @ 3.75
SHEEP—No. 2 Red 4.00 @ 5.25
WHEAT—No. 296 @ .97
CORN—No. 250 @ .50
OATS46 @ .47

WHEAT—No. 2 Red \$.94 @ .95
CORN50 @ .51
OATS43 @ .44

Detroit.

WHEAT, No. 2 Red \$.97 @ .98
CORN52 @ .53
OATS43 @ .40

Kansas City.

BEVES—Grain and corn fed \$ 3.75 @ 5.25
Hogs—Choice 3.25 @ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 293 @ .96
CORN—No. 249 @ .49
OATS—No. 243 @ .43

SMALL-POX RAGING IN TEXAS.

Afflicted Towns Quarantined—Vacination Compelled.

Dallas Texas, Dispatch: Small-pox is epidemic in the town of Rusk and surrounding territory. Schools and churches have been closed, and a rigid quarantine established. A fine of \$100 will be imposed on every person who refuses to be vaccinated.

At Overton thirteen new cases are reported. The county judge of Smith county offers \$10 a day for nurses to take charge of the patients.

THE CAMP FIRE.

ITEMS AND CLIPPINGS RELATING TO THE REBELLION, ETC.

A Little Poetry—A Soldier of Fortune—
Horror of Andersonville—In-
crease of Pay, Etc., Etc.

It is twenty long years and more ago
We camped in the light of the orange glow
On Virginia's soil, in sight of our foes,
And dimly the light of our camp-fire rose,
And we watched at falling waters.

The wind blew freshly o'er the clover farms,
As all that night we had rest on our arms,
Morn came, and we knew ere set of the sun
The battle nearing would be lost or won,
On the field of falling waters.

We shudder'd not, but firmly we stood,
As the blinding fog came down like a flood;
And we braved the storm of his leaden rain,
And soon on the path lay the enemy slain,
When we charged at falling waters.

We pressed them backward with bayonet
And shot,
And scarce grew the light, but we wavered
Not;
By the noon tide sun we put them to rout,
Oh, never again did their banners float
O'er freeman at falling waters!

Aye, we fought and bled our work is done;
We wear decorations our valor won;
By year by year the old veterans fall,
And soon in vain shall our country call
For soldiers of falling waters.

—[A. J. H. Ketchum, in Home and Country.]

A Story of the Draft.

The provost in their peculiar line
of duty had many serious as well as
amusing adventures. The following
is a true incident, and I have often
met the hero when we were in front
of Petersburg.

One of the selectmen of a town in
New England had been very active in
procuring recruits, but was like the
man who urged others to get religion
but forgot to get any himself. It had
never occurred to his mind to
set an example and enlist him-
self. When the draft came he drew a
prize—to go. Going to a dentist he
had all his front teeth extracted. Proud
of his own Yankee sharpness, he
boasted to his friends that he had
procured his own exemption without
expense. As the man was sound in
every way the provost telegraphed to
Washington for instructions, and re-
ceived orders to "take the man and
accept neither substitute nor excuse
for exemption, as an example must be
made in this case." The conscript,
who was a man of wealth, was at
once taken, and as he could not
serve very well in infantry, he was
assigned to artillery. He had a
false set of teeth made by a dentist,
and thus equipped, was ready for army
rations, hard or soft. Unfortunately,
the first day out from Boston the false
teeth followed the baked beans over
the side of the steamer, and he landed
at the front in poor shape to utilize
the lovely hardtack and army beef.

—[Drad, in Rural Call.]

Honors to be Fortified.

Boston, so the war department has
decided, is to become a fortified port.
says the Chicago Tribune. The plan
said out involves the expenditure of
\$11,000,000. The principal points of
fortification will be Nahant, Grover's
Cliff, Deer Island, Long Island head,
Fort Warren and Nantasket. The
armament recommended by the
board of fortifications is to consist
of forty-seven breech-loading rifles,
128 rifled mortars, eighteen
torpedo boats and as many submarine
mines. On the high land in
Winthrop, back of Grover's Cliff,
three batteries will be built, one con-
taining three 12-inch breech-loading
rifles, and two of 12-inch mortars, fif-
teen in all. The mortar batteries
will be the same as those of Nahant.
The 12-inch rifles will be mounted on
hydraulic lifts. The batteries on
Deer Island will be the heaviest in the
harbor. They will consist of two 16-
inch rifles mounted in revolving tur-
rets, five of 8-inch rifles on "disap-
pearing carriages," and thirty-two
12-inch mortars in two batteries of
sixteen pieces each.

Lovell's Island will be fortified by
four guns of great power, two 16-
inch rifles mounted in turrets at the
northern end of the island, and two
15-inch pneumatic guns able to fire
ten rounds of shells, containing 500
pounds of explosives, in forty minutes,
at the southern end. On Gallop's
Island will be mounted two 16-inch
breech-loading rifles in turret foris.
In the fort at the east end of Long
Island head will be placed five 10-inch
rifles weighing thirty tons each.
Paddock's Island will have a battery
of sixteen 12-inch mortars, which
throw a 310-pound projectile five
miles. Nantasket will be strongly
fortified by two batteries of rifled
guns, each mounting three 12-inch
and five 10-inch breech-loaders.

Concealed on Little Hog Island will
be a battery of sixteen 12-inch mor-
tars, and in remodeled Fort Warren
five 8-inch guns on disappearing
carriages and five 10-inch rifles in
armoured casemate.

Fought Under Fourteen Flags.

Gen. Ronald MacIver, who was en-
joying a peaceful interval in the Uni-
ted States while waiting to take com-
mand of the San Salvador army, is
considered by experts the champion
soldier of the world. That is, he has
been in more battles and fought under
more flags than any other man now
living.

He has documents (and many scars)
to show that he has fought under four-
teen flags, and has been repeatedly
promoted and decorated for conspicu-
ous gallantry. Unfortunately for him,
many of his campaigns have been for
causes that were unsuccessful, such as
the southern Confederacy, Maximilian
in Mexico, and the Carlist war in
Spain; and where successful the re-
wards were not great. He may be

called an American, as he was born in
a vessel on the coast of Virginia in
1811, and his parents were Scotch, his
mother of the famous Douglas clan
and his father a Melver of high social
rank in Edinburgh.

At the age of 16 he joined the army
in India, just in time to help put
down the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-58.
In this war, when surrounded by the
enemy's cavalry, he killed two of
them, but was cut down and left on
the field for dead. He was picked up,
however, recovered after a long ill-
ness and received promotion. He
next joined Garibaldi and fought till
Italian Independence was secured;
but falling in love with the daughter
of the British consul at Naples he
thereby became involved in a duel in
which he killed his antagonist. He
was then decoyed into an ambush and
set upon by bravos, but fought so
desperately that he escaped. Taking
refuge in the mountains from the
fouls thus caused, he was captured by
bandits; but when they learned that
he was "the brave MacIver" they let
him go.

He then ran the blockade, reached
Richmond, fought under John Stuart
and was badly wounded, and for a long
time disabled. He was therefore sent
to Europe as a secret agent, did his
work well and got back just after
Lee's surrender. With other Confed-
erates he went to Mexico, fought two
duels successfully with American offi-
cers, served Maximilian well, and af-
ter the latter's fall escaped from the
country with great hardships. He
then fought under Dom Pedro in the
Cretan army against the Turks and in
the Greek army against the brigands
of Thessaly. He joined the revolu-
tionists of Cuba, was again defeated
and lived many weeks in the woods
hunted by the Spaniards. He also served
in Egypt under the Khedive, in France
against Germany, in Spain for the
Carlists, and in Herzegovina against
the Turks. He is now ready for more
fun.—N. Y. World.

The Third Michigan Cavalry.

In the fall of 1862 Gen. Grant
marched from Corinth and Lagrange,
Tenn., toward Vicksburg. About 2
o'clock a. m., November 7, the 3d
Michigan cavalry was ordered to sad-
dle, mount and move forward. Co. A
in the advance. Comrade Charles
Billings and myself were on the ex-
treme advance, with orders to move
swiftly and quietly until we came to
the rebel pickets, and to capture them
without alarm if possible. If not, the
main advance would support us.
The morning was very dark and foggy.

When about a mile from Holly
Springs we saw a small fire of coals at
one side of the road, about 80 rods
ahead, and noticed some one moving
around.

A few cold waves like the old-fash-
ioned axe chilled me somewhat, then
the fever set in. I grasped my Colt's
navy with the grip of a master-mason
and prepared to meet the enemy.

When about four or five rods from
the fire a man stepped into the road
and gave the command: "Halt; who
comes there?"

Billings replied: "Friends with the
countersign." The Johnny then said:
"Advance one with the countersign."
Charley rode up to him with his
revolver at a "ready" held to his
breast, and ordered the rebel to sur-
render. The latter aimed his carbine
at Charley, but was too late. Charley
pulled the trigger and the enemy fell
a corpse. In an instant I was ready,
and seeing a Johnny attempt to mount
a horse by the fire, one shot from my
revolver brought him down. I saw
their arms in a fence corner, and
springing from my horse I secured
them. One of the pickets escaped
through a hole in the fence, though
we fired several shots at him. Re-
sult at picket post—one killed, one
wounded, five more prisoners and one
escaped. We had just got in shape
when the regiment went past like a
Kansas cyclone, capturing about 150
prisoners, many horses, commissary
stores, etc. We were also the first
Yanks to enter the beautiful city of
Holly Springs.—M. C. McCurdy, 3d
Mich. Cav., in Toledo Blade.

Horror of Andersonville.

In reviewing his prison life at An-
dersonville, in the National Tribune,
Comrade Lloyd G. Thompson says:

More than 25 years ago the gates of
the Southern prison pen swung open
for the ingress of living Union prison-
ers of war, and leaving nearly one-
half of their numbers resting in South-
ern soil, the remnant crept forth, a
spectacle to awaken commiseration in
the breast of a savage. Nearly naked,
grimy with smoke and dirt, swarming
with vermin from head to foot, their
skins clinging to their bones and re-
sembling matted parchment, bloated
with scurvy, covered with gangrenous
sores, their hair falling from their
heads, their nails falling from their
toes, and their teeth so loose that they
could push them out with their
tongues.

Many of these men crawled home
to die; none of them were able to do
any manual labor for months; nearly
all of them exhausted their slender
supplies of money in paying doctors'
bills, and all of them had drawn so
heavily on life's forces during their
confinement as to render them prom-
tely old, and to permanently unfit
them for the toils and struggles of life.

A prompt exchange of prisoners is
recognized by the people of the civil-
ized world as one of the ameliorating
conditions of modern warfare, and yet
it was our government that refused to
exchange. A stern and cruel neces-
sity may have justified this action at
the time, but what necessity can be
urged in extenuation of the continued
neglect of the survivors of Southern
prisons? Sympathy for the men who
starved for their country has been
sincere and general, but thus far, it
has expended itself in words.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

ABOUT CULTIVATING THE SUGAR BEET.

Interesting Letter from an Expert in the Indus-
try in California—Don't Wast Too
Easy Fertilizer—Falling Water for
Stock—Old Horses.

Cultivating Sugar Beets.

A. A. Bertrand, of Moro Cojo Ranch,
Cal., writes to the Rural Home about
cultivating the sugar beet. The in-
dustry in California, he says, is still in
its infancy and the methods employed
are very crude, yet it will compare
favorably with any other part of the
country, but it is for information more
than anything else that has prompted
me to write this article. In the first
place, I will describe the Moro Cojo
Ranch and its methods. This is the
largest beet farm in the world, con-
taining 1,600 acres and owned by Claus
Spreckles, the sugar king. It is situ-
ated on Monterey Bay, at the mouth of
the Salinas river, ten miles from Wat-
sonville, where Mr. Spreckles has a
large sugar factory. The farm is of
such magnitude as to cause Mr.
Spreckles to build a railroad from
Watsonville to the ranch, where it is
carried to any part of the field by port-
able tracks. In addition to this it is
the only ranch of any size that employs
white labor exclusively. The facts
here given were furnished me by W.
Y. Gaffey, the originator and main
stay of the place.

First we will refer to the preparing
of the soil, he says: "My opinion
about plowing is, that the ground
should be plowed deep, at least ten
inches, early in the fall, after the first
rain, so that the soil will be well ex-
posed to the atmosphere, and be thor-
oughly warmed by the time it is ready
for planting, using a five horse sulky
plow. Let it then be well harrowed
and cultivated, and if the weather has
not been too wet this plowing will
suffice.

"Then in the spring as soon as the
weather will allow, we plant, using a
planter, sowing in rows fifteen inches
apart and about two inches deep, using
from two and one-half to six pounds
per acre according to the size of the
seed. If the soil pulverizes well there
is no need to soak the seed, if not you
must soak it well for forty-eight hours.
This seed classified into Nos. 1 and 2
before placing in the soil.

The planter itself is an original idea
of Mr. W. C. Waters, superintendent of
the Western Beet Sugar Co. There
are no patents on it, being for the
benefit of the beet grower, and is the
most complete in existence.

"As soon as the beets have put forth
four or six leaves the thinning
process commences. This is all done
by hand, the men going through pull-
ing all the surplus beets, leaving a
good plant every six or eight inches.
This will cost from \$6 to \$10 per acre,
according to the stand.

"Then comes the cultivating. This
is also done by hand, using the hoe,
as there is no machine that will
cultivate fifteen inches. The men are
kept going backward and forward as
long as there is a weed in sight.

"In California beets ripen in from
four to five months.

"Now we come to the harvest. First
we use a plow that loosens the beet.
This year we had twelve plows going,
paying the men that handled them \$1
per day behind the plows. We had
twenty-two men at \$1.10 per day to
pull the beets and spade up those the
plows failed to loosen. They placed
them in piles for the tappers, who
were furnished with knives to remove
the green tops and parts of beets that
had been exposed above ground. Of
these we had fifty, and they re-
ceived 25 cents per box, which aver-
aged from 111 to 115 lbs., according to
the soil. These boxes are removed by
trucks operated by two men, a driver
who received \$1.10, and a helper who
received \$1, the driver giving the
topper a check for every box he re-
moved. He then conveyed the boxes
to a portable track; run to any part of
the field, where they were dumped in
cans, he receiving a check for every
box he hauled, keeping perfect tally.
The cars were then drawn to the main
line of the P. V. narrow-gauge rail-
road, where the engine picked them
up and carried them to the sugar
factory at Watsonville. Here a
sample of from four to five beets are
taken together with the number of
the car and sent to the laboratory
where the chemist analyzes them.
The factory allowing \$1 per ton for 11
per cent, and 50 cents per ton for
every additional per cent.

"It would take too much of your val-
uable space to describe the process
they undergo in being reduced to
sugar, so I will wind up by giving you
an idea of the yield of Moro Cojo
Ranch. We will take a sixty acre
tract I saw harvested. The yield was
328 car loads, or 871 tons, the beets
weighing from two to five pounds and
averaged from 21 to 17 per cent sac-
charine matter. This is but a fair
showing of the whole field."

Wintering too Many Fowls.

"The best profits per head from poultry
are usually found in small flocks.
It is, therefore, a bad sign when poultry
growers begin to reckon prospec-
tive profits according to the rule of
three. Experience proves that the
business is not generally worked by
that rule. Nobody should keep over
winter more fowls than he has accom-

modations for. The best rule we
know for most farmers who keep
fowls is to kill off all their surplus
roosters each fall or winter, and also
to weed out the undesirable pullets.
One or two thoroughbred roosters
may be kept with a few hens for breed-
ing. As for the eggs to be cooked or
sold for cooking, it does not matter
whether the hens that lay them are
over mated or not. The hens lay
more in number and of better keep-
ing eggs if they are never mated.
By continuing this plan a few years,
selecting all the time the best hens for
breeding, the flock will soon be as
good as thoroughbreds, and if the
breeder uses good judgment it may
for laying be better. First crosses are
often better layers than the pure breeds.

Dead Tips in Wool.

Experienced wool buyers will not
take the wool from poor farmers with-
out large reduction in price, there are
so many "dead tips" in it. This is
the technical name for wool that grows
while the sheep was suffering from ex-
posure, from lack of food or from in-
digestion caused by improper feeding.
Dead tips are deficient in strength,
and can only be used in making in-
ferior cloth. If the sheep regains
strength and health the wool is not
materially helped, as the new growth
is usually too short to be of much use.

It is not generally exposure to
storms that causes this poor wool. If
a sheep's digestion is good, the oily
matter exuded from the skin prevents
rains from penetrating. The outside
of the woolen covering may be wring-
ing wet, but the inside is dry. But if
the digestion is injured either by too
much or too little food, the sheep suf-
fers severely from storms.

Vermine in Chickens.

The one great enemy of your chickens,
young or old, is vermin. First as a
remedy, we prepare the nests for sit-
ters or layers as follows: "Put a lit-
tle saltpetre into the box, after saturat-
ing it well with kerosene oil. Then
fill the box as full as is necessary with
pine sawdust or shavings. These are
both disinfectants and absorbents as
well. We occasionally sprinkle the
boxes with dry sulphur or carbolic
acid. I use a great deal of carbolic
acid about the nests and roosts. Supply
the fowls with the means of taking a
dust bath in coal ashes or road dust.
As often as twice a year fumigate the
houses by burning sulphur and salt-
petre in them, with the doors and
windows closed tightly. No vermin
can live in such a sulphurous odor.

Old Horses Not Economical.

It is not good economy to keep old
horses where heavy work is required.
They are only valuable as they are
handy for the woman to drive, being
safe, well broken, and not liable to
run away or break harness and car-
riage. But whenever heavy straining
is to be done the old horse can only do
the work by being heavily fed, and
thus stimulated into doing more than
unstimulated it is capable of doing.
Double the grain ration is needed, and
even with this the old horse will be
poor, while one in its prime will do
the work, and the harder it is the
better he likes it.

Notting Grain for Stock.

Where it is not possible to grind
grain for food thoroughly, cooking it
by boiling answers the purpose of
making it more easily digestible.
This is especially important in feeding
corn to hogs. Boil it until the grains
are soft, and the pigs will get much
more good from them. It should be
remembered, however, that the cool-
ing swells the corn so that an equal
bulk in each case does not represent
an equal amount of nutriment. Pigs
fed on cooked food soon come hungry
again, and need more frequent feeding,
but always at regular intervals.

Raising Feals.

The process of scalping is very sim-
ple. The Indian simply holds the hair
on the top of the head in his left hand.
Two semicircular cuts are made and
then a good pull tears the scalp off.

The Apaches seldom if ever scalp.
There was a time when rewards were
paid for Apache scalps, both in Mexico
and Arizona. The fashion on the
American side was simply to skin the
head; the Mexicans, however, did the
work more neatly. They simply cut a
strip right over the middle of the
head, from side to side and under the
ears. This gave them a band of hair,
with the ears attached, that was am-
ple proof that the Indian from whose
head it came was dead. It must be
said, however, that even when scalps
were worth \$200 a piece the market
was never glutted. The people on the
frontier do not like to hunt Apaches.
The Indians are usually closely pursued
while on their raids and have not much
time to spend in scalping. On this ac-
count a small number of people have
been scalped and have lived to tell of it.

What Bothered him.

Prison chaplain (to condemned):
"My poor man, you are about to die;
are you ready for the rooster—Death—
that sooner or later must gather us all
in?" Condemned: "I don't object to the
rooster; it's the twine-bladder that
bothers me."—New York Herald.

A Lesson in Economy.

"I wish you wouldn't bite threads off
with your teeth," said Mr. Skinnaphill
to his wife. "You'll wear your teeth
out and the set my first wife left won't
fit you."

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

DR. TALMADE PREACHES ABOUT THE EMBLEM OF PURITY.

The Wonders and Mysteries Con-
tained in a Snowflake—God Re-
vealed in a Frozen Rain-drop—
How the Sinner May Become
"Whiter Than Snow."

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1891.—Dr.
Talmage's sermon this evening, which he
also preached in the Brooklyn Academy of
Music in the morning, was from Job 38.
22, "Hast thou entered into the treasuries
of the snow?"

Grossly maligned is the season of winter.
The spring and summer and autumn have
had many admirers, but winter, hoary-
headed and white-bearded winter, hath
had more enemies than friends. Yet with-
out winter the human race would be lame
and powerless. You might speak of the
winter as the mother of tempests; I take
it as the father of a whole family of phys-
ical, mental and spiritual energies. The
most people that I know are strong in pro-
portion to the number of snow banks they
had to climb over, or push through, in
childhood, while their fathers drove the
sleds loaded with logs through the crunching
drifts high as the fences. At this season
of the year when we are so familiar with
the snow, those frozen vapors, those fall-
ing blossoms of the sky, those white
angels of the atmosphere, those poems of
the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the
wintry tempest, I turn over the leaves of
my Bible and—though most of it was
written in a clime where snow seldom or
never fell—I find many of these beautiful
congregations. Though the writers may
seldom or never have felt the cold touch of
the snowflake on their cheek, they had in
sight two mountains, the tops of which
were suggestive. Other kings sometimes
take off their crowns, but Lebanon and
Mount Hermon all the year round and
through the ages never lift the coronets of
crystal from their foreheads. The first
time we find a deep fall of snow in the
Bible is where Samuel describes a fight
between Beniah and a lion in a pit; and
though the snow may have crimsoned
under the wounds of both man and brute,
the shaggy monster rolled over dead and
the giant was victor. But the snow is not
first recognized in the Bible until God in-
terrogates Job, the scientist, concerning his
wonders, saying: "Hast thou entered into
the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have ex-
amined the snowflake with a microscope; for,
although it is supposed that the microscope
was invented long after Job's time, there
had been wonders of glass long before the
microscope and telescope of later days were
thought of. So long ago as when the Col-
iseum was in its full splendor, Nero sat in
the emperor's box of that grand theatre,
which held a hundred thousand people, and
looked at the combatants through a gem in
his finger-ring which brought everything
close up to his eye. Four hundred years
before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were
sold powerful glasses called "burning
spheres," and Lalande, the explorer, found
a magnifying glass amid the ruins of Nine-
veh, and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether
through magnifying instrument or with un-
aided eye, I cannot say, but I am sure that
Job somehow went through the galleries of
the snowflake and counted its pillars and
found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theo-
logies, majestics, intuities walking up and
down its corridors, as a result of the ques-
tion which the Lord had asked him, "Hast
thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

And now I propose for your spiritual and
everlasting profit, if you will accept my
guidance, to take you through some of
these wonders of crystallization. And
notice first, God in the little. You may
take Alpenstock and cross the Mer de
Glacé, the Sea of Ice, and ascend Mont
Blanc which rises into the clouds like a
pillar of the Great White Throne, or with
Arctic explorer ascend the mountains
around the North Pole and see glaciers a
thousand feet high grinding against glaciers
three thousand feet high. But I will take
you on a less pretentious journey and show
you God in the snowflake. There is room
enough between its pillars for the great
Jehovah to stand. In the one frozen drop
on the tip of your finger you may find the
throne-room of the Almighty. I rake up
the snow in my hand, see the couriers of
celestial dominion paving these crystal
pavements. The telescope is grand, but I
must confess that I am quite as much
interested in the microscope. The one
reveals the universe above us; the other,
just as great a universe beneath us. But
the telescope overwelms me, while the
microscope comforts me. What you want
and I want especially is a God in the little.

If we were scrupulous archangels in our
natures, we would want to study God in
the great; but such small, weak, short-
lived beings as you and I are, want to find
God in the little.

When I see the Maker of the universe
giving himself to the architecture of a
snowflake and making its shafts, its domes,
its curves, its walls, its irradiations so
perfect, I conclude he will look after our
insignificant affairs. And if we are of
more value than a sparrow most cer-
tainly we are of more value than an
inanimate snowflake. So the Bible would
chiefly impress us with God in the little.
It does not say, "Behold the tempests!"
but, "Behold the fowls!" and it applauds a
cup of cold water, and the widow's two
mites, and says the hairs of your head are
all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that
you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do
not think that because you estimate your-
self as only one snowflake among a three-day's
January snow-storm that you will be for-
gotten. The birth and death of a drop of
chilled vapor is as certainly regarded by the
Lord as the creation and demolition of a
planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is
small. What makes the honey industries of
South Carolina such a source of livelihood
and wealth? It is because God teaches the
lady-bug to make an opening in the rind of
the apple for the bee who cannot otherwise
get at the juices of the fruit. So God
sends the lady-bug ahead to prepare the
way for the honey-bee. He teaches the
ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts
in the ground for winter food in order that
it may not take root and so ruin the little
granary. He teaches the raven in dry
weather to throw pebbles into a hollow
tree that the water far down and out of
reach may come up within reach of the
bird's beak. What a comfort that he is a
God in the little.

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to
stop the forces of sin and crime that are
marching for the conquest of the nation;
but I am nobody, I have neither wealth nor
eloquence nor social power. What can I
do?" My brother, how much do you
weigh? As much as a snowflake? "Oh
yes." Then do your share. It is an ag-
gregation of small influences that will yet

put this lost world back into the bosom of
a pardoning God. Alas that there are so
many men and women who will not use
the one talent because they have not ten
and will not give a penny because they
cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as
well as they can because they are not elo-
quent, and will not be a snowflake because
they cannot be an avalanche. When we
reach heaven—by the grace of God may
we all arrive there—I do not think we
will be able to begin the new song right
away, because of the surprise we shall feel
at the comparative rewards given. As we
are being conducted along the street to our
celestial residence, we will begin to ask
where live some of those who were mighty
on earth. We will ask, "Is so-and-so here?"
and the answer will be, "Yes, I think he is
in the city, but we don't hear much of
him; he was good and he got in, but he
took most of his pay in earthly applause;
he had enough grace to get through the
gate, but just where he lives I know not.
He squeezed through somehow, although I
think the gates took the skirts of his gar-
ments. I think he lives in one of those
back streets in one of the plainer resi-
dences."

Then we see a palace, the door-steps of
gold and the windows of agate, and the
tower like the sun for brilliance, and
chateaus before the door, and people who
look like princes and princesses going up
and down the steps, and we shall say,
"What one of the hierarchs lives here?"
That must be the residence of a Paul or a
Milton, or some one whose name resounds
throughout all the planet from which we
have just ascended. "No, no," says our
celestial dragoman, "that is the residence
of a soul whom you never heard of. When
he gave a charity her left hand knew not
what her right hand did. There she comes
now, out of her purple grounds, in her
chariot behind those two white horses, for
a ride on the banks of the river that flows
from under the throne of God. Let me
see. Did you not have in your world below
an old classic which says something about
"These are they who came out of great
tribulation, and they shall reign forever
and ever?"

As we pass up the street I find a good
many on foot, and I say to the dragoman,
"Who are these?" And when their name
is pronounced, I recognize them as some
of them were on earth poets and great
orators and great merchants and great
warriors, and when I express my sur-
prise about their going afoot, the drago-
man says, "In this country people are
rewarded not according to the number of
their earthly talents, but according to the
use they made of what they had." And
then I thought to myself, "Why, that
theory would make a snowflake that falls
cheerfully and in the right place, and does
all the work assigned it, as honorable as
a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes,
yes," says the celestial dragoman, "Many
of these pearls that you find on the fore-
heads of the righteous, and many of the
gems in the jewel case of prince and
princess, are only the petrified snowflakes
of earthly tempest, for God does not for-
get the promise made in regard to them:
"They shall be mine, said the Lord of hosts,
in the day when I make up my jewels."

Accumulated power! All the prayers and
charities and kindesses and talents of all
the good concentrated and compacted will
be the world's evangelization. This
thought of the aggregation of the many
small into that one mighty is another
treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sug-
gestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Ab-
sence of snow last winter made all nations
sick. Within a few weeks it put tens of
thousands into the grave. Called by a tri-
vial name, the Russian "grip," it was an in-
ternational plague. The snow is one of
the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is necessary for the land's pro-
ductiveness. Great snows in winter are
generally followed by great harvests next
summer. Scientific analysis has shown
that snow contains a larger percentage of
ammonia than rain, and hence its greater
power of enrichment. Thank God for the
snows, and may those of February be plen-
tiful—high and deep and wide and enrich-
ing. But who with any analytical faculty
can notice that out of such a bill as the
snow comes the world without realizing
that chilling sorrows produce harvests of
grace! The strongest Christians, without
any exception, are those who were by be-
reavements, or sickness, or poverty, or per-
secution, or all of them together, snowed
under, and again snowed under. These
snow-storms of trouble! They kill the
malaria of the soul. They drive us out of
worldly dependence to God. Call the roll of
all the eminently pious of all the ages and
you will find them the true daughters
of sorrow. Who preclaims the richest
and most golden harvests that wave on all
hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the
deep snows, the awful snows of earth by
calamity. And the comforting thought is
one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sug-
gestion that this mantle covering the earth
is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash
me and I shall be whiter than snow," said
the Psalmist. I do not care who you are
or where you are, you need as much as I
do that cleansing. Do not take it as the
tenet of an obsolete theology that our na-
ture is corrupt. We must be changed. We
must be made over again. We must be
washed in the fountain of God's mercy be-
fore we can be whiter than snow. "With-
out holiness, no man shall see the Lord."
Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man
or woman whose thoughts have always
been right, and whose words always right,
and whose actions always right, let such a
one rise, or if already standing, lift the
right hand. Not orot! All ye, like sheep,
have gone astray. Unclean! Unclean!
And yet we may be made wh

MR. PRUETT EXPLAINS.

HE COULD OUTWIT THE SQUIRRELS
BUT NOT THE COURT.

How an Ingenious Darkey Can Excuse At-
most Any Act of Which He May Be
Thought Guilty.

One of the most pronounced characteristics of the Southern negro is his amusingly unhappy knack of excusing a criminal act committed by himself. No matter how squarely confronted he may be, and no matter how plain his guilt may be made to appear, he never fails to catch at the very last thread of excuse. I had a recent opportunity for studying his peculiar "colored" characteristic. While visiting a "crossroads" community in Mississippi I was invited to attend a trial that promised to stir up the most refined circles of negro society. On the day of the opening of the trial any one passing through the neighborhood might have thought that the President of the United States had just arrived and was holding a general reception. The cotton pickers, flocking from the fields, marched towards an old camp ground where the trial was to be held.

The court assembled under the trees. The Judge sat down behind a slab table and began to thumb a greasy book; the township constable threw a stone at a thin sow; an old family mare kicked a negro boy into a whirling streak of black; the prosecuting attorney blew his nose with a loud snort and then the court was declared opened. Pretty soon a little old negro was brought into the dole. He was a wiry old rascal, and was comical in expression despite a look of extreme trouble that had settled on his face.

"Jus' I set down?" he asked, nodding at the Judge.

"Set down," said the Judge.

"Thankee, sah; thankee. Wa'n't speck'ly sich perillence on dis day, but I vere 'em say dat perillence ain't lost eben if you show it ter er goat, but I doan know bout dat, fur one day I met ole Mr. Groat in de road an' I bowed ter him, I did, an' jes' den de recouduil hailed off an' buttud me offen de face o' de Lawd Umlighy's yeth."

"That will do," exclaimed the Judge. "If you say it will do, sah, I knows in reason dat it will," the prisoner replied. "I allus pay er tention ter what you tells me. Sotter likes you no how." The great crowd of negroes pressed forward, expecting every minute to see the old fellow hanged, and some of the women had begun to groan out a sort of swinging chant when the Judge demanded silence.



"Jus' I set down?"

"Allen Pruett," said the Judge.

"Dat's my name, sah," the prisoner responded. "I done been named dat ever since I kin recollect. Mammy tole me dat da wuz gwine name me John at one time, after Unk John dat uster sell shuck collars, but de old german sotter fooled roun' er white pusson's hog pen one night an' sotter got so full o' buck shot dat da had ter drag him er way with er yoke o' steers. Dat's de reason da didn't name me John, sah."

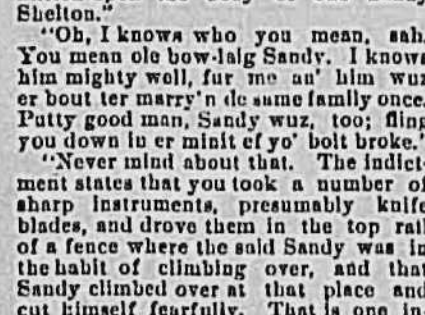
"Never mind about that," the prosecuting attorney spoke up.

"Oh, I ain't mindin' er about it, sah, caze Allen sults me jes' ez well ez John."

"All right, then, Allen. You are charged with two criminal assaults, committed upon the body of one Sandy Shelton."

"Oh, I knows who you mean, sah. You mean ole bow-lag Sandy. I knows him mighty well, fur me an' him wuz er bout ter marry'n de same family once. Putty good man, Sandy wuz, too; fling you down in er mint ef yo' bolt broke."

"Never mind about that. The indictment states that you took a number of sharp instruments, presumably knife blades, and drove them in the top rail of a fence which the said Sandy was in the habit of climbing over, and that Sandy climbed over at that place and cut himself fearfully. That is one in-



"Now, lemme tell you 'bout dat."

The old fellow jolted himself with a grunt. "Now dat's er strange thing. I thought da yere wuz er free country, but ef it ain't, w'y I be willin' ter go an' lib summers else. Man kain't kill er few squirrels without de white folks come er dictin' him."

"Kill a few squirrels," exclaimed the Judge.

"Yes, sah. Now lemme tell you some folks likes ter shoot squirrels, but I doan. De way I does is dis. Drive some knife blades in de top rail o' de fence an' sharpen 'em ez keen ez you kin. Den go down de fence an' sotter money roun' till you git er squirrel on de fence, an' skour him an' make him run up

de fence, all time on de top rail, an' w'e'h he gits ter de knife blades he ain't gwine ter see 'em but will run er gin 'em an' rip hisself wide open. Den you ain't only got de squirrel dead, but you got him mighty nigh cleaned. All you got ter do is ter snatch de jacket offen him. Now, sah, I had been killin' squirrels dar all day, an' ez I 'tended ter come back in de mornin' ter git some fine ones fur de prosecut' turney, here—an' I wuz gwine ter charge him er cont fur 'em, nuther—I thought it wouldn't be wuth while ter take de knife blades out, but 'long in de ebenin' yere come po' Mr. Sandy—an' de Lawd knows I lub dat pusson—an' cuts hissef might'y, da tells me. Doan you see it wuzn't no fault o' mine? Doan you see dat I jes' ez innersent as any chiller?"



NEDN'T CALL DAT LADY.

"But why did you put the blades in the exact place where Sandy goes over the fence?"

"Now lemme tell you dat in killin' squirrels you got ter go wuh de squirrel in. I never could kill no squirrel whar dar wuzn't none."

"And you say that the squirrels ran against the knives and killed themselves?"

"Yes, sah, jes' ripped de knife wide open. W'y, I tells you da wuz almos ready ter fry when da fell offen de fence, an' you oughter see dem squirrels whut I wuz gwine fetch you, Mr. Turney. So fat da couldn't hardly waller, I wuz goin' ter charge you nuthin' fur 'em, nuther."

"That is a very likely story, Allen; but is there any one else here that ever killed squirrels that way?" The prosecuting attorney appealed to the audience, but no one responded.

"Oh, I kin't hep it ef nobody else ain't ez smart ez I is," said the prisoner. "I kin do er good many things dat dezo yere folks doan know nuthin' er bout."

"Well," said the prosecuting attorney, "we will let that indictment go for the present and take up another one. Not satisfied with the terrible laceration inflicted by the knife-blades you went to Sandy's corn-crib and fixed an old musket so that any one opening the door of the crib would discharge the thing. Sandy, upon reaching home, where he lived alone, went to the crib to get some corn to feed the hogs. He was bleeding and was just able to walk. He opened the crib door and then what happened? An awful charge of shot was poured into his legs. The neighbors say that you put the gun there. What have you to say about it?"

"Now, lemme tell you 'bout dat. O'cose I put de gun dar, I had er right ter do it, an' fur w'y? Some time er go I noticed dat de folks had been er stealin' my co'n. I wucked hard for dat co'n, an' I couldn't er ford ter let it go dat er way, so I put de gun in dar. How did I know who wuz er comin' dar? Man comes an' shoots hissef! It ain't my fault. I didn't think dat er honest man wuz gwine git hurt. Pusson got er right ter take kere o' his co'n. I reckon."

"Yes, but why did you put the gun in Sandy's crib? You had no corn there."

"Huh!"

"You heard what I said. Why did you put a gun in Sandy's crib?"

"Dat is cule, but it wuz dis er way: It wuz er monstus dark night, an' I thought dat wuz my crib."

"How can that be, when you live at least a mile from Sandy's place?"

"Sah?"

"You heard what I said. How did you mistake his crib for yours, when you were a mile away from home?"

"Dat is cule, sah, an' I hates ter 'knowledge it, but I wuzn't right bright in my mind at de time. You see a passul o' us had been over to ole Jinny's ter er quillin', an' de good ole soul dat she is sot out some monstus strong blackberry brandy, an' I drinked er good deal o' it, and I didn't know when I come ter my house. It wuzn't my fault, I kin tell you dat."

"Here is old Aunt Jinny now," said the prosecuting attorney. "We will ask her if you were at her house."

"Ho!" on, sah. Now Aunt Jinny is er mighty good lady, but she ain't right bright in her mind and neber wuz. De doctor tole me dat she dun los' her recollection."

"What doctor?"

"Lemme see (looking round), Dr. Spinner."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sah, I knows."

"All right. Dr. Spinner will be here in a few minutes and we will ask him."

"Say, lemme tell you 'bout dat white man. He dun los' his recollection, too."

"How do you know?"

"W'y sah, I knows it by dis fact: I borrow er dollar from him some time er go, an' he doan recollect dat I paid him. Doan ax dat man, caze he doan know."

"I don't think that it is necessary to proceed further with this trial," said the Judge. "We will bind the prisoner over to appear before the Grand Jury."

For a few moments the prisoner sat in silence. After a while he looked up, with an expression of disgust on his face, and said: "Man kain't kill er few squirrels lessen da blinds him ober ter de jury. Man kain't put er gun in his crib ter perreck his property lessen da blinds him ober ter de jury. White folks wants er ulgger to vote, but da doan want him to take kere o' his property. Dis whole thing is er trick er gin me. Dezo white folks feared, dat lessen da sen' me ter de penny-teuchy I gwine be 'lected ter some high office. It's all vanity and loneliness."—Optic P. Read, in N. Y. World.

Hayti is only a part of the island of San Domingo, having 10,000 square miles out of the 32,000 of the island, yet she has a revenue yearly of \$7,888,000 and ships 70,000,000 pounds of coffee annually. Her government costs \$5,000,000 and she has 2,000,000 to spend on improvements.

LIFE AT THE RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

Spies Watch Students All the Time—The Result of the System.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, writing of university life in Russia, says: "The universities no longer possess the right to elect their own professors, their own deans, their own rectors; the Government appoints them all, without reference to their scientific qualifications, and many professors who were laughing stocks to the students under the old regime are full-fledged professors now. All professors are mere officials, who are not at liberty to lecture on any branch of their subject which they think needful to their students, but have to send in their programs to the ministry twice a year, and each time the ministry revises, corrects, or abolishes them, substituting something else in their place. They are ordered to lecture on such and such parts of such a subject, and so vast is the program and so ridiculously short the time allowed for its exhaustive treatment that many professors are compelled to read out term after term a dry conspectus of theses, which, of course, never change."

"The result is absurd; the students are compelled to come and spend hour after hour listening to a course of lectures which they have written out in extenso at home. And yet, if they absent themselves from this infliction they are expelled. For the students have as little right to choose what lectures they will attend as the professors have to decide what subjects they will lecture upon. A student who chooses Russian literature for his specialty is allowed to frequent about fifty lectures during his six months' term, whereas he must have at least two hundred lectures on archaeology and Roman antiquities, delivered very often by foreigners, chiefly Bohemians, unable to express their thoughts in grammatical Russian. A significant consequence is that last year the minister—who, by the way, is an Armenian—had to complain in an official circular that the petitions written to him by university students 'are very often not only defective in style, but faulty in grammar and orthography.' A student must not miss a lecture; there is a host of minor officials who lie in wait for him, and report his absence at once. He must always come in his military mantle, which he has to hang up on a numbered peg, and every peg is examined several times during each lecture. If he reads a book at the university, one of these officials, called a beadle—sometimes a detective or a former convict—steals up behind him and snatches it out of his hand and runs up to show it to the inspectors, many of whom are bankrupt merchants, ruined beer-brewers, and unfortunate peddlers."

"The system of espionage that flourishes at the universities might excite the envy of the Venetians of the days of the Doges, when the very walls had eyes. If you cough or sneeze the beadle knows it, the inspectors hear of it, the rector is informed of it, it is reported to the curator, and carefully entered into three several books against your name, as it may hereafter be useful as proving or disproving something laid to your charge whenever you turn out to be politically untrustworthy. While you are a student not only can the inspectors, sub-inspectors, beadles, and all the myrmidons of the Government visit you in your rooms at all hours of the day and night, ransack your drawers and trunks, turn your bed upside down, rip up your mattresses, and generally give your lodgings the appearance of apartments that have just suffered from a seismic convulsion like the earthquake of Lisbon, but they are invested with the power—which they are not slow to use—of searching your person, examining the contents of your pockets, and your friends and relations, and their pockets and belongings, should they happen to be with you during the domiciliary visit."

"These inquisitorial processes, of course, are quite independent of those that are made by the police and the members of the terrible 'Third Section,' which you have to put up with as often as is deemed good for you in particular or for the Empire in large. Then, again, your house porter, your doorman, watches you like an eagle, his wife or his mistress spies upon you, his children or his nephews dog your steps wherever you go; everyone who visits you is asked his or her name, his or her business, and admission is refused until statements are made and immediately verified. Helplessly drunk men are often on your stairs or under your windows—apparently objects of disgust or pity. In reality spies eagerly straining their ears for everything you say, and often raising up their imagination to an effort to attribute to you something that you might probably have said, but never did actually utter. Your friend and class-mate who reads with you, who dines with you, is inseparable from you, you discover one day to have been all along in the pay of the secret police. Treacherous spying was the price he paid for his education from the age of 15 upwards—a fine moral education it must have been, well worth the price."

Among the Husband's People.

The young wife who leaves her own family in a measure, that is, in its close daily life, and enters largely, as she must needs do, into the life and circumstances of another family, will do well for herself if she take with her a determination to love and to be loved there. It is an ill adviser who cautions her to stand upon her rights, and to let the others observe in the beginning that there is to be no interference. It is time enough to resent interference, if it is of the unvarnished sort, when it comes. To go bristling all over with arms and armor is to invite attack anywhere. She should remember, too, that sometimes parents have the right to interfere. Even if the interference comes at last, even if it is ill-judged, she will do better to meet it gently than to repel it forcibly. She will be wise to look at the possibilities of her future, and to see the folly of weakening any of the anchorages, as one may say, of her husband's life to see the better part of increasing his love and fealty to his own people, to appreciate the help they will always be eager to give her

in strengthening the good and in restraining the evil which is not so good; the restraint they will be in case of need, the wall of support to all her endeavors. And even if she never require any help of this sort, and the very thought be a profanity, she should convince herself that her husband's people have, before anything is said, a right to her affection. They are the ones of whose flesh and blood, of whose life and manners, of whose thought and principles, was born that which is most precious of all the universe to her; they cannot be quite unworthy of some portion of that which their son evokes. Sometimes she will find these good people needing for her love; and whether they are so eager as that or not, if she only give it to them with a quick and tender heart, linking theirs for granted, whatever are her imperfections they will be forgiven, whatever are her excellences they will be exalted, and she will make for herself and for her husband a happiness far exceeding that to be had by any other course.—Harper's Bazar.

A BARRIER BETWEEN THEM.

Hostile Neighbors in Africa Who Have Established a No Man's Land.

A little British expedition recently steamed far up the Benue branch of the Niger river in a small steam launch and finally entered a tributary of the Benue and explored a region which no white man has ever visited before. The most interesting thing about their journey was the curious experience they had with the natives.

They had been passing for a good while through a region that was inhabited by Moslem blacks, fruits of the rather severe methods of conversion employed by the Arab invaders of the Soudan. The country was very fertile and the people were numerous; but all of a sudden, though the country still wore its usual aspect, and the soil was apparently rich, population entirely ceased. For a stretch of over twenty miles not a hut was to be seen, nor was a single sign of human life anywhere observed. "The expedition wondered at this remarkable state of affairs, for the country was certainly inviting, and they could not imagine why it had no inhabitants."

All at once, however, as they rounded a bend in the river they saw big crowds of natives running down the slopes of the hills to the bank. They brandished their spears at the white men on the little boat and told them to go back for they wanted no Moslem in their country. There was an interpreter on the vessel who succeeded in convincing the natives that the visitors were not Moslems, and thereupon the people became quite friendly.

Then the reason for this curious lack of population was ascertained. When the tribes who had been converted to Islam found that the natives near them were just as strong as they were, the spread of their religion in that direction abruptly ceased, but these heathen people and the Moslem converts near them could not live at peace with one another. It was finally decided that, as they could not be good neighbors, a stretch of country should be placed between them where no one should live, and in that way they expect to get along with less bloodshed. So all the people who inhabited this fertile region, about twenty miles wide, packed up their little belongings and moved away, and this stretch of country thus came to be without a single inhabitant. Today it is a No Man's Land, and the only reason is that the people who are neighbors there cannot live on friendly terms, and, having tired of fighting, have put this barrier between them.—N. Y. Sun.

The Works of "The Duchess."

A funny thing happened to a well-known literary woman in this city not long ago, says the N. Y. Evening Sun—a woman who is a better read in Shakespeare than in Sallust and in Dickens than in the Duchess. Indeed, she has never read a line of this latter, prolific person, but she knows the name very well, and having occasion recently to make some slight study of the present English writers of fiction she wrote a line to her bookseller, saying: "Please send me the works of 'The Duchess.'" She thought there were, probably, three or four of them, she said. The next day, as she sat in her study, there came a tap at her door, and, opening it, she found her maid, and a strange man, and her maid, all tugging at enormous packages of something or other, which they all set down upon the floor, while the strange man handed her a note from her bookseller, which read: "Dear madame, we have pleasure in sending you the works of 'The Duchess,' as you have ordered."

"Then," she said, "I opened the three great packages, and I laughed till I cried, for, upon my word, the 'works of 'The Duchess' were comprised in forty-three volumes."

Was He a Mean Man.

One of the meanest men in Harlem has made his will, which some day will be offered for probate. The testator, as reported in the N. Y. Mercury, sets forth his peculiar views as follows: "I declare this to be my last will and testament. I claim to be perfectly sound in body, but I do not presume to affirm that I am sound in mind. I would not stuff myself by setting up such a pretension. I have about \$50,000 of invested funds. What a vast amount of hypocrisy, sorrow and falsehood I could buy with that amount. I thought first of bequeathing it to charity. But what's the use? The greatest benefactors of humanity are war and cholera. Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives I don't know where. She rendered me the greatest service in her power—she abandoned me one fine day and I never heard of her since. In remembrance of this kind act I shall make her my sole legatee; however, on the express condition that she shall remarry at once. In this way I shall be sure of knowing that my death was regretted by one human being at least."

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AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE RISING GENERATION.

Dunkards Versus Drunkards—An Old-Time Settler's Cabin on the Plains—Humorous Items—Etc., Etc.

Last year a party of twenty-five dunkards was on route to the general conference via St. Louis, says the Nashville American. No agent accompanied them, and a telegram was sent to Union Depot Passenger Agent Bonner to "meet twenty dunkards."

The religious education of the telegraph operator who received the message had been neglected. He had never heard of the dunkards, and supposing a mistake had been made, he just inserted the letter "r," and when Bonner received the message it read: "Meet No. 4. Twenty drunkards aboard. Look after them."

Bonner was somewhat taken aback. He did not know but that an inebriate asylum had broken loose, but anyway prompt action was necessary. The twenty drunkards must be desperate men or the dispatch would not have been sent, and murder might have been committed on the road.

Bonner posted off to police headquarters, and his story did not lose in the telling. The chief of police, alive to the exigencies of the situation, made a special detail of ten policemen and a patrol wagon.

The policemen were drawn up in line at the depot, and intense excitement prevailed among the numerous depot loungers, a rumor having gained currency that a desperate band of train robbers was on the incoming train.

In due time the train arrived, but no party of roystering drunkards alighted. The party on the train was composed of several pious-looking gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats, who stood around as though expecting some one.

Bonner approached one of them and said interrogatively:

"Had any trouble on the road?"

"No, brother," said the gentleman, "none that I know of. And now I'll ask you a question: Do you know a gentleman named Bonner?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Bonner," was the answer.

"Well, these brethren and myself are dunkards, and you were to meet us and put us on the right train. Did you get a telegram?"

Bonner was completely done for. He excused himself, and, calling the sergeant of police aside, he told him that it was all a mistake, and he and his men could go back to headquarters. Then he disposed of his religious friends, went around and jawed at the telegraph operator, after which he had to coax the whole police force to promise to keep it mum.

A Settler's Cabin of Yore.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looked as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said, "That's your house as long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-spring hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of blackbirds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near by a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaned against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

Young Man, Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to take God's name in vain.

Hold on to your feet when they are about to take you into the place of sin.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join their revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold.

Hold on to your hand when it is about to put that to your lips which brings misery and death.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well in time and eternity.

Hold on to virtue. It is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—Christian Evangelist.

Sally, the Monkey at the London Zoo.

We did not come to the hotel yesterday for our luncheon, but we ate it in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. To-day we are going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal. * * * Here I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw the lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, cats, parrots, and O, so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey, and her name was Sally, and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house. Then he cut another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said, "Take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soup, and she took up the spoon and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her to take up three straws, "Sally, there is one, now go on." And she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "Take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws, and gave it to her master. "Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," and she did. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage write next to Sally's. And when he saw we were coming to him he came down from the bars, turned his back to us and sat down. Then he sat around and put his hand through the bars and begged for some biscuits. We gave him some, but he would beg over and over again, until we went away. Then we went to the snakes of all kinds. And the Alligators were very big. We saw a turtle a foot and a half long and about three-quarters of a foot wide.—St. Nicholas.

"Good Enough" Boys.

"I made a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly, "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed."

"You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross-cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was 'good enough.' That generally means 'not good at all.'"

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.—Christian Standard.

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left-hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, says Farm and Fireside, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleek with us on the promenade deck, and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks, and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleek, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm, and fired at Smart Aleek. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat, just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers, or only one?"

What is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems others better than himself.—Ex.

KILLING WILD TURKEYS.

RARE SPORT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

General Sheridan's Diplomatic Ambascade and Its Magnificent Results—Fox Only for the Officers—Troops Camped in a Turkey "Roost."

Twenty-two years ago, the whole region, which includes the Wichita, Canadian and Beaver rivers, in the Indian territory, was the habitat of our noblest indigenous bird, the wild turkey. To employ a slang phrase—for the wild turkey makes its haunts in the timber—the woods were full of them. During the winter expedition against the Indians in 1868-9, writes Major Inman, portions of the command, particularly those companies which escorted General Sheridan on his mission to Fort Sill, lived for days on them, and shooting them by moonlight afforded an immense amount of sport to the officers, in which the general indulged largely.

On the North Fork of the Canadian, is a place still known as "Sheridan's Roost." The general was an old sportsman. After going into camp at this place, on the evening of the 27th of December, the command found themselves in a "turkey roost."

Sheridan had himself made the discovery, and he immediately gave orders that no one, other officer or man, should leave the camp without his permission, because, if anyone commenced to prowl around, the birds would not come back to their accustomed roosting place at night. Just as the last rays of the setting sun sunk behind the low mountains on the west of the camp, the general and about seven officers, whom he had selected as companions, left their fire and wandered slowly into thick woods where he had discovered early in the afternoon the coveted birds were in the habit of congregating to roost. Each of the officers, at the suggestion of the general, took a position on the ground to watch until the time should arrive for the birds to seek their sleeping place.

They did not have long to wait, as, before it had grown fairly dark, two or three magnificent flocks came walking down the ravines leading to the valley. At the head of each flock, as they unsuspectingly advanced, was a fine male bird, upon whose bronze plumage the moonlight glistened as it sifted through the interstices of the trees. When he had arrived at the place at which the flock under his charge had been accustomed to roost, he stopped, glanced all around for a few seconds and then, apparently satisfied that everything was all right, he gave a signal—a sharp, quick, shrill whistle. At that instant every bird in the flock with one accord raised with a tremendous fluttering of their wings and alighted in the tops of the tallest trees. At this juncture, all the various flocks having become settled in their several roosting places, the general gave the word and every man commenced to fire on his own account. The turkeys fell like the leaves in the fall, but did not seem to have sense enough to get away from their doom; they flew from tree to tree at every shot, but persistently remained in the immediate vicinity of their "roost" with all the characteristic idiosyncrasy of a sage hen, which appears, according to my observation, to have less sense than any bird that flies.

It was time that all honest men, whether "in camp or court," were in bed before the general and his party left the ground, so exciting was the rare sport. After counting the number of birds that had fallen, it was discovered that they had bagged nearly 100, of which the general had killed the lion's share. The now historic spot was called "Sheridan's Roost," which name is retained to this day.

Another turkey shooting occurred previous to the one above referred to, in which the whole of General Custer's command took part. It was about eighteen days after the terrible battle of the Washita, and Custer was chasing the fugitive savages towards Fort Cobb. The weather had been very disagreeable—cold, snow and a furious wind. The troops had been wading through about a foot of snow, and the horses were nearly starved, because it was impossible to get at the grass lying so deep under the snow. That night the command went into camp on the Washita, and it was soon discovered that accidentally they had pitched upon an immense turkey roost. It was not yet sun-down when the picket line was stretched and preparations for the men's scanty supper begun. Eagerly expecting that the birds would come to their haunts at the usual hour, the cooks were a little perturbed, anticipating that the bill of fare would, that night, vary materially from the customary "sow-belly and hard-tack."

So sure enough, just about sundown, the turkeys began to return from their search for food, and it was a most remarkable sight to watch the evident surprise of the birds as they approached their roost to discover that their ground had been usurped. Several flocks "rounded up" in full view of all, and it could be noticed that they were bewildered and did not know what to do. They stood still, apparently paralyzed, for some time, and as other flocks soon arrived they all began to fly up into the trees right in the middle of the camp. At this moment everyone seemed to be imbued with

the desire to shoot and a fusillade began, resulting in the tumbling off the trees of fifty or more of the bronzed beauties; and, of course, driving all the remainder from their roosts until the air was full of the frightened birds. As night drew on, not knowing or failing to seek another roosting place, back they came, but in increasing numbers, determined, apparently, to roost there or nowhere. The air and the ground were filled with turkeys; they were dazed by the turn affairs had taken and great flocks ran right among companies and the wagons.

Then was enacted a scene such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed, nor has it since, in all probability; all the dogs in the command—and there was every breed and size, for the average United States soldier loves a dog—joined in the pandemonium that followed the chase for the bewildered birds.

There was feasting in camp that night, and never before did turkey taste so delicious as the magnificent birds, served up in every conceivable style, at that supper in camp on the Washita, to the half-finished troopers of the famous Seventh cavalry, and the gallant boys of the Nineteenth Kansas; and that there were many cases of riding that subjective brute known as the nightmare, before the morning, I have not the slightest doubt.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Climatic Effects Upon the Habits and Temperament of the People.

It has been said that this land of the sun and of the equable climate will have the effect that other lands of a southern aspect have upon temperament and habits. It is feared that Northern-bred people, who are guided by the necessity of making hay while the sun shines will not make hay at all where the sun always shines. It is thought that unless people are spurred on incessantly by the exigencies of the changing seasons they will lose energy, and fall into an idle floating along with gracious nature. Will not one sink into a comfortable and easy procrastination if he has a whole year in which to perform the labor of three months? Will southern California be an exception to those lands of equable climate and extraordinary fertility where every effort is postponed till to-morrow?

I wish there might be something solid in this expectation; that this may be a region where the restless American will lose something of his hurry and petty, feverish ambition, partially it may be so. He will take, he is already taking, something of the tone of the climate, and of the old Spanish occupation. But the race instinct of thrift and of "getting on" will not wear out in many generations. Besides, the condition of living at all in Southern California in comfort, and with the social life indispensable to our people, demands labor, not exhausting and killing, but still incessant—demands industry. A land that will not yield satisfactorily without irrigation, and whose best paying produce requires intelligent as well as careful husbandry, will never be an idle land. Egypt, with all its *dolce far niente*, was never an idle land for the laborer.—From "The Winter of Our Content," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

The Drummer Didn't Enjoy It.

Conductor Rodman, who runs on the Villisca branch of the Burlington, has a very pretty wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rodman had an opportunity of enjoying the discomfort of a traveling man on the down town train the other morning. The drummer knows Mr. Rodman rather well, as his business takes him to Villisca frequently. Last Monday Mr. Rodman took his wife on his trip, and they came back to St. Joseph the next day. On this morning as Mr. Rodman came through the car collecting tickets, the drummer pulled at his arm and whispered:

"Say, Rodman, do you see that rattling pretty girl back there?"

"Yes," responded the conductor, glancing in the direction indicated.

"Well, do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Where does she come from?"

"St. Joseph, I believe."

"Say, old man, do you know her well enough to give me a 'knock down' to her, for she's a beauty, and no mistake."

"Oh, yes. I guess I can fix it for you. Come along."

In a moment more the drummer was standing in front of the "rattling pretty girl" and had a winning smile prepared, when—"Mr. Blank, allow me to present you to my wife."

The drummer murmured something about his pleasure, but went up into the baggage car soon after, where he managed to say to Mr. Rodman, "I didn't say anything out of the way, did I, old man?"—St. Joseph News.

Her Reason.

Mr. Blossom—I don't think you are doing right in forbidding Nelly to receive gentlemen callers. Why did you do it?

Mrs. Blossom—I do not desire the child to ever marry.

You seem to forget that you were young once, that you received gentlemen callers and that you married.

Indeed, I don't, Mr. Blossom; and what is more, I don't intend to have Nelly make a fool of herself because her mother did.—Epoch.

TRIALS OF A PREACHER.

Incidents in the Life of a Methodist Minister at a Fair Appointment.

One of the clergymen in the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church tells this story about himself:

"When I was the pastor of a small church in Delaware county, this state, I had a hard time in trying to keep soul and body together. My labors were arduous and the salary only \$400 a year, and if we had not received various donations of provisions from parishioners almost equally poor as ourselves, we would in all probability have starved to death."

"It was what is known as a 'back-woods appointment,' being eighteen miles from a railroad and located in a valley created by thickly wooded hills. To give you an idea of our reduced circumstances I am compelled to say that there was but one white shirt in the house, and that was shared in common by my eldest son and myself. When he wore it I went into the pulpit without one and made up for the deficiency the best I could."

"One Sunday we had the presiding elder of the district with us. He had come the previous night. Early in the morning he was disturbed by this shrill question from my son:

"'Father, father, who wears the shirt to-day, you or me?'"

"Well, I was in doubt who was entitled to encase himself in that useful garment on that occasion, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice I shouted from the confines of my room, I think it's your turn, my boy."

"I thought no more about the matter until after breakfast and family prayers were over; then the elder took me aside and asked if there was only one white shirt in the house. Of course it was an embarrassing question, and I tried to evade making a reply, but he was persistent, and I finally was forced to admit the truth. Tears swelled up in the elder's eyes and he offered to part with some of his meager hoard of money, but I assured him that I did not need it, and as I refused absolutely to accept a cent, he did not press the matter further."

"Still," although the elder was a kind-hearted man and received but little more salary than myself, yet he loved to indulge in practical jokes. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to dine with us, and my wife, who always seemed to stand in awe of the big, dignified elder, made an extra effort to prepare a tempting repast. Oysters were scarce and very high in that section and consequently a luxury, but my wife concluded that for once we should have oysters."

"Well, thanks to recent wedding fees, she was able to buy them. Then she exercised all her ingenuity to place them on the table in every conceivable form that would please the eye and gratify the taste."

"Well, when we sat down to the table we saw oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters roasted and oysters on shell. It was literally a wilderness of oysters."

"Outside of oysters there was, in fact, but little to eat except bread, butter, apple sauce and, I believe, some sage cheese. Still the little women sat with a beaming countenance, eagerly anticipating the elder's delight at the unexpected treat."

"After a blessing had been invoked I, as a matter of form, turned to our guest and inquired:

"'Elder, will you permit me to help you to some of the oysters?'"

"The elder's face assumed a severe expression as he slowly and deliberately replied:

"'Well, Dominio, I hate to say it, but the truth of the matter is I very seldom eat them.'"

"I glanced at my wife. Her face was almost a crimson hue and tears were starting from her eyes. I think I felt just a trifle savage, but I betrayed no sign."

"After a few seconds of the most painful embarrassment I over-perceived the elder broke the silence, by saying with unruffled deliberation:

"'You see, Dominio, I very seldom eat oysters, because I very seldom get them,' and he burst into a tremendous fit of laughter that almost made the dishes rattle."

"Of course he did ample justice to the dinner, which at the best was frugal enough, but I don't think that my wife ever quite forgave him for those painful moments of suspense."—New York Herald.

Not Superstitious.

"Now father," said the youth, "I have fixed up a check for a small amount in my favor, and all it wants is your name at the bottom."

"I'm sorry my son, but I've been converted from all superstitious ideas I ever had."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

A Good Lie.

A Virginian, who stole a pile of greenbacks from a bank, made seventeen different "confessions," and each time implicated a new party and cleared himself. After arresting about half the town they finally concluded that he was a good liar and a poor thief and sent him up. He then wanted to tell the truth, but they wouldn't have it.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

The Reform church in the United States (German) reports 1,556 congregations and 203,852 members.

The amount collected in the churches of London on Hospital Sunday was \$210,000. This was \$5,000 more than in any previous year.

There is a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in the Wisconsin State prison, which has more than 100 members and is doing a good business.

The Methodist Episcopal church has, in connection with its mission in Mexico, 2,437 communicants. This indicates a gain of 394 during the last year.

Seventeen hundred of the Sioux are members of the Episcopal church, and Baptists, Catholics, and Congregationalists are also represented among them.

A St. Louis congregation paid off the church mortgage and then turned the instrument in open meeting, the choir singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Young Men's Christian associations are being organized in Jerusalem, Ramleh, and Lydda. Hind Smith, who is engaged in the work, has secured the co-operation of the bishop of Jerusalem.

Two thousand women of India have signed a petition to the Queen of England, asking that restriction may be put on child marriages by raising the marriageable age of girls from 10 to 14 years.

The American Congregational union reports receipts for the last year of \$155,530, of which \$16,300 came from individuals and churches. This makes the most successful year in the history of the organization.

The Presbyterian Theological seminary of San Francisco has recently received gifts amounting to \$250,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the gift of one man, Alexander Montgomery of San Francisco.

The various Lutheran bodies in this country have twenty-two theological seminaries, with sixty-eight professors and 1,032 students; twenty-five colleges, with 286 professors and 3,483 students, and thirty-eight academies and seminaries with 3,500 students.

Some preachers put their listeners asleep with dreary discourses, but the Rev. David Kaufman of Indiana reverses this and puts himself asleep while in the pulpit. While apparently asleep and unconscious it is said that he delivers sermons of amazing eloquence.

The Pope has purchased from the Gonzaga family a picture by Veronese representing St. Louis de Gonzaga in his princely dress with a sword. The picture is now exhibited in the Germanic college, where it is visited by cardinals and priests. It is a sign of the preparations for the centenary of St. Louis, which falls on the 21st of June, 1891.

Dr. George P. Pentecost has had a prosperous voyage to India and has commenced his labors in Calcutta. Large numbers of invitations from other cities have been sent to him. He says the mission stations are deplorably undermanned and begs that Christian people in this country will pray that more missionaries may enter the field, and that God will bless his work in India.

The excitement over the mixed-marriage question in Hungary has been most painfully increased by the publication in a Magyar paper of the letter of Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Simor. It contained the decision of the Holy See that none but Catholic baptisms could be permitted in mixed marriages, and gave Cardinal Simor instructions how to act. It was altogether private, and its appearance in print is a mystery yet unexplained.

PECULIAR PUNISHMENTS.

The letter B was burned upon a man at Boston in 1767 for stealing a copper kettle.

A forger at Boston in 1769 had a letter F burned upon the palm of his hand.

A counterfeit of Walpole, Mass., was in 1763 obliged to stand in the pillory for two hours.

In 1637 a woman of Salem, Mass., was bound and chained to a post for beating her husband.

For passing counterfeit money at Springfield, Mass., in 1767, a criminal had his ears cropped.

For absence from the Salem, Mass., court, Sir Richard Saltwater was fined four bushels of malt.

Mary Oliver of Salem, Mass., was sentenced in 1646 to have a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour for wandering the elder.

EYES OF THE OCULIST

Specialties: Diseases of the eye and vision. All diseases of the eye, nose, throat, and lungs, successfully treated. Twelve years' practice. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 311, elevator, 13 Madison St.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. C. Ross, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10 each.

DR. CALVERT, 126 STATE ST., CORNER MADISON.

Specialties: Diseases of women and the nervous system. All diseases of the skin, nose, throat, and lungs, successfully treated. Twelve years' practice. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 311, elevator, 13 Madison St.

WILSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

Is Giving Away a Free Photo Crayon Portrait With every dozen cabinet, at \$2.00 per dozen. Children's Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sundays. Cloudy weather good as sunshine. Studio, 329 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.

The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address:

JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' NERVINE!

CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, PILES, SPASMS, ETC. FREE Samples at Druggists, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The London Religious Tract Society last year issued 77,000,000 publications.

The "oldest clergyman of England," the Rev. John Elliott, died Jan. 29 in his hundredth year.

The twelfth triennial conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of all lands is to be held next August in Amsterdam, Holland.

Miss Cusack, the nun of Kenmare, has joined the Baptists, and was baptized recently by the Rev. Dr. B. S. MacArthur of the Calvary Church in New York.

Mme. Koucher, the wife of the great minister of the second empire, who died in Paris Christmas day, expired on her knees before a crucifix.

The holy father's aid to the poor and various good works during the past year amounted to upward of 400,000 francs, including 45,000 francs to the poor of Rome.

The American Congregational Union reports last year as the most prosperous one in its history. Its income was \$155,530, \$76,800 of which came from churches and individuals.

THINGS CURIOUS.

A \$100,000 staircase is to be put into Mrs. Bonanza Mackay's new London house.

In fashionable marriage notices in some newspapers the name of the bride precedes that of the bridegroom.

The constitution of the new state of Washington limits the session of the legislature to sixty consecutive days.

Two Portuguese pugilists recently engaged in a prize-fight of 1,127 rounds. They fought six hours a day, stopping at noon to eat and smoke.

Dearborn county, Indiana, has a 12-year-old boy with feet fifteen inches in length. He is called "professor" because of the solidity of his understanding.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head full, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man for Woodbury, N.J.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of charge, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One one-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Cream 15 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Liniment 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Ointment 10 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of Vaseline Soap 25 cts.
One one-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 10 cts.

Or for stamps any single article at the price.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine Vaseline put up by us in original packages. A great many cheap imitations are being sold under the name of Vaseline. Be sure you get the genuine Vaseline. The name is on the wrapper and is blown in the glass of each bottle. The name is also on the wrapper and is blown in the glass of each bottle.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now reaching you. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

SEEDS

Free, reliable seeds for all the purposes of the garden and the field. We have a large stock of seeds for sale. We have a large stock of seeds for sale. We have a large stock of seeds for sale.

MOTHERS' FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IT DOES BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK "MOTHERS' FRIEND" FREE.
SEND FOR IT TODAY.
C. H. HARRIS, M. D., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAGIC CURE FOR MEN ONLY.

\$500 for a case of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General or Nervous Debility, weakness of body or mind, the effects of errors or excesses in old or young that we cannot cure. We guarantee every case or refund every dollar. Five days trial, then \$1.00 per bottle. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. COOK & HENRY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

LADIES ONLY

MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR, Safe and certain to a day or month. Recommended by all the best authorities. COOK & HENRY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

For impotence, weakness, premature loss of youthfulness, loss of manhood, etc., having tried in vain every remedy, send for our new and complete course of treatment, which will restore you to full manhood. Address: J. H. HENRY, 111 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

How to win at Cards

How, etc. A new thing, sent free to anyone who sends for it. Five days trial, then \$1.00 per bottle. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. COOK & HENRY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE SUBJECTS FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

The First Woman in Camp—Self-Supporting Ladies—Household Hints and Other Matters.

They sat together on the bank, beside the rippling water. He, handsome, proud—a city chap—she a farmer's daughter. In earnest way they watched their lines. As in the brook they dangled, intent to keep them wide apart. For fear they'd get entangled.

Ere long the maiden hooked a fish. Which offered much resistance. And which she vowed she could not catch. Without someone's assistance. The space between the anglers then became somewhat contracted. And there a very touching scene was speedily enacted.

The struggling fish upon the hook—A poor deluded creature—Of its situation then became a secondary feature. The artificial maiden angled well. To catch a city lady. And he the tempting bait absorbed. And "caught on" like a chubby.

MORAL. Of course this fishy little tale contains a wise suggestion. Which to young men on fishing bent is worthy of digestion. Take warning from the young man's fate—Beware of angling maiden. Let with the care of married life. Your future you would talen.—Frank H. Welch, in West Shore.

The First Woman in Camp.

A Senator of Nevada occasionally indulges into reminiscences, says the Louisville Post. One of his best stories is of the arrival of the first woman in the mining camp. Two boys had toiled with pan and rocker at Washoe for three years without so much as a glimpse of a sunbonnet. Late of an afternoon a shout was heard. The cry was taken up and repeated until it rang from end to end of the gulches, "Petticoats!" "Petticoats!"

Down went the picks and shovels. The red-shirted miners swarmed up the hillsides. An emigrant wagon, "all the way from Pike," was slowly moving along to a camping place. A lone man sat on the seat in front. The lucky miner who had raised the shout told how he had seen a live woman sitting beside the man when the wagon first hove in sight. But as soon as he gave notice by the warning cry, she had dodged back out of sight beneath the canvas cover. Piled with questions, the miner described in glowing detail how the woman was dressed and what she looked like.

That evening while the slices of pork were sizzling and the coffee pots were bubbling, the miners discussed the great event. The more they talked the more they felt that they must see a woman. Somebody proposed a purse and a visit to the emigrant's camp. One after another chimed in. There was \$3,000 in gold dust when the last contribution was turned in. Then, forming in line, these miners started for the wagon of the Missourian.

By a unanimous vote "Bill" (now Senator) had been selected as the spokesman. He walked to the head of the procession and carried the bag of gold dust. As the column approached within sight of the little camp the leader saw a flutter of drapery at the front of an improvised tent. Then the flap was hastily drawn, and as the miners approached they saw only the man of the outfit, and he gazed apprehensively at the array.

A big ring was formed. The Senator advanced to the center. He explained to the traveler that the boys meant no harm to him or his. But it had been three years since some one had had seen a woman. In fact until the arrival that afternoon the gulches of Washoe had never been honored with the presence of petticoats. The boys had deemed the occasion worthy of recognition. They had made up a purse, which he was commissioned to present to the lady.

The Missourian listened. As the little speech neared the climax he grinned. When the Senator held up the buckskin bag the emigrant's eyes grew big. He turned and started with alacrity for the tent.

"Sally," he said, "come out and show yourself. The boys don't mean to hurt you. They've got somethin' fur you."

Leading the frightened woman by the hand the Missourian returned. The Senator handed over the buckskin bag with his most elaborate bow. The woman took it, made an awkward acknowledgment and scooted for the tent. As she disappeared there went up a shout which made the coyotes hunt their holes for miles around.

Self Support.

Too many of our girls are not receiving the best possible training to fit them to become wives and helpmates for husbands compelled to economize and struggle for a financial footing, during the first years of their married life, says Mrs. J. Galliard, in Ohio Farmer. Marriage does not always mean support, and our girls should be taught that when the wheels of time and adversity overlook them they will be capable of battling with the world single-handed. It is a sorry spectacle to see a young widow exclaiming in nothing but fancy-work, the most poorly paid of all professions.

There's a large field of industry open for women, and one of these is that of the trained household cook. A great many have adopted it as a profession. One woman of refined taste has adopted it as a profession and is meeting with success; she is a graduate of the Westminster cooking school, and a woman of good family and social position. She does cap and apron and goes out to private houses to prepare company lunches and dinners. She has more engagements offered her than she can possibly fill. I have a mind a woman

reared in affluence, who was suddenly, by reverse of fortune, thrown on her own resources, that excelled in making fancy cake; she immediately chose it as her profession, offering her services to both public and private parties, where cake was included in the bill of fare, and who has all the engagements she can fill, and the remuneration is by no means small. It looks as though the trained nurse had preceded the trained cook but a short time. There's an old saying, that "the love of money is the root of all evil;" but how often we see the lack of money the cause of a vast amount of unhappiness in homes, and in a majority of cases it causes the first steps toward divorce. So many young men rush into matrimony with little forethought, apparently, about future expenses, often taking a young girl out of a good home and compelling her to ask or beg of the husband for money to buy the necessities of life. And while our daughters should be taught the sacredness of matrimony, they should never be allowed to leave the shelter of the home without a thorough knowledge of some means of self-support.

Woman's War Service.

Although it is impossible to discover just how many women gave their services in the fields and hospitals in the civil war, says Pennsylvania Grit, Capt. Ainsworth, who is at the head of the pension division of the war department, has recently prepared a table giving an idea of the vast number who did what they could for their country by nursing and caring for those who took active part in the struggle.

The records are incomplete, but as far as can be ascertained they were probably 10,000 women, with and without regular authority and pay, who performed the duties wherever they happened to be. Of these, 778 were hired by contract by the war department; 337 went by the appointment of Miss Dix; 248 were Sisters of Charity; 31 were provided by the sanitary commission, and 90 by order of the surgeon general. In addition to these who went as nurses, there were matrons, cooks, laundresses, etc., making, it is thought, no fewer than 40,000 women in all, three-fourths of whom were white and from the north.

There are now on the pension rolls the names of 200 women who acted as nurses, and these were placed there by a special act of Congress; but as yet nothing has been done for most of these noble women, many of whom are old, feeble, and nearly forgotten. Representative Balknap, of Michigan, an ex-soldier, reported a bill to the United States House of Representatives, placing on the pension list at twelve dollars a month "all women employed by the surgical department of the United States service as army nurses, or otherwise officially recognized as such during the war of the rebellion, and who rendered service in hospitals, in the camp, or on the battlefield for a period of six months or more, and who were honorably relieved therefrom, and who, from the results of such service or the infirmities of advancing age, are unable to earn their own support."

Household Hints.

STARCH.—Make starch with soapy water; it prevents the iron from sticking and gives a glossy surface. A little corn oil in boiled starch improves the look of a starched garment, and aids in ironing. Put a little borax in cold starch, less starch and less labor are required. Use corn starch in cookies and doughnuts when eggs are scarce and high. One tablespoonful in place of each egg.

SALT.—Rinse milk utensils in salt and water, and when there is no boiling water, wash sour milk pans in cold water, and rinse in strong soda water and lastly in pure cold water. Use one part of salt and three parts hard wood ashes mixed to a paste with water to mend cracked griddles, or a cracked stove. Putting in a little salt before beating the whites of eggs will shorten the process.

FISH.—Dip fresh fish quickly in boiling water and the scales can be removed easily. A fish poddler at our door took the scales from fish in a twinkling with a curry comb. Wrap each fish after dressing in a cloth saturated in strong brine and they will keep well for several days in warm weather if not allowed to touch each other.

BREAD.—In cutting corn bread hold the knife horizontally. Heavy bread is unhealthy, because the gastric juice acts only on the surface; if light and porous, it penetrates easily to every part.

SUNDRIES.—Do not pour boiling water on your crockery. It may cause the glazing to crack. Use iron pans for baking common soft cake or gingerbread. When frying eggs put in too fat, heat hot, then drop in the eggs and at once pour in some very hot water; it will cause the fat to flow over the eggs and will cook them quickly and evenly.

Put a drop of turpentine in a soft-baked bread crumb and thrust it down the little bird's throat for the gapes. Rub your corns and tender spots on the feet with turpentine. Always choose a cloudy day to wash windows. The sun shining directly upon them will make them streaked.—Claribel, in Ohio Farmer.

A Money-Making Husband.
Loving Wife.—"Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shining heap of gold into his hat), this may tide you over."
Husband.—"Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it?"
Wife.—"Easy enough. Every time you said I mean thing to me I put ten cents into a box."—N. Y. Sun.

"I wonder what Dr. Smith is looking so glum about?" Why, I can tell you, he says his trade is almost ruined, that he hardly has a patient in the winter months after a while, on account of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

The Empress of Russia has not lost her taste for dancing, but indulges in that pastime nearly as freely as she did in her youth when her devotion to it won her the game among her friends of the "grass-hopper."

Salvation Oil has the enviable distinction of being a synonym for cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, gout and kindred affections, such as sciatica, tic-douloureux, etc. It is growing more popular daily. The people believe in it, and will have it. 25 cents.

The cotton mill industry is progressing in Maine. Returns of assessors to the Valuation Commission show that during the decade from 1889 to 1890 the number of spindles in cotton mills has been increased from 640,566 to 839,890, or a gain of 219,324 spindles.

There is nothing (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, constantly sold since 1864. All grocers have it. Have you made its acquaintance? Try it.

Professor Newman, brother of the late cardinal, is hale and hearty at 85. He is a vegetarian.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"Buck" Kilgers, the Texas Congressman who kicked a door open in the Capitol last fall, has had a shoe nailed after him that set a famously down in the Lone Star State.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Custer, St. Paul, Minn.

Isabella II., ex-queen of Spain, is a fat and waddling old lady of circus-like girth, who seems to have forgotten all the vanities of the world and to be devoted to works of charity, the appreciation of Parisian dinners and the needs of a good partner at the whist table.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send address. Trial Package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Charles Stuart Kennedy, of Detroit, possesses a contemporary miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, painted on porcelain and her autograph.

Garfield's Tonic, a harmless herb, accomplishes results resulting from cathartics, and avoids unpleasant and often injurious effects of purgative pills.

The portrait that is to adorn the two-dollar Treasury note that the Treasury department is about to issue is that of Gen. C. B. McPherson, who was killed at Atlanta shortly before Sherman began his march to the sea.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The German Emperor is now a landowner in Norway. A few weeks ago he made a contract with Holm Munthe, a well-known architect of Christiania, for the erection of five villas and a hunting lodge on his estate. The Norwegian believe that it is the Emperor's intention to visit his northern home each summer.

Is Your Child Sick.

G. S. S. NEVER WITHOUT IT. It gives strength, health and vigor to weak and delicate children. About three years ago my little boy three years old was confined to his bed with what the doctors pronounced inflammatory rheumatism in his left leg. He complained of severe pains all the time, extending to his hips. I tried several remedies but they did him no good. A neighbor whose little son had been afflicted the same way, recommended G. S. S. After taking two bottles my little boy was completely cured, and has been walking every day since. I keep G. S. S. in my house all the time, and would not be without it. J. S. CHESNINE, Easton, Ga.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggists for Chastity's English Pennyroyal Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take no other kind. Take no other kind. Take no other kind.

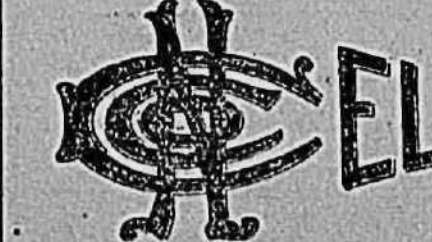
This Picture, Panel size, mailed for 4 cents. J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," 255 & 257 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

CURE Bile Beans.

Pills for Bile Beans. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Effect is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK. THAT CAN BE RELIED ON. Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.



NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

THE CZAR'S PEOPLE.

Ivan Nikolaevitch Zykoff at St. Petersburg has discovered a method of baking rye bread direct from the grain. The rye is washed to clean it, and immediately afterward it is turned into dough and baked.

At the instance of the medical councils of various oyezels (counties) of the St. Petersburg government the village schools of those oyezels will be opened on Sundays and holidays for popular lectures on hygiene, which all the peasants will be invited to attend.

The ministry of the interior has approved a project to establish agricultural colonies for professional beggars and vagrants. A special commission has been appointed to work out the colonization plans in detail and to present them for adoption to the ministerial council. The plans will be ready by next spring and put in operation as soon as endorsed by the government.

Novoye Vremya is out of temper again because its ferocious attacks upon the Jews have caused several provincial papers which hitherto had ignored the Jewish question to take the part of the persecuted people. "What is the use in speaking to our provincials," the paper exclaims, "if arguments produce on them an effect contrary to that desired? The blow of Kiev at least should have more sense. It is simply horrible to see a paper like this throwing themselves on the side of the Judeophiles. The editors of such papers would do better if they emigrated to England, the United States or Palestine and joined the synagogue."

A new book for practical tree-planters is thus indorsed by the well-known Orange Judd Farmer: "The entire book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for all who grow fruit of any sort or kind. Stark Bros., nurserymen, Louisiana, Mo., will send it free to all interested."

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, is of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and his face shows the heavy lines and prominent nose that are characteristic of that ancestry. He is a quiet, retiring man, wholly unassuming in dress and manner, and always speaks in low, well-modulated tones. His home life is noted for its simplicity.

Nothing in history shows more distinctly the art of the fierce and fantastic nature of the Frenchman than the recent popular commotion over Sardou's mild play, "Thermidor."



TRADE MARK. REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, NEURALGIA, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



WANTED! A LADY. To visit our circular, do please, having ready home work, few hours weekly, send (silver) for book of 100,000, with terms. BYLAN CO., Box 10, Port Huron, Mich.

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment.

That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you.

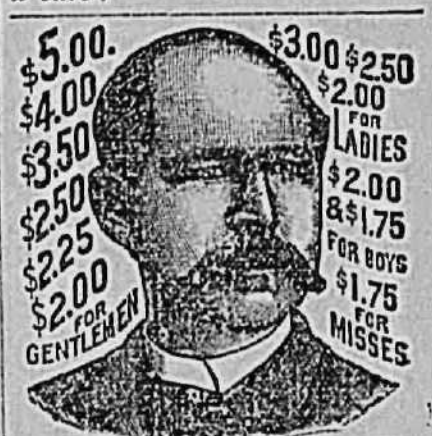
The reason for their faith is this:

Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of your being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the \$500 you'll get something better—a cure!



W. L. DOUGLAS 83 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. \$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed and stylish dress shoe which commands itself. \$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A new and unequalled for style and durability. \$3.50 Gents' Welt. Is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price. \$3.00 "Polka-dot" Welt. Is specially adapted for railroad men, in factory, etc. All made in Congress, Buffalo and Leno. \$2.50 For Ladies, is a new and well-known shoe, with a welt and sole sold at this popular price. \$2.00 Longola Shoe for Ladies, is a new and well-known shoe, with a welt and sole sold at this popular price. \$1.50 Shoe for Ladies, and \$1.75 for Misses still retain their excellence for style, etc. All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. Indiscreet local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing this paper and stamp, twenty mail stamps free. EGGLESTON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS has a pad different from all other trusses. It is self-adjusting and in center, adapts itself to the position of the body, while the ball in the center presses back the protruding organ, and keeps it in its normal position. It is a perfect cure for all cases of hernia, and is a perfect cure for all cases of hernia, and is a perfect cure for all cases of hernia.

FREE CATALOGUE, SEEDS, PLANTS, BULBS, ETC.

Money made by buying my seeds. 35 pkts. \$1.00. 25 cts. pkts. Presents with every order sent postal card with name and address for catalogue. A. R. AMES, Madison, Wis.

THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle

Rag Carpet LOOM. Weaves 10 yds an hour in 10 minutes. Perfectly new. C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.

SEED FREE

One cent a pkg. Up for rare. Cheap, pure, best, 100,000 extra. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free. R. H. SHAWWAY, Rockford, Ill.

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Min's wandering mind. Book bound in leather. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus for free catalogue. Send to Prof. A. L. LECTER, 227 Fifth Ave., New York.

BIRDMAN'S

Monks. He restores the young of the birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good health. He restores the young of the birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good health. He restores the young of the birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good health.

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Form the memory of the departed. Suitable for all ages. Send for free catalogue. Send for free catalogue. Send for free catalogue.

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Send for free catalogue. Send for free catalogue. Send for free catalogue. W. N. U. CHICAGO VOL. VI.—No. 7

T. C Shroder and Holms & Wri
of the *Gazette*, of Richmond Ill.
ply to the enquiries as follows:
number 1, Yes, number 2 No, nu
ber 3 Lower, number 4 Yes, num
5 Yes, number 6 No, number 7
Dr. F. S. Bennett, also of Richm
takes the negative view of Incorp
ation and writes a lengthy article
the subject which, owing to
crowded condition of our colum

\$3000 A YEAR! Undertake to write with any fairly intelligent person on the subject, who can read and write, and, under instruction, will work industriously to earn \$3000 a year. Police Department, New York City.

You in the given localities wherever they lived will find the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for materials successful as above. Easily and quickly learned, I desire but one worker from each district or county, have already taught and provided with employment a number, who are making money. Write for each, 15¢ each, to E. C. ALLEN, Full particulars FREE! E. C. ALLEN, Box 450, Augusta, Maine.

2,000 References. Name

this paper when you write.

ANTIOCH **III**

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE

In the Use of **CURA**.
We Alone own
for All Dis- . . .

TIVE METHODS, that
and Control,
orders of
. . .

MEN . . .
Who have weak **GEN-
DEVELOPED**, or diseased
organs, who are suffering
from **PROSTATE** of youth
and any **EXCESS** of 30

WOMEN . . .
Who are **HYSTERICAL** and **IM-
PORTANT**, the secret of their
fellow's and the con-
tempt of friends and com-
panions, leads us to

FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE

guaranteed to
if they can
STRENGTHEN our
infectious and af-
ford a **CURE!**

all patients,
POSSIBLY of **AC-
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plagues will
There is, then,

REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair!
Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our **HOME
TREATMENT** and set forth on their **WONDERFUL** recovery.
Send sealed, post paid, **FREE**, for a limited time. **GET IT TO-
DAY!** Remember, no other has life methods, appliances and ex-
perience that we employ, and we claim the **WONDERFUL UNIFORM
SUCCESS.** **ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 24.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Feb. 12, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 11, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.
No. 4, 11:55 A. M.
No. 6, 8:45 P. M.
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, AGT.

Antioch Home News.

S. B. Russell was home from Chicago Saturday last.

Wm. Hodge has moved into his new house on Main street.

R. S. Grice has moved to Waukegan, where he will reside in future.

Lyman Grice has been drawing lumber for his new house during the past week.

Mr. Wm. Young started last week for a two week's visit with friends in "York State."

Mr. Hendricks, of Spring Grove, was here on Saturday last in the interests of his insurance companies.

We are sorry to say that quite a number of valuable contributions have been unavoidably crowded out this week.

Mr. J. E. Perkins was called to the town of Mt. Pleasant on Friday last by the death of his brother-in-law, Albert Newman.

Mr. Stephen Grice has moved his blacksmith shop onto the lot north of his residence, and will fit it up for rent as a dwelling house.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean or Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.50.

Miss Addie Schaffer is now visiting with friends and relatives in Burlington and will probably remain in that place for a couple of weeks at least.

The party given by Mr. S. Spafford of Millburn brought a number of our young people in that direction on Friday evening last. A good time is reported.

Proprietor Rogers is preparing for a grand masquerade ball to be given at his hall in this village during the present month. See further announcement in our columns.

The Swift ice company of Lake Villa has been doing a deal of hustling around lately in consequence of an order received last week for 3000 cars of ice, to be delivered in Chicago.

I. R. Webb and his brother Christopher, returned from "York State" Saturday last and report snow four feet deep down there. When they left for home their sister was still very low and fears were entertained that she would not recover.

The parties engaged in dispensing temperance (?) drinks at Lake Villa were brought to Waukegan last week and fined \$100 by Esquire Kennedy. Verily the way of the rum seller is a "rocky" one and hath many a "jag" in its winding course.

Quite a crowd of our people listened to the temperance lecture given by Mr. W. Chaffin at the Disciple church on Wednesday evening of last week, and the majority of those present seemed well pleased with his remarks. Mr. Chaffin is a fluent speaker and has the happy faculty of being able to keep his audience in a pleasant mood, no matter what their views on the temperance question may be. With such men as Mr. Chaffin in the field fighting the liquor question, it is but a matter of time when the evil will be so thoroughly regulated that much of its present insidious power will be forever destroyed.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

Lounges, \$4.50, woven wire springs, \$1.75, chairs, 50 cents each, chambersuits (3 pieces) \$13.50, plush parlor suits, \$25.00, for ten days from this date. Everything else also at bed rock prices at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Foltz's store.

As there seems to be a doubt in the minds of a few on the school question, should the village become incorporated, we would say that children residing in the present school district will not be denied the privilege of attending the village school even then, as the village would still remain part of the school township and be subject to the general provisions of the school law. Neither would it be necessary to make a new survey of the place, as has been stated by others.

Mr. Albert Herman of Grass Lake and Miss Mary A. Brogan of Antioch were united in marriage Wednesday, Feb. 4th 1891, at the bride's parents, in the presence of a few of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The News joins with a large circle of friends of the happy twain in wishing them a long, pleasant and prosperous voyage on the sea of life.

On the 25th day of this month the voters of the village will be afforded a chance to decide by ballot whether or not the place shall be incorporated. The question of incorporation is, or should be, of interest to all who have the right to cast a ballot on that day, for or against the measure. Don't sit at the fire when the time comes and trust to your neighbor to settle the matter according to your liking. Step to the ballot box yourself and deposit therein your ballot either for or against the measure as your conscience may dictate. You will then have exercised your right as an American freeman and cannot be taunted with having failed to perform your duty as a voting citizen. It is not at all likely that any unlawful methods will be resorted to by either side to gain their point, so that if the measure is defeated it will be by fair means that this result is brought about. It can be as truthfully said on the other side that, should incorporation gain the day, it will be through no unfair means on the part of its advocates.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mr. C. W. Vonk and wife are Chicago visitors this week.

The new church skeds are progressing finely.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Maley returned from Chicago on Monday eve.

Mr. E. Blank of Whitewater made his brother Chris a call a few days ago.

John Hegeman Jr. was tendered a surprise by his many young friends last Sat. evening.

News was received today announcing the death of Mrs. Herman Zude of Silver Lake. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn her loss.

Rumor reports another wedding. What's struck Wilnot anyway? Only five weddings in as many weeks.

On Sunday last the St. John Lutherans received and welcomed their new pastor, Rev. Oelcit, called from Bay City, Mich. with very appropriate ceremonies. The church was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and the Burlington choir favored the audience with some very fine singing. Rev. Bendler their former pastor officiated.

GUESS WHO.

GRASS LAKE.

Mr. Loof will have an auction sale next week.

C. B. Little is again buzzing up wood in this neighborhood.

There was quite a number of hunters at the Herman House Sunday.

Mr. Chance Hawkins is going to build an addition on Eli Cobb's house.

Mrs. Willie Allen has been visiting her brother R. Jones at Hickory during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brogan were guests of their daughter Mrs. Albert Herman on Friday last.

Mr. H. Middendorf came home Wednesday to attend the wedding of his brother-in-law Albert Herman.

Geo. Needham of Chicago who recently bought the Morley farm was a guest at the Soules House the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Herman Sr. will live with Grandma Herman and their son Albert will run the hotel during the coming season.

Wm. Ramaker has for some time been the victim of that monster, the La Grippe, but under the care of Dr. Karr is now much better.

Geo. Huber came out from Chicago Wednesday. In coming home he lost his new "plum" which he had done up in a parcel.

Mrs. Alonzo Little has been quite sick for some time past. Dr. Karr of Antioch has been attending her. At the present writing she is much better.

Mrs. Andrew Effinger, of Waukegan, is visiting at the Effinger House. She took in the wedding party at the Herman House Wednesday evening.

We are glad to welcome our former school teacher Mrs. Annie Herman to our neighborhood. She taught here for three years and during that time made many warm friends.

Mrs. Chance Hawkins nee Soule of Snodwine, Ill. arrived here Saturday. She has been visiting with her daughter Mrs. Grubbs, in Chicago for upwards of a week.

MARRIED: At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Albert Herman, of Grass Lake to Miss Annie Brogan of Antioch. Dinner was partaken of at the bride's home and supper at the Herman House. The young folks of Grass Lake gathered in the evening at the latter place to welcome the future landlord and landlady of the "Herman House." The bride wore a lovely dress of brown satin with real flowers. Many nice presents were received. Among the guests from a distance were Mrs. Geo. Cropper of Chicago, a sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Effinger of Waukegan and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ramaker of Doon Iowa. They tripped "the light fantastic toe" 'til the "wee sma' hours and departed with many kind wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of the newly wedded couple.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m.
No. 3, 10:50 P. M.
No. 5, 5:11 P. M.
No. 7, 10:25 a. m.
No. 9, 7:20 P. M.
SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:52 a. m.
No. 4, 8:03 a. m.
No. 6, 11:53 a. m.
No. 8, 6:30 P. M.
No. 10, 7:26 a. m.
* Trains stop on signal only.
+ Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent,
GEORGE SHAYER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mr. J. U. Howard was up from Chicago last week to visit his aged mother who is still stopping at the Cleveland Hotel.

Parden Yaw got a quit claim deed of a house and lot in Liberty of the Rev. O. B. Thayer last week. Consideration \$30.00.

H. G. Hanson has put in an emery wheel at the butter factory where he can grind pulverizers for the farmers in this vicinity.

The weather of February 3rd and 4th was the coldest in these parts for a number of years, the thermometer ranging from 14 to 18 degrees below zero in the vicinity of Trevor.

Mr. Nicholas Schoemacher bought of Mrs. L. A. Havens eleven acres of land more or less on the south side of the road leading to Wilnot and west of the railroad, for sixty dollars per acre.

D. C. Stewart received two sacks of fine wool from Kansas a few days ago as a sample of a large lot for sale. Now is a good chance for some factory to lay in a good stock of the necessary article of superior quality.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Henry Yaw spent last week in Chicago.

Miss Maggie Enzenbacher is visiting friends here.

A dance was held at J. McVey's last Friday night.

Mr. L. Lamb took a trip to Chicago Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Haverstick and family came to Camp Lake to attend the Silver Wedding.

About eighty five guests assembled at the residence of Mr. C. Phillips Saturday evening to celebrate their Silver Wedding. The spacious parlors were filled with merry guests and the evening was spent in dancing and music. At twelve a beautiful supper was served and all retired wishing them many happy returns of the day.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Harbor work is about to begin. Harbor Inspector Hugh McGillen is here.

Chas. Whitney purchased a 20 acre tract of Mr. Henniger for \$6,000.

More brick yards are a growing necessity as the present accommodation does not supply the demand.

The next factory in prospect is a box factory, with T. A. and W. T. Jobb as proprietors. Several hundred men will be employed.

It is reported that large contracts for brick and lumber have been made with Chicago and Racine firms, by the Washburn-Moen Co. That looks as if their location here was certain.

Chas. Yager sold 27 feet of ground on Genesee street to H. J. Slyfield, for \$5,000. Mr. Slyfield recently bought a lot adjoining, containing 80 feet. On these lots he will proceed to build a brick block.

Fred Erskine sold his house on Genesee street to Francis Sauter for \$3,000.

J. Bairstow has bought the Daylin place on Hickory street for \$1,000.

H. W. Mallory has sold two lots in his sub-division to Dora Alcock, for \$15.00.

Sales of lots are steady. 25 feet of the Crabtree property on Genesee street, sold to D. W. Arnold for \$5,000.

It is reported that Mrs. Short has sold a small tract situated a short distance north of Glen Flora Avenue and at the terminus of North Ave., for \$15,000.

Griffin & Strows have purchased of Mrs. Dr. Farr of Kenosha the lot on Genesee street where their undertaking establishment is located and the house and lot north for \$7,000. They will erect a brick block there as soon as arrangements can be made.

The Elgin, Joliet & Eastern R. R. Co. sustain the reputation of making generous offers of land along the lake. They have given several factory companies their choice of 200 acres and gave the Washburn-Moen Co. 34 acres near the Sugar Refinery.

The United States Starch Works will begin work March 1st. The boilers are in place and every thing nearly completed. A large number of men will be employed. The fuel used will be oil, thus doing away with smoke from the factory. It will be shipped here from Ohio and stored in large quantities and will reach the boilers by pipes. There will be ten tanks with a capacity of 1000 barrels for holding this oil.

Special Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

A LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Walds, Florida, Feb. 2, 1891.
As I have a few leisure moments on hand I will give the readers of the News a little idea of the State of Florida.

We left Chicago Jan. 23rd on the Monon route, which takes one through Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and Southern Georgia, and arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn. the next evening, where we stopped to see the great battlefield near Lookout Mountain. This mountain is 1700 feet high and from its summit, they claim, one can see seven States with the aid of a telescope, can also see the battlefields of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the site of the battles that were fought near the foot of the mountain.

The city of Chattanooga is north-east of this mountain, on the bank of the Tennessee River, and has a population of from ten to twelve thousand.

On the top of the mountain they have a narrow gauge railroad that runs to all the principal points on the mountains. There is one of the hotels that will accommodate 500 guests and several smaller ones. There is also a Museum of war relics that interests one greatly. From this mountain you can see the National Cemetery where 12,956 soldiers are at rest. The cemetery is fenced in with a stone fence 4 1/2 feet high and covered with trees, plants and running vines that are green the whole year round, which makes it look more like a park than a cemetery.

From Chattanooga we took the Georgia Southern railroad which runs through what I call a very poor country, nothing but hills and hollows, rocks and scrubby timber all the way through Georgia and but very little land that is cultivated. Once in a while there is a settlement of darkies with very poor shanties, the size being about four by eight feet with no addition to them.

We arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, Jan. 27th, where everything was in blossom, even now potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages and all kinds of vegetables can be had now. Occasionally a few boxes of

strawberries will be seen in the markets. Orange trees can be seen anywhere, in the villages, along the railroads etc. and some trees are covered with oranges. The orange crop is not very good this season on account of a frost they had last March that killed a great many small trees and blossoms.

Lemons are not raised very much here. It is too far north. Bananas, figs, peaches, pears and grapes, as well as many kinds of berries that I am not familiar with are raised here. Peach trees are all white with blossoms and folks claim the peaches will be ripe by the last of May.

I have not seen a decent herd of cattle since I came here. The poorest cattle, horses and hogs I ever saw are here and run out the year round. Hay is something that does not grow here, only a little wire grass. The soil is mostly all a whitish sand and the grass is very scarce and of a poor quality. Most of the milk used is condensed milk.

Business men in town don't think of having stores in their buildings; they always open all the windows and doors so as to get a fresh breeze even until nine o'clock in the evening. It is just as warm here now as we have it in Illinois the fore part of June. The mornings are generally fresh with a cool breeze, but about 10 or 11 o'clock the sun comes out pretty hot, the thermometer registering from 70 to 75 degrees yesterday, which I call pretty warm for the first of February. There have been several frosts here this winter but little damage was done as they came before the trees were in blossom.

The climate here is very good for this time of year, but one cannot live on climate alone. All the land that is used for vegetables has to be fertilized, even the fruit trees, which are planted about 30 feet apart are cultivated and hood like corn. It takes from 5 to 8 years to get an orchard to bear and then they calculate each tree will yield from 12 to 15 dollars worth of fruit. I hear there is an orange grove near here that is worth \$1000 per acre. I will take pleasure in answering any inquiry about this section for any one who wishes to learn about it. Address: A. F. Herman, Waldo, or Interlachen, Florida.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned will sell at public auction at his premises in Grass Lake, in the town of Antioch, four miles southwest of the village of Antioch.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1891.
At 10 o'clock a. m. the following property to-wit: 8 cows, nearly all new milkers, 1 heifer coming three years old, 1 yearling heifer, 15 weathers, 1 four-year-old horse, 1 four-year-old mare, 1 mare colt coming 3 years old, 1 horse coming 6 years old, 1 span of matched colts, 3 and 4, 1 Whitley mowder, 1 old mowder, 1 Champion combined reaper, 1 double buggy, 1 single buggy, 1 light wagon, 1 cutter, 1 sulky cultivator, nearly new, 1 seeder, 1 roller, 1 sorghum mill, 1 stubble plow, set of drags, 1 cook stove, grind stone, set light double harness, road cart, fanning mill, set of bobs, hay rake, cauldron kettle, quantity of seed corn, 30 bushels seed wheat and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale:
All sums of \$10 or under cash, on all sums over \$10 twelve months time will be given on good approved notes with 6 per cent. interest.

CHRISTOPHER LOOF,
Frank Ramaker, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold to W. H. Morgan of Union Grove, Wis. all my interest in the firm of B. D. Dunning & Co. except the outstanding accounts. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their accounts as we are anxious to close up the business as soon as possible. The new firm of Dixon & Morgan will carry on the business at the old stand. They have a full line of general merchandise including hardware, pumps &c. They are young men of good reputation and will spare no pains for the interest of their customers. Thanking you for your liberal patronage and wishing you prosperity, I remain, Yours very truly,
B. D. Dunning.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 50 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time.
Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining-room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland at Washington, and as no one of the family had been hurt the police are puzzled over the mystery.

The gunboat Concord has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

Two cases of small pox in Macomb county, Ill., have terminated fatally. No new cases are reported.

A passenger train on the Cotton Belt Road was wrecked near Stuttgart, Ark. The fireman was killed and the engineer mortally wounded.

Business failures for the week number 20, compared with 320 last week, and 321 in the corresponding week of 1890.

The strike of the coal-miners of Belleville, Ill., has been ended by the operators conceding an increase of pay to the workmen.

Two soldiers, names unknown, were drowned in the Missouri river at Winona, N. D.

W. G. Howells, son of a prominent Missouri attorney, was lodged in jail by United States officers at St. Louis, charged with robbing a stage in Colorado last August.

James Redpath, the well-known journalist and labor advocate, was run down by a street car in New York and seriously injured.

Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington will make under one management the Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, which will control 7,000 miles of railway.

The election in Canada will be contested on the issue of reciprocity with the United States, the liberals advocating and the conservatives opposing the policy.

The Marquis de Lerville, once engaged to be married to Mrs. Frank Leslie, has sued the Chronicle of Oldham, England, for libel for writing up his escapades.

In a fight with Havana police on board steamship, Monteleone, the noted Cuban bandit and two companions were killed and a fourth was captured.

An examination into the account of defaulting State Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas, by his bondsmen, showed a shortage of \$96,000, and it is expected that a legislative investigation will increase this amount.

The belt and nut manufacturing plant of J. Henry Sternberg & Son, at Reading Pa., the largest of its kind in America, burned entailing a loss of \$275,000, insured for two-thirds. Six hundred men are thrown out of employment.

An Albany (N. Y.) paper reports that the American Express Company has secured control of the National Express Company, and that the price paid for the stock of the latter concern was far above par.

The Workmen's League at Haverhill, Mass., is endeavoring to form an alliance with the farmers of the State, and to build an organization in the East similar to the farmers' confederations in the South and West.

United States Government officers detailed to examine the coast defenses and railroads of Mexico report having found them in better condition than they anticipated. The coast works, in particular, are progressing with notable rapidity.

At Marion, Iowa, an attempt was made to assassinate C. M. Hollis. What prompted the act is not known.

At New Hampton, Iowa, Miss Anna Corbin, a fever patient, crushed a fever thermometer in her mouth and was fatally poisoned by the mercury.

Elmer Clark, superintendent of the Kansas City, Mo., Cable Railroad company, was struck by a grip car in a power house and killed.

The Ontario Government is asked by the temperance people for sweeping restrictive liquor legislation.

Years ago when the old Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad promised to be an important line the Ames family acquired a considerable quantity of land in Dorchester, a part of Boston. The Board of Health has condemned the property.

It is reported that a syndicate of brewers has been formed in Germany to manufacture beer in the United States.

The Coffeyville dynamite episode, which created a sensation in political circles during the campaign of 1888, was revived in the lower House of the Kansas legislature by Mr. Andrews, who introduced a resolution looking to an investigation of the matter.

A sensation was created in the Kalamazoo, Mich., insane asylum by the sudden death of Miss Jennie Barth, who went crazy over religion. She was taken to a bath-room by attendants, and while there was severely scalded, the shock causing instant death.

Near Harrodsburg, Ky., George Best, who had recently been married, was murdered in the presence of his bride by the Holiday brothers. Brothers of the victim are in pursuit of the murderers.

The City Council of Terre Haute has instructed the Police Board to investigate the charge that Superintendent of Police Davis took a drink of whisky in a saloon late Sunday night.

A dividend of 50 cents per share was declared by the stockholders of the Lead Trust.

The storekeeper and agent of the Farmers' Alliance at Spartansburg, S. C., W. Zimmerman, is accused of having defrauded the alliance out of \$30,000. It is expected that the affair will develop into a big sensation.

In the Catholic diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., \$3,625 has been collected and forwarded to the suffering poor of Haiti.

A swimming record for 100 feet was set by W. C. Johnson, amateur champion, in the Manhattan Athletic Club's swimming pool, at New York.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance company of Waterloo, Iowa, has assigned with liabilities of \$80,000.

It is now thought that two boys who disappeared from Neshua, Wis., last October and who were supposed to have been drowned in Lake Winnebago, were murdered by flammiferous for meddling with.

Two Hecla iron-works at New York burned, causing a loss of \$300,000.

The Michigan Federation of Labor is now in session at Grand Rapids and is largely attended by delegates from all parts of the State.

The San Francisco police destroyed in a Chinese joss house idols and furnishings worth \$10,000.

Congress will investigate the statement that transcontinental railway lines pay \$100,000 a year to the Canadian Pacific road and \$100,000 to the Pacific Mail Steamship line to prevent rate-cutting by these companies.

A. B. McKee, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City railroad, has written a book on railroads in which he is to make severe criticism on managers and legislators.

George S. Bryant, supposed to be from Chicago, fell down stairs at St. Joseph, Mich., receiving fatal injuries.

The Canadian government has prepared a reciprocity proposition, which will be submitted to the next United States Congress.

A San Francisco Chinaman swindled the United States out of \$30,000 by disappearing with a large quantity of opium on which the duty had not been paid.

Mayor J. J. Ward of Palestine, Texas, assaulted the Rev. Sam Jones because the latter criticized him, but the politician was whipped by the evangelist.

Sir Gordon Cummings, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, has been detected cheating at cards, and he will be sent to Coventry by the Prince's set.

Twenty officers of the battalion at the University of Illinois at Champaign are being tried by the faculty for unimpaired conduct in refusing to take their company to chapel exercises. They demand the reinstatement of Capt. Miller, who was removed from office recently because his grade in study was not up to requirements.

The Nebraska House has passed the bill prohibiting the operation of bucket shops in Nebraska.

Daniel Brew, of Danbury, Conn., was beaten and robbed in New York city and thrown into a freight-car, in which he was carried to Houston, Texas, before securing his release.

Representative Whitehead, of Cook county, Ill., will introduce a bill to repeal the drainage law, because the work now proposed by the drainage trustees will cost Chicago \$90,000,000, or three times the sum originally estimated.

Superintendent Keighley, of the Mammoth mine, was attacked and severely injured by wives of victims of the recent mine disaster, who declared that he had murdered their husbands.

Kansas Alliance men have begun talking of nominating Senator-elect Peffer for the Presidency in 1892.

A girl named Lena Marks, aged 19, was chloroformed and had her throat cut in the yard of her father's bakery, at Marcy, N. Y., by an unknown man. It is believed that she will recover.

Miss Martha Hickox died at Lansing, Mich., from the effects of the strychnine administered by mistake for quinine.

George M. Bradley, a consumptive, who has been inoculated with Dr. Koch's lymph, died at New Haven, Conn. The remedy had an ill effect on the man's throat. Another lymph patient is also reported dying in the same city.

Commissioner Sir James Haslett and Mr. Rully, the American Consul at Belfast, are taking the evidence of the Belfast and Ulster claimants to the A. T. Stewart estate.

Three negroes confined on trivial charges set the jail on fire at Moss Point, Miss., trying to escape, but were burned to death.

Mike Tent, the young teacher near Winnebago City, Minn., who was assaulted recently by the Kruger family because she punished a child, died of her injuries.

A dry goods firm at Louisville, Ky., will file a petition for the return of \$104,000 duties collected under the McKinley bill on the ground that the bill is unconstitutional.

An advance in wheat caused the failure at St. Louis of John Tyson, a well-known broker and member of the Art Club. He was a "bear" and carried a large amount of short wheat.

In the Union club at Omaha Robert Herr, the steward, was crushed to death in the elevator.

Six inches of snow fell at Pierre, S. D. The thermometer is twenty degrees below zero.

The building and machinery of the Time Rock Oil and Coal company near Little Rock, Ark., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000. Insurance \$55,000.

J. A. Owensby, of silver pool fame, was arrested in Chicago by Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the House Forsyth and taken to Washington to appear before the silver pool investigation committee. It is rumored that his testimony will cause a great sensation in speculative financial circles.

MURDEROUS BURGLARS.

A Nebraska Banker's Wife Killed by Burglars.

The residence of Banker Cowles at Clarke, Neb., was burglarized this morning. Cowles was knocked senseless and his wife killed. The burglars secured about \$50 in cash. A reward of \$5,000 has been offered for the arrest of the murderers.

When found Mrs. Cowles' tongue extended from her mouth, her eyes were almost bursting from their sockets, and the imprints of finger nails deep in her throat told the story of the crime.

Within a foot of the murdered woman lay her babe peacefully sleeping, not having been aroused by the dying struggles of the mother. Physicians were hastily summoned. All efforts to restore Mrs. Cowles were fruitless. Life had been effectually choked from her body, but the corpse was still warm, showing that the crime had been committed only a few minutes before.

O'SHEA DEFENDS HIMSELF.

The Captain Writes a Letter to a Friend in New York.

Capt. O'Shea has written a letter to W. H. Hurlburt, which is published in New York City, in which the former husband of Captain O'Shea's mysterious friend pronounces the stories published in this country to be fabrications. He says the statement that his wife was intimate with a former governor of the Bank of England who paid him for marrying her is a lie.

CHOKED HER TO DEATH.

How Walter Martin Killed the Girl Found in the River at Columbia.

A Columbia, S. C., special says Walter Martin has confessed to the murder of Alice McLeod. The case was a very mysterious one. Ten days ago Alice disappeared. Martin was arrested, but denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. Thursday the woman's body was fished out of the river. To-day Martin broke down completely and confessed that he choked her to death in a fit of rage and attacked rocks to her body, kissed her cold lips, and pushed her into the river.

WILL HURRY THINGS UP.

CONGRESSMEN DON'T WANT AN EXTRA SESSION.

They Will Therefore Rush All the More Important Measures Through as Soon as Possible.

The United States Senate is shaping its business with a firm determination to adjourn March 4 without leaving behind it anything for an extra session. The fortification appropriation bill comes up next as unfinished business, and the pension appropriation bills on the calendar.

The District of Columbia appropriation bill, soon to be reported, will follow in order. An effort will be made to pass the Indian reorganization bill, and sandwiched between the above named appropriation bills will probably be the eight hour bill and the copyright bill. An attempt is also being made to secure action upon the House bankruptcy bill.

Not one of the thirteen annual appropriation bills has been finally passed by both branches of Congress and sent to the President. But one of these bills has passed the Senate—the army bill. While the present condition of the appropriation bills is not encouraging as compared with their state of progress in previous Congresses, no doubt is entertained by experienced members of both the House and the Senate of the ability of Congress to complete its necessary legislation before March 4.

After the Canadian Railroad.

According to report, the agitation for Congress "to do something" with the Canadian roads which have lines in the United States is being renewed. Gen. John McNulta, on behalf of the Vanderbilt lines, is urging the amendment to the Interstate law which proposes that the Canadian lines shall be required to take out a license from the Interstate commission and be subject to its regulations. In the House there is a resolution introduced by Mr. Whiting of Michigan, designed to cover the complaints of the Port Huron elevator interests and the commerce committee has promised a hearing to the Michigan people.

Election Bill Abandoned.

It can now be stated with positiveness that the managers of the election bill have finally decided to abandon the measure in the interest of important public business remaining to be acted upon. This decision has been communicated to the Democratic Senators.

COOKED TO DEATH.

Awful Fate of a Chicago Woman Caused by Fire.

An accident resulted in the burning of Mrs. Anna Sell, Mrs. Sell, who is but 22 years of age, went to the clothes closet at her home and was arranging a ball dress on the hooks when she stepped on a match and the spark was at once communicated to the gown fabric. The flames communicated to Mrs. Sell's apparel and in an instant she was enveloped in a sheet of fire. She ran from the closet and called to her sister, who was in the house, for help, but the latter was paralyzed with fright and could render no assistance. Mrs. Sell ran frantically up and down the house, each movement fanning the flames which enveloped her. She screamed for help, and finally neighbors rushed in as she fell fainting to the floor. Her blinding garments were torn from her, taking with them pieces of charred and blistered flesh wherever they had touched her body, and with some of the neighbors busied themselves in extinguishing the flames which had communicated to the house others lifted the now unconscious woman to a bed and called physicians. They at once pronounced her injuries fatal and busied themselves in applying lotions to soothe the awful pain the unfortunate woman was suffering. The fresh about Mrs. Sell's neck, face, hands, and breast was terribly burned, and she had inhaled the flames to such an extent that she will die of internal injuries alone. Mr. Nicholson, the Sells' landlord, who lived upstairs and was the first to rush to the burning woman's assistance, was badly burned about the face and hands. His injuries are not serious.

GETTING READY FOR A BREAK.

Stillwater Prisoners Well Supplied With Weapons.

Stillwater, Minn., special: When Albert Garvin became Warden of the State Prison the other day he made use of some of the experience he had gained at Joliet in the many years he acted as Deputy Warden and made an immediate search of the prison cells, and searched both inside and outside of the main building. The search revealed an astonishing array of knives, daggers, hammers, saws, and other implements. Among the prisoners here are the famous Younger brothers and other desperate and lawless criminals, and the finding of such weapons indicates that many were planning an escape. None of the knives, however, were found in the cells of the Youngers.

SAW HIS SWEETHEART EATEN.

A Most Horrible Narrative of Vornach's Wolves in Russia.

St. Petersburg telegram: A man and a woman, who was his sweetheart, were attacked by wolves a few days ago in the province of Kieff. The man attempted to defend himself and the girl, but finding his efforts useless took refuge in a tree, from which he beheld the wolves tearing the woman's body to pieces. Overcome by the sight he fell fainting among the beasts and was also devoured.

FOUND DYNAMITE FUSE.

A Discharged Employee Wanted to Blow Up the Leeds Gas Works.

A large quantity of dynamite was discovered in the gas works at Leeds, England. A fuse was attached, but it had not been fired. There was enough dynamite to destroy the entire works, and there would have been a frightful loss of life, as the men have been working night and day recently. A discharged employee is supposed to be the planner of the intended outrage.

B. H. Campbell's Will.

From Chicago: Judge Kohlsaat has admitted to probate the will of the late Benjamin H. Campbell. The value of the property disposed of is fixed at \$700,000 and by the terms of the will the estate is to be divided between the children of the deceased. Augustus B. Campbell was named executor and died a bond for \$1,000,000.

Rioters Found Guilty of Murder.

The four rioters on trial for the affair at Broadwood on New Year's day have been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

BLAND KNOCKED OUT.

His Free Colnage Amendment Decided Not to Be in Order.

When the House of Representatives Monday went into committee of the whole on the sundry civil bill the first question was Mr. Dingley's point of order raised yesterday on the Bland free colnage amendment to the colnage section of the measure.

The chair (Mr. Payson) decided that the point of order was well taken for the reason that the amendment would change existing law, which could not be done in an appropriation bill.

While the chairman was reading his decision every seat was filled up. It was known that an appeal was to be taken and that the vote on that appeal would determine the fate of all free colnage legislation for this session. When Mr. Bland formally appealed from the decision the chairman decided that debate was in order and a discussion was begun which did fair to consume the remainder of the day. The question was finally put to a vote and the ruling of the chair was sustained by a vote of: Yeas, 134; nays, 137. Speaker Reed voted to sustain the chair.

House.

Mr. McKinley asked unanimous consent for the present consideration of the bill providing that nothing in the tariff act shall be held to repeal or impair the reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Bland (Mo.) thought the bill should be considered in committee of the whole, and Mr. McKinley moved that the House go into committee for that purpose, but withdrew his motion when he found that it was impossible to limit the time for debate.

The Speaker laid before the House a Senate bill amending the land-forfeiture act of Sept. 29, 1890, which was passed.

The Senate.

Mr. Paddock presented the resolutions of the Nebraska House of Representatives against the Conger land bill, for the reason that the bill would injure great losses on the cattle industry of Nebraska, and in favor of the passage of the Paddock pure-food bill.

A conference report on the bill to provide for an additional associate justice of the Supreme court of Arizona was presented and agreed to.

Mr. Morgan addressed the Senate in support of the bill reported from the committee on foreign relations to aid in the construction of the Nicaragua maritime canal.

The naval appropriation bill was reported with sundry amendments, and Mr. Hale gave notice that he would ask the Senate to take it up to-morrow or Monday.

Mr. Hawley offered a resolution (which was agreed to) calling on the president for the correspondence in reference to the conduct of the senior naval officer present at San Jose de Guatemala on the occasion of the arrest and killing of Gen. Barandilla and the action of the navy department.

MINE HORROR IN COLORADO.

An Explosion That Came Near Ruining the Mammoth Disaster.

What almost proved to be another Mammoth mine disaster occurred on Wednesday at Newcastle, Col., in the Grand River coal and coke mines. Just at 6 o'clock, as the day shift, composed of seventy-five men, was about to leave the mine, a terrible explosion occurred, and immediately the black smoke came pouring out of the side of the mountain.

Soon seventy-five miners were brought to the surface, some of them more dead than alive, none of them any less so.

The excitement was so great that it was impossible to tell if any one failed to get out. It is thought several have perished. Had the explosion occurred when the men were at work not one would have escaped. The mine has been two years, caused by miners' lamps igniting gas, which always troubled them.

SHORT IN THEIR ACCOUNTS.

Two Ticket Agents on the C. H. & D. Suspected of Dishonesty.

A Cincinnati dispatch says Auditor Lishawa of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad has found a serious shortage in the accounts of Ticket Agents Herron and Benedict. The men claim the discrepancy is due to a clerical mistake—an error due to the large number of excursions run by the road last summer. No arrests have been made thus far.

Diamond Thieves on Their Way East.

A telegram from St. Louis says John Adams and Charles Green, in custody of Detectives Sheldon and Hurd, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, arrived here and were lodged behind the bars on a stop-over on their way to New York, where they are charged with having stolen \$10,000 worth of diamonds from guests in the Fifth Avenue hotel some time ago. They were located at Saginaw, Mich., and were arrested there about two weeks ago. Requisition papers were gotten out and the quest started for New York. Some of the diamonds were recovered at St. Louis at a goodly portion of them in St. Louis at a pawnshop broker's, and still more at Saginaw, Mich.

Bride and Bridegroom in Jail.

Ottumwa, Iowa, special: At the instance of Elias Osburn, the father of the bride, Samuel Privitt and wife, together with the parties who acted as witnesses at their marriage in this city Saturday last, were to-day arrested for perjury. The bride was only 14, but she and the other parties now in jail swore she was of legal age, and the father, who doesn't like his son-in-law, proposes to make them suffer for it.

FOUR FATALLY INJURED.

Bad Wreck on the Cincinnati, Louisville & Western.

A telegram from Massillon, Ohio, says a rear-end collision on the Cincinnati Louisville & Western railroad at Beach City resulted in the death of Brakenham Lannan and the fatal injuring of three others.

Choked to Death While at Dinner.

Justice of the Peace Conroy of Dubuque, Iowa, invited his uncle to take dinner with him. While the meal was in progress the old man threw up his hands and was supposed to be in a fit. He was taken outdoors, where he died. The coroner investigated the matter and found a piece of beef lodged in the throat of the deceased by which he was choked to death.

Crushed by Falling Timber.

George Brown, a carpenter, was crushed to death at Ironton, Ohio, by heavy timber falling upon him.

HOW HE MET HIS FATE.

Strangler Eyrand Faces the Guillotine Without a Tremor.

Paris cablegram: Michael Eyrand, the murderer of Gouffe, met his fate with fortitude and resignation.

He looked ghastly, could hardly walk, and had to be assisted up the steps of the scaffold. But he died bravely. He declined cognac, which was offered him to strengthen his nerves. He refused all religious rites and did not return the kiss of peace given him by the attendant priest. He allowed himself to be bound to the plank without resistance.

The knife fell with startling suddenness, and Eyrand was dead before the greater part of the spectators were aware of it. The hour of execution had been purposely kept a secret until midnight. Even the prisoners, who generally get wind of such things, were ignorant of it. Consequently the crowd was not as large as it might have been. But it was exceedingly loud and violent, growing in numbers and roughness as the fatal hour approached.

After the execution the body was given to Eyrand's relatives; but the mob was not to be cheated, and held a mock funeral in the place de la Bouquette. It was a grim and grotesque performance.

Gabrielle Bombard, when informed of Eyrand's death, exclaimed: "C'est fini!" and cried hysterically. She will be conveyed to Clermont, where she will be kept in solitary seclusion until the birth of her child.

Gabrielle takes her imprisonment cheerfully. When she asked if there was any chance of her twenty years' sentence of imprisonment being reduced she was assured that good behavior and industry would considerably shorten her term, besides favorably inclining the authorities to the clemency. With this she was well pleased. Gabrielle is not obliged to do prison work and will not be until her child is born. She will then be transferred to the department of high-class needle-work. She shows no sorrow for Eyrand's fate. She seemed to experience a feeling of relief when informed of his execution.

The murder was committed in a room at Rue Tronson Ducoudray, occupied by a young woman named Gabrielle Bombard, who was Eyrand's accomplice in the crime. Gouffe was lured into the woman's apartment and strangled to death. At the trial Eyrand claimed the woman committed the crime while under his hypnotic influence, but subsequently he confessed that he not only killed Gouffe, but lured him to the place of death. The woman, however, assisted in burying the body. After the murder Eyrand escaped to America. But was eventually captured at Havana.

MAY REVOLT.

Spanish Republicans Make Ugly Charges Against the Government.

From Barcelona Spain: The conservative candidate for member of the chamber of deputies has been elected, defeating Senor Salmeron, the Republican leader. The victory has greatly elated the supporters of the government. The Republicans are enraged at the result of the electoral contest and accuse the officials who had charge of the election of tampering with the ballots. The Republicans insist that Salmeron is duly elected. The conservative victory has caused popular discontent, which has been smoldering for a long time, to break out in all directions. Yesterday evening two large parties were exploded in a public thoroughfare, causing a panic among the people who were in the neighborhood of the explosion. The government officials are thoroughly alarmed, and are making preparations to resist a popular uprising.

THEY CLAIM \$4,000,000.

The Late John H. Schoenberger's Estate Sued.

John Schoenberger, of New York City who died about a year ago, left an estate valued at \$5,000,000. It appears that Mr. Schoenberger was appointed the testamentary trustee by the will of his father, Dr. Peter Schoenberger of Pennsylvania, and the children of his deceased sister, now claim \$1,000,000 to be due them by their late uncle and trustee, John H. Schoenberger, and sue his estate for that amount. The complaints were served on the executors yesterday and suits were commenced in the Supreme court of New York. A bitter contest is expected, and an army of lawyers representing different charitable institutions will be engaged in the fray.

WAS IT A MURDER?

Watchman McCracken of Chicago Found Dying in a Hallway.

Joseph McCracken, a private watchman, was found on the third floor of the building at 192 Madison street, with a bullet wound in his right temple, and his revolver, with one chamber empty, lying by his side.

Investigation shows that the case was doubtless one of suicide, though Lieut. Louis Haas of the Central station, who has known McCracken for thirty-five years, does not accept the theory and believes the watchman was murdered.

FOUR LIVES LOST.

Collapse of the New Louisville & Nashville Bridge at Shelby, Ala.

The Louisville & Nashville bridge, which is being erected across the Coosa river, gave way under five cars loaded with rock. Three men were drowned and one killed by falling timbers. The calamity will set the work back about six weeks.

SIXTY-FIVE HORSES BURNED.

Disastrous Incendiary Fire in a Stable at Boston.

Hagelow & Bernsten's stable in Boston, Mass., was burned, together with sixty-five horses, four herds, and a large amount of hay, grain, etc. The total loss is between \$20,000 and \$30,000. There are rumors of incendiarism.

Raum Report Recommended.

From Washington: The report of the Raum investigating committee was submitted to the House and ordered to be printed and recommitment.

The house adopted the conference report to ratify the agreement with the Sac and Fox nations of Indiana and the Iowa tribe of Indians in Oklahoma.

Will Discuss Anarchism.

From Berno it is reported that the bundelsturm, or federal council, has been officially notified of the intention of the powers to hold an international congress here during the present year, when the subject of anarchism will be fully discussed.

James Phelan Dead.

Hon. James Phelan, member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., died in Nassau, New Providence, of pulmonary consumption.

DEATH TO ALL TRUSTS.

SO SAYS THE SENATE OF INDIANA.

Passage of a Straightout Measure Against Pools and "Com-mes" of All Descriptions.

A Strident, moderate against trusts, pools, combinations and all like schemes has been passed in the Indiana Senate by an overwhelming majority after a spirited debate. It declares that all such combinations are conspiracies to defraud and are unlawful. Any person in any way connected with such schemes shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$10,000, to which may be added imprisonment for not less than two nor more than five years. Any corporations organized under the laws of the State that may have any connections with such combinations shall forfeit their charters and be subject to certain penalties prescribed by the law.

The Senate also passed a bill providing for the establishment of a State Court of Arbitration and Mediation, to consist of three persons, not more than two of whom shall belong to the same political party. In cases of strikes or other labor troubles arising from the payment of wages to be fixed by law the court shall have authority to summon witnesses and acquire into cases.

MOUNTAINS ON FIRE.

Terrible Scenes at the Burning New-castle Mine in Colorado.

Denver, Col., telegram: A correspondent who left for Newcastle Wednesday morning writes that hundreds of families were fleeing for their lives last night. Mile after mile and mountains of coal are on fire. The loss will reach into the millions. As mountains are rapidly being consumed, the fire is spreading. The Colorado Midland railway is the leading owner of the coal mountains and is a heavy loser.

The miraculous escape of hundreds of miners is just being fully realized, and it seems like a kind act of providence that dispatches do not recount the death of hundreds of brave toilers. The day force had just set the

THE CAMP FIRE.

ITEMS AND CLIPPINGS RELATING TO THE REBELLION, ETC.

A Little Poetry—A Soldier of Fortune—Horror of Andersonville—Increase of Pay, Etc., Etc.

It is twenty long years and more ago
We camped in the light of the orange glow
On Virginia's soil, in sight of our foes,
And dimly the light of our camp-fire rose,
And we watched at Falling Waters.

The wind blew freshly o'er the clover farms,
As all that night we had rest on our arms.
Storm came, and we knew ere set of the sun
The battle morning would be lost or won,
On the field of Falling Waters.

We shuddered not, but firmly we stood,
As the hissing fire came down like a flood;
And we braved the storm of his leaden rain,
And soon on the path lay the enemy slain,
When we charged at Falling Waters.

We pressed them backward with bayonet
And shot,
And fierce grew the fight, but we wavered
Not;
By the noon tide sun we put them to rout,
Oh, never again did their banners float
O'er Freeman at Falling Waters!

Aye, we fought and bled four work is done;
By year by year the old veterans fall,
And soon in vain shall our country call
For soldiers of Falling Waters.
—Maj. J. B. Ketchum, in Home and Country.

A Story of the Drift.

The provost in their peculiar line
Of duty had many serious as well as
amusing adventures. The following
is a true incident, and I have often
met the hero when we were in front
of Petersburg.

One of the selectmen of a town in
New England had been very active in
procuring recruits, but was like the
man who urged others to get religion
but forgot to get any himself. It had
never occurred to his mind to
set an example and enlist him-
self. When the draft came he drew a
prize—to go. Going to a dentist he
had all his front teeth extracted. Proud
of his own Yankee sharpness, he
boasted to his friends that he had
procured his own exemption without
expense. As the man was sound in
every way the provost telegraphed to
Washington for instructions, and re-
ceived orders to "take the man and
accept neither substitute nor excuse
for exemption, as an example must
be made in this case." The conscript,
who was a man of wealth, was
at once taken, and as he could
not serve very well in infantry,
he was assigned to artillery. He had
a false set of teeth made by a dentist,
and thus equipped, was ready for army
rations, hard or soft. Unfortunately,
the first day out from Boston the false
teeth followed the baked beans over
the side of the steamer, and he landed
at the front in poor shape to utilize
the lovely hardtack and army beef.
—*Drad, in Rural Call.*

Boston to be Fortified.

Boston, so the war department has
decided, is to become a fortified port,
says the Chicago Tribune. The plan
laid out involves the expenditure of
\$11,000,000. The principal points of
fortification will be Nahant, Grover's
Cliff, Deer Island, Long Island head,
Fort Warren and Nantasket. The
armament recommended by the
board of fortifications is to consist
of forty-seven breech-loading
rifles, 128 rifled mortars, eighteen
torpedo boats and as many submarine
mines. On the high land in
Winthrop, back of Grover's Cliff,
three batteries will be built, one con-
taining three 12-inch breech-loading
rifles, and two of 12-inch mortars,
fifteen in all. The mortar batteries
will be the same as those of Nahant.
The 12-inch rifles will be mounted on
hydraulic lifts. The batteries on
Deer Island will be the heaviest in the
harbor. They will consist of two 16-
inch rifles mounted in revolving tur-
rets, five of 8-inch rifles on "disap-
pearing carriages," and thirty-two
12-inch mortars in two batteries of
sixteen inches each.

Lovell's Island will be fortified by
four guns of great power, two 16-
inch rifles mounted in turrets at the
northern end of the island, and two
15-inch pneumatic guns able to fire
ten rounds of shells, containing 500
pounds of explosives, in forty minutes.
At the southern end. On Gallop's
Island will be mounted two 16-inch
breech-loading rifles in turret for-
tification. In the fort at the east end of Long
Island head will be placed five 10-inch
rifles weighing thirty tons each.
Paddock's Island will have a battery
of sixteen 12-inch mortars, which
throw a 610-pound projectile five
miles. Nantasket will be strongly
fortified by two batteries of rifled
guns, each mounting three 12-inch
and five 10-inch breech-loaders.

Conceded on Little Hog Island will
be a battery of sixteen 12-inch mor-
tars, and in remodeled Fort Warren
five 8-inch guns on disappearing
carriages and five 10-inch rifles in
armoured casemate.

Fought Under Fourteen Flags.

Gen. Ronald MacIver, who was on-
joying a peaceful interval in the Uni-
ted States while waiting to take com-
mand of the San Salvador army, is
considered by experts the champion
soldier of the world. That is, he has
been in more battles and fought under
more flags than any other man now
living.

He has documents (and many scars)
to show that he has fought under four-
teen flags, and has been repeatedly
promoted and decorated for conspicu-
ous gallantry. Unfortunately for him,
many of his campaigns have been for
causes that were unsuccessful, such as
the southern Confederacy, Maximilian
in Mexico, and the Carlist war in
Spain; and where successful the re-
wards were not great. He may be

called an American, as he was born in
a vessel on the coast of Virginia in
1841, and he calls that his native
state, but his parents were Scotch, his
mother of the famous Douglas clan
and his father a Melvor of high social
rank in Edinburgh.

At the age of 16 he joined the army
in India, just in time to help put
down the Sepoy rebellion, of 1857-58.
In this war, when surrounded by the
enemy's cavalry, he killed two of
them, but was cut down and left on
the field for dead. He was picked up,
however, recovered after a long ill-
ness and received promotion. He
next joined Garibaldi and fought till
Italian independence was secured;
but falling in love with the daughter
of the British consul at Naples he
thorowly became involved in a duel in
which he killed his antagonist. He
was then decloyed into an ambush and
set upon by bravoes, but fought so
desperately that he escaped. Taking
refuge in the mountains from the
fouls thus caused, he was captured by
bandits; but when they learned that
he was "the brave MacIver" they let
him go.

He then ran the blockade, reached
Richmond, fought under Jeb Stuart
and was badly wounded, and for a long
time disabled. He was therefore sent
to Europe as a secret agent, did his
work well and got back just after
Lee's surrender. With other Confed-
erates he went to Mexico, fought two
duels successfully with American offi-
cers, served Maximilian well, and af-
ter the latter's fall escaped from the
country with great hardships. He
then fought under Dom Pedro in the
Cretan army against the Turks and in
the Greek army against the brigands
of Thessaly. He joined the revolution-
ists of Cuba, was again defeated
and lived many weeks in the woods a
hunted fugitive. He also served in
Egypt under the Khedive, in Franco
against Germany, in Spain for the
Carlists, and in Herzegovina against
the Turks. He is now ready for more
fun.—*N. Y. World.*

The Third Michigan Cavalry.

In the fall of 1862 Gen. Grant
marched from Corinth and Lagrange,
Tenn., toward Vicksburg. About 2
o'clock a. m., November 7, the 3d
Michigan cavalry was ordered to sad-
dle, mount and move forward, Co. A
in the advance. Comrade Charles
Billings and myself were on the ex-
treme advance, with orders to move
swiftly and quietly until we came to
the rebel pickets, and to capture them
without alarm if possible. If not, the
main advance would support us.
The morning was very dark and foggy.

When about a mile from Holly
Springs we saw a small fire of coals on
one side of the road, about 80 rods
ahead, and noticed some one moving
around.

A few cold waves like the old-fash-
ionedague chilled me somewhat, then
the fever set in. I grasped my Colt's
navy with the grip of a master-mason
and prepared to meet the enemy.

When about four or five rods from
the fire a man stepped into the road
and gave the command: "Halt; who
comes there?"

Billings replied: "Friends with the
countersign." The Johnny then said:
"Advance one with the countersign."
Charley rode up to him with his
revolver at a "ready" held to his
revolver, and ordered the rebel to sur-
render. The latter aimed his carbine
at Charley, but was too late. Charley
pulled the trigger and the enemy fell
a corpse. In an instant I was ready,
and seeing a Johnny attempt to mount
a horse by the fire, one shot from my
revolver brought him down. I saw
their arms in a fence corner, and
springing from my horse I secured
them. One of the pickets escaped
through a hole in the fence, though
we fired several shots at him. Re-
sult at picket post—one killed, one
wounded, five more prisoners and one
escaped. We had just got in shape
when the regiment went past like a
Kansas cyclone, capturing about 150
prisoners, many horses, commissary
stores, etc. We were also the first
Yanks to enter the beautiful city of
Holly Springs.—*M. C. McCurdy, 3d
Mich. Cav., in Toledo Blade.*

Horror of Andersonville.

In reviewing his prison life at An-
dersonville, in the National Tribune,
Comrade Lloyd G. Thompson says:

More than 25 years ago the gates of
the Southern prison pen swung open
for the gross of living Union prison-
ers of war, and, leaving nearly one-
half of their numbers resting in South-
ern soil, the remnant crept forth, a
spectacle to awaken commiseration in
the breast of a savage. Nearly naked,
grimy with smoke and dirt, swarming
with vermin from head to foot, their
skins clinging to their bones and re-
sembling mildewed parchment,
blotched with scurvy, covered with
gangrenous sores, their hair falling
from their heads, their nails falling
from their toes, and their teeth
so loose that they could push them out
with their tongues.

Many of these men crawled home
to die; none of them were able to do
any manual labor for months; nearly
all of them exhausted their slender
supplies of money in paying doctors' bills,
and all of them had drawn so
heavily on life's forces during their
confinement as to render them promi-
tently old, and to permanently unfit
them for the toils and struggles of life.

A prompt exchange of prisoners is
recognized by the people of the civil-
ized world as one of the ameliorating
conditions of modern warfare, and yet
it was our government that refused to
exchange. A stern and cruel neces-
sity may have justified this action at
the time, but what necessity can be
urged in extenuation of the continued
neglect of the survivors of Southern
prisons? Sympathy for the men who
starved for their country has been
sincere and general, but thus far, it
has expended itself in words.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

ABOUT CULTIVATING THE SUGAR BEET.

Interesting Letter from an Expert in the Indus-
try in California—Don't Winter Too
Many Fowls—Bollinger Grain for
Stock—Old Horses.

Cultivating Sugar Beets.

A. A. Bertrand, of Moro Cojo Ranch,
Cal., writes to the Rural Home about
cultivating the sugar beet. The in-
dustry in California, he says, is still in
its infancy and the methods employed
are very crude, yet it will compare
favorably with any other part of the
country, but it is for information more
than anything else that has prompted
me to write this article. In the first
place, I will describe the Moro Cojo
Ranch and its methods. This is the
largest beet farm in the world, con-
taining 1,500 acres and owned by Claus
Spreckles, the sugar king. It is situ-
ated on Monterey Bay, at the mouth of
the Salinas river, ten miles from Wat-
sonville, where Mr. Spreckles has a
large sugar factory. The farm is of
such magnitude as to cause Mr.
Spreckles to build a railroad from
Watsonville to the ranch, where it is
carried to any part of the field by por-
table tracks. In addition to this it is
the only ranch of any size that employs
white labor exclusively. The facts
here given were furnished me by W.
V. Gaffey, the originator and main
stay of the place.

First we will refer to the preparing
of the soil, he says: "My opinion
about plowing is, that the ground
should be plowed deep, at least ten
inches, early in the fall, after the first
rain, so that the soil will be well ex-
posed to the atmosphere, and be thor-
oughly warmed by the time it is ready
for planting, using a five horse sulky
plow. Let it then be well harrowed
and cultivated, and if the weather has
not been too wet this plowing will
suffice.

"Then in the spring as soon as the
weather will allow, we plant, using a
planter, sowing in rows fifteen inches
apart and about two inches deep, using
from two and one-half to six pounds
per acre according to the size of the
seed. If the soil pulverizes well there
is no need to soak the seed, if not you
must soak it well for forty-eight hours.
This seed classified into Nos. 1 and 2
before placing in the soil. The planter
itself is an original idea of
Mr. W. C. Waters, superintendent of
the Western Beet Sugar Co. There
are no patents on it, being for the
benefit of the beet grower, and is the
most complete in existence.

"As soon as the beets have put forth
four or six leaves the thinning
process commences. This is all done
by hand, the men going through pull-
ing all the surplus beets, leaving a
good plant every six or eight inches.
This will cost from \$6 to \$10 per acre,
according to the stand.

"Then comes the cultivating. This
is also done by hand, using the hoe,
as there is no machine that will
cultivate fifteen inches. The men are
kept going backward and forward as
long as there is a weed in sight.

"In California beets ripen in from
four to five months.

"Now we come to the harvest. First
we use a plow that loosens the beet.
This year we had twelve plows going,
paying the men that handled them \$1
per day behind the plows. We had
twenty-two men at \$1.10 per day to
pull the beets and spade up those the
plows failed to loosen. They placed
them in piles for the tappers, who
were furnished with knives to remove
the green tops and parts of beets that
had been exposed above ground.
Of these we had fifty, and they re-
ceived \$2 cents per box, which aver-
aged from 111 to 115 lbs., according to
the soil. These boxes are removed by
trucks operated by two men, a driver
who received \$1.10, and a helper who
received \$1, the driver giving the top-
per a check for every box he re-
moved. He then conveyed the boxes
to a portable track; run to any part of
the field, where they were dumped in-
to cars, he receiving a check for every
box he hauled, keeping perfect tally.
The cars were then drawn to the main
line of the P. V. narrow-gauge rail-
road, where the engine picked them
up and carried them to the sugar
factory at Watsonville. Here a
sample of from four to five beets are
taken together with the number of
the car and sent to the laboratory
where the chemist polarizes them.
The factory allowing \$1 per ton for 11
per cent, and 50 cents per ton for
every additional per cent.

"It would take too much of your val-
uable space to describe the process
they undergo in being reduced to
sugar, so I will wind up by giving you
an idea of the yield of Moro Cojo
Ranch. We will take a sixty acre
tract I saw harvested. The yield was
323 car loads or 871 tons, the beets
weighing from two to five pounds and
averaged from 21 to 17 per cent sac-
charine matter. This is but a fair
showing of the whole field."

Wintering too Many Fowls.

The best profits per head from poultry
are usually found in small flocks.
It is, therefore, a bad sign when poultry
growers begin to reckon prospec-
tive profits according to the rule of
three. Experience proves that the
business is not generally worked by
that rule. Nobody should keep over
winter more fowls than he has accom-

modations for. The best rule we
know for most farmers who keep
fowls is to kill off all their surplus
roosters each fall or winter, and also
to weed out the undesirable pullets.
One or two thoroughbred roosters
may be kept with a few hens for breed-
ing. As for the eggs to be cooked or
sold for cooking, it does not matter
whether the hens that lay them are
ever mated or not. The hens lay
more in number and of better keep-
ing eggs if they are never mated.
By continuing this plan a few years,
selecting all the time the best hens for
breeding, the flock will soon be as
good as thoroughbreds, and if the
breeder uses good judgment it may
for laying be better. First crosses are
often better layers than the pure breeds.

Dead Tips in Wool.

Experienced wool buyers will not
take the wool from poor farmers with-
out large reduction in price, there are
so many "dead tips" in it. This is
the technical name for wool that grew
while the sheep was suffering from ex-
posure, from lack of food or from in-
digestion caused by improper feeding.
Dead tips are deficient in strength,
and can only be used in making in-
ferior cloth. If the sheep regains
strength and health the wool is not
materially helped, as the new growth
is usually too short to be of much use.

It is not generally exposure to
storms that causes this poor wool. If
a sheep's digestion is good, the oily
matter exuded from the skin prevents
rains from penetrating. The outside
of the woolen covering may be wring-
ing wet, but the inside is dry. But if
the digestion is injured either by too
much or too little food, the sheep suf-
fers severely from storms.

Vermine in Chickens.

The one great enemy of your chicks,
young or old, is vermin. First as a
remedy, we prepare the nests for sit-
ters or layers as follows: "Put a lit-
tle saltpetre into the box, after saturat-
ing it well with kerosene oil. Then
fill the box as full as is necessary with
pine sawdust or shavings. These are
both disinfectants and absorbents as
well. We occasionally sprinkle the
boxes with dry sulphur or carbolic
acid. I use a great deal of carbolic
acid about the nests and roosts. Sup-
ply the fowls with the means of taking
a dust bath in coal ashes or road dust.
As often as twice a year fumigate the
houses by burning sulphur and salt-
petre in them, with the doors and
windows closed tightly. No vermin
can live in such a sulphurous odor.

Old Horses Not Economical.

It is not good economy to keep old
horses where heavy work is required.
They are only valuable as they are
handy for the woman to drive, being
safe, well broken, and not liable to
run away or break harness and car-
riage. But whenever heavy straining
is to be done the old horse can only do
the work by being heavily fed, and
thus stimulated into doing more than
unstimulated it is capable of doing.
Double the grain ration is needed, and
even with this the old horse will be
poor, while one in its prime will keep
fat on hard work, and the harder it is
the better he likes it.

Nothing Grain for Stock.

Where it is not possible to grind
grain for feed thoroughly, cooking it
by boiling answers the purpose of
making it more easily digestible.
This is especially important in feeding
corn to hogs. Boil it until the grains
are soft, and the pigs will get much
more good from them. It should be
remembered, however, that the cook-
ing swells the corn so that an equal
bulk in each case does not represent
an equal amount of nutriment. Pigs
fed on cooked food soon come hungry
again, and need more frequent feeding,
but always at regular intervals.

Raising Scalps.

The process of scalping is very sim-
ple. The Indian simply holds the hair
on the top of the head in his left hand.
Two semicircular cuts are made and
then a good pull tears the scalp off.

The Apaches seldom if ever scalp.
There was a time when rewards were
paid for Apache scalps, both in Mexico
and Arizona. The fashion on the
American side was simply to skin the
head; the Mexicans, however did the
work more neatly. They simply cut a
strip right over the middle of the
head, from side to side and under the
ears. This gave them a band of hair,
with the ears attached, that was am-
ple proof that the Indian from whose
head it came was dead. It must be
said, however, that even when scalps
were worth \$200 a piece the market
was never glutted. The people on the
frontier do not like to hunt Apaches.
The Indians are usually closely pursued
while on their raids and have not much
time to spend in scalping. On this ac-
count a small number of people have
been scalped and have lived to tell
of it.

What Bothered him.

Prison chaplain (to condemned):
"My poor man, you are about to die;
are you ready for the reaper—Death—
that sooner or later must gather us all
in?" Condemned: "I don't object to the
reaper; it's the twine-binder that
bothers me."—*New York Herald.*

A Leap in Economy.

"I wish you wouldn't bite threads off
with your teeth," said Mr. Skinaphant
to his wife. "You'll wear your teeth
out and the set my first wife left won't
fit you."

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE EMBLEM OF PURITY.

The Wonders and Mysteries Con-
tained in a Snowflake—God Re-
vealed in a Frozen Rain-drop—
How the Sinner May Become
"Whiter Than Snow."

New York, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1891.—Dr.
Talmage's sermon this evening, which
he also preached in the Brooklyn Academy
of Music in the morning, was from Job 38,
23, "Hast thou entered into the treas-
ures of the snow?"

Grossly misnamed is the season of winter.
The spring and summer and autumn have
had many admirers, but winter, hoary-
headed and white-bearded winter, hath
had more enemies than friends. Yet with-
out winter the human race would be inane
and effortless. You might speak of the
winter as the mother of tempests; I take
it as the father of a whole family of phys-
ical, mental and spiritual energies.

The most people that I know are strong in
proportion to the number of snow flakes they
had to climb over, or push through, in
childhood, while their fathers drove the
sled loaded with logs through the crunching
drifts high as the fences. At this season
of the year when we are so familiar with
the snow, those frozen vapors, those fall-
ing blossoms of the sky, those white
angels of the atmosphere, those poems of
the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of
the wintry tempest, I turn over the leaves of
my Bible and—though most of it was
written in a climate where snow seldom or
never fell—I find many of these beautiful
congregations. Though the writers may
seldom or never have felt the cold touch of
the snowflake on their cheek, they had in
sight two mountains, the tops of which
were suggestive. Other kings sometimes
take off their crowns, but Lebanon and
Mount Hermon all the year round and
through the ages never lift the coronets of
crystal from their foreheads. The first
time we find a deep fall of snow in the
Bible is where Samuel describes a fight
between Deborah and a lion in a pit, and
though the snow may have crimsoned
under the wounds of both man and brute,
the shaggy monster rolled over dead and
the giant was victor. But the snow is not
fully recognized in the Bible until God in-
terrogates Job, the scientist, concerning its
wonders, saying: "Hast thou entered into
the treasures of the snow?"

I rather think that Job may have exam-
ined the snow-flake with a microscope; for,
although it is supposed that the microscope
was invented long after Job's time, there
had been wonders of glass long before the
microscope and telescope of later day were
thought of. So long ago as when the Col-
iseum was in its full splendor, Nero sat in
the emperor's box of that grand theatre,
which held a hundred thousand people, and
looked at the combatants through a gem in
his finger-ring which brought everything
close up to his eye. Four hundred years
before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were
sold powerful glasses called "burning
spheres," and Lalande, the explorer, found
a magnifying-glass amid the ruins of Nine-
veh, and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether
through magnifying instrument or with un-
aided eye, I cannot say, but I am sure that
Job somehow went through the galleries of
the snowflake and counted its pillars and
found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theolo-
gies, majesties, infinites walking up and
down its corridors, as a result of the ques-
tion which the Lord had asked him, "Hast
thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

And now I propose for your spiritual and
enlarging profit, if you will accept my
guidance, to take you through some of
these wonders of crystallization. And
notice first, God in the littles. You may
take Alpengast and cross the Mer de
Glacé, the Sea of Ice, and ascend Mount
Blanc which rises into the clouds like a
pillar of the Great White Throne, or with
Arctic explorer ascend the mountains
around the North Pole and see glaciers a
thousand feet high grinding against glaciers
three thousand feet high. But I will take
you on a less pretentious journey and show
you God in the snowflake. There is room
enough between its pillars for the great
Jehovah to stand. In that one frozen drop
on the tip of your finger you may find the
throne-room of the Almighty. I raked up
the snow in my hand and saw the corners
of celestial dominion pawing these crystal
pavements. The telescope is grand, but I
must confess that I am quite as much
interested in the microscope. The one
reveals the universe above us; the other,
just as great a universe beneath us. But
the telescope overwhelms me, while the
microscope comforts me. What you want
and I want especially is a God in littles.
If we were scrupulous or arch-angels in our
natures, we would want to study God in
the great; but such small, weak, short-
lived beings as you and I are, want to find
God in the littles.

When I see the Maker of the universe
giving himself to the architecture of a
snowflake and making its shafts, its domes,
its curves, its walls, its irradiations so
perfect, I conclude he will look after our
insignificant affairs. And if we are of
more value than a sparrow most cer-
tainly we are of more value than an
insignificant snowflake. So the Bible would
chiefly impress us with God in the littles.
It does not say, "Consider the clouds,"
but it says, "Behold the littles." It does not
say, "Behold the fowls!" and it applauds a
cup of cold water, and the widow's two
mites, and says the hairs of your head are
all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that
you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do
not think that because you estimate your-
self as only one snowflake among a three-
days' January snow-storm that you will be
forgotten. The birth and death of a drop of
chilled vapor is as certainly regarded by the
Lord as the creation and demolition of a
planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is
small. What makes the honey industries of
South Carolina such a source of livelihood
and wealth? It is because God teaches the
lady-bug to make an opening in the rind of
the spruce for the bee, who cannot other-
wise get at the juices of the fruit. So God
sends the lady-bug ahead to prepare the
way for the honey-bee. He teaches the
ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts
in the ground for winter food in order that
it may not take root and so ruin the little
granary. He teaches the raven in dry
weather to throw pebbles into a hollow
tree that the water far down and out of
reach may come up within reach of the
bird's beak. What a comfort that he is a
God in the littles.

"Oh," says some one, "I would like to
stop all forces of sin and crime that are
marching for the conquest of the nations;
but I am nobody, I have neither wealth nor
eloquence nor social power. What can I
do?" My brother, how much do you
weigh? As much as a snowflake? "Oh
yes." Then do your share. It is an ag-
gregation of small influences that will yet

put this lost world back into the bosom of
a pardoning God. Alas that there are so
many men and women who will not use
the one talent because they have not ten
and will not give a penny because they
cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as
well as they can because they are not doc-
tors, and will not be a snowflake because
they cannot be an avalanche. In earthly
wars the generals get about all the credit,
but in the war for God and righteousness
and heaven all the private soldiers will get
crowns of victory unfading. When we
reach heaven—the grace of God may
we all arrive there?—I do not think we
will be able to begin the new song right
away, because of the surprise we shall feel
at the comparative rewards given. As we
are being conducted along the street to our
eternal residence, we will begin to ask
where live some of those who were mighty
on earth. We will ask, "Is so-and-so here?"
and the answer will be, "Yes, I think he is
in the city, but we don't hear much of
him; he was good and he got in, but he
took most of his pay in earthly applause;
he had enough grace to get through the
gate, but just where he lives I know not.
He squeezed through somehow, although I
think the gates took the skirts of his gar-
ments. I think he lives in one of those
back streets in one of the plainer resi-
dences."

Then we see a palace, the door-steps of
gold and the windows of agate, and the
tower like the sun for brilliance, and
charlots before the door, and people who
look like princes and princesses going up
and down the steps, and we shall say,
"What one of the hierarchs lives here?"
That must be the residence of a Paul or a
Milton, or some one whose name resounds
throughout all the planet from which we
have just ascended. "No," says our
celestial dragoman, "that is the residence
of a soul whom you never heard of. When
he gave a charity he left hand knew not
what her right hand did. There she comes
now, out of her palace grounds, in her
chariot behind those two white horses, for
a ride on the banks of the river that flows
from under the throne of God. Let me
see. Did you not have in your world below
an old classic which says something about
"These are they who came out of great
tribulation, and they shall reign forever
and ever?"

As we pass up the street I find a good
many on foot, and I say to the dragoman,
"Who are these?" And when their name
is pronounced I recognize that some of
them were on earth great poets and great
orators and great merchants and great
warriors, and when I express my sur-
prise about their going aloft, the drago-
man says, "In this country people are
rewarded not according to the number of
their earthly talents, but according to the
use they made of what they had." And
then I thought to myself, "Why, that
theory would make a snowflake that falls
cheerfully and in the right place, and does
all the work assigned it, as honorable as a
whole Mount Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes,
yes," says the celestial dragoman, "Many
of these pearls that you find on the fore-
heads of the righteous, and many of the
gems in the jewel case of prince and
princess, are only the petrified snowflakes
of earthly tempest, for God does not for-
get the promise made in regard to them:
"They shall be named after the Lord of hosts
in the day when I make up my jewels." "

Accumulated power! All the prayers and
charities and kindnesses and talents of all
the good concentrated and compacted will
be the world's evangelization. This
thought of the aggregation of the many
small into that one mighty is another
treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sug-
gestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Ab-
sence of snow last winter made all nations
sick. Within a few weeks it put ten of
thousands into the grave. Called by a tri-
vial name, the Russian "grip," it was an in-
ternational plague. The snow is one of
the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

Yes, it is necessary for the land's pro-
ductiveness. Great snows in winter are
generally followed by great harvests next
summer. Scientific analysis has shown
that snow contains a larger percentage of
ammonia than rain, and hence its greater
power of enrichment. Thank God for the
snows, and may those of February be plen-
tiful—high and deep and wide and terri-
fying. But who with an analogical faculty
can notice that out of such chill as the
snow comes the wheat, without realizing
that chilling sorrows produce harvests of
grace! The strongest Christians, without
any exception, are those who were by be-
reavements, or sickness, or poverty, or per-
secution, or all of them together, snowed
under, and again snowed under. These
snow-storms of trouble! They kill the
malaria of the soul. They drive us out of
worldly dependence to God. Call the roll of
all the eminently pious of all the ages,
and you will find them the sons and daughters
of sorrow. What proclaims the richest
and most golden harvests that wave on all
hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the
deep snows, the awful snows of earth by
calamity. And the comforting thought is
cue of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the sug-
gestion that this mantle covering the earth
is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash
me and I shall be whiter than snow," said
the Psalmist. I do not care who you are
or where you are, you need as much as I
do that cleansing. Do not take it as the
tenet of an obsolete theology that our na-
ture is corrupt. We must be changed. We
must be made over again. We must be
washed in the fountain of God's mercy be-
fore we can be whiter than snow. "With-
out holiness, no man shall see the Lord."
Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man
or woman whose thoughts have always
been right, and whose words always right,
and whose actions always right, let such a
one rise or if already standing, lift up his
right hand. Not one! All we like snow
have gone astray. Unclean! Unclean! Un-
clean! And yet we may be made whiter than
snow; whiter than that which, on a
winter's morning, after a night of storm,
clothes the tree from bottom to top, the
top of highest branch; whiter than that
which, this hour,

MR. PRUETT EXPLAINS.

HE COULD OUTWIT THE SQUIRRELS
BUT NOT THE COURT.

How an Ingenious Darkey Can Excuse Al-
most Any Act of Which He May Be
Thought Guilty.

One of the most pronounced characteristics of the Southern negro is his amusingly unhappy knack of excusing a criminal act committed by himself. No matter how squarely confronted he may be, and no matter how plain his guilt may be made to appear, he never fails to catch at the very last thread of excuse. I had a recent opportunity for studying his peculiarly "colored" characteristic. While visiting a "crossroads" community in Mississippi I was invited to attend a trial that promised to stir up the most refined circles of negro society. On the day of the opening of the trial any one passing through the neighborhood might have thought that the President of the United States had just arrived and was holding a general reception. The cotton pickers, flocking from the fields, marched towards an old camp ground where the trial was to be held.

The court assembled under the trees. The Judge sat down behind a slab table and began to thumb a greasy book; the township constable threw a stone at a thin sow; an old family mare kicked a negro boy into a whirling streak of black; the prosecuting attorney blew his nose with a loud snort and then the court was declared opened. Pretty soon a little old negro was brought into the circle. He was a wiry old rascal, and was comical in expression despite a look of extreme trouble that had settled on his face.

"Dis I set down?" he asked, nodding at the Judge.

"Sit down," said the Judge. "Thankee, sah; thankee. W'at I spectin' sich perillence on dis day, but I vere 'em say dat perillence ain't lost eben if you show it ter er goat, but I soon know bout dat fur one day I met ole Mr. Goat in de road an' I bowed ter him. I did, an' I set down de acoundul hauled off an' buttud me offen de face o' de Lawd Ummighty's yeth."

"That will do," exclaimed the Judge. "If you say it will do, sah, I know in reason dat it will," the prisoner replied. "I allus pays er tention ter w'at you tells me. Sotter likes you no how."

The great crowd of negroes pressed forward, expecting every minute to see the old fellow hanged, and some of the women had begun to groan out a sort of swinging chant when the Judge demanded silence.



"Dis I set down?"

"Allen Pruett," said the Judge. "Dat's my name, sah," the prisoner responded. "I dun been named dat ever since I kin recollect. Mammy tole me dat de wuz gwine name me John at one time, after Unk John dat uster sell shuck collars, but de old german sorter fooled round er white pusson's hog pen one night an' sorter got so full o' buck shot dat de had ter drag him er way with er yoke o' steers. Dat's de reason de didn't name me John, sah."

"Never mind about dat," the prosecuting attorney spoke up.

"Oh, I ain't mindin' er about it, sah, caze Allen suits me jest ez well ez John."

"All right, then, Allen. You are charged with two criminal assaults, committed upon the body of one Sandy Shelton."

"Oh, I knows who you mean, sah. You mean ole bow-lap Sandy. I knows him mighty well, fur me, an' him wuz er bout ter marry'n de same family once. Putty good man, Sandy wuz; too, fling you down in er mist of yo' bolt broke."

"Never mind about dat. The indictment states that you took a number of sharp instruments, presumably knife blades, and drove them in the top roll of a fence where the said Sandy was in the habit of climbing over, and that Sandy climbed over at that place and cut himself fearfully. That is one in-



"Now, lemme tell you 'bout dat."

The old fellow joined himself with a grunt. "Now dat's er strange thing. I thought dis yere wuz er free country, but ef it ain't, w'y I is willin' ter go an' lile summers else. Man kain't kill er few squirrels widout de white folks come er tle him."

"Kill a few squirrels," exclaimed the Judge.

"Yes, sah. Now lemme tell you. Some folks likes ter shoot squirrels, but I don't. De way I does it dis. Drive some knife blades in de top rail o' de fence an' shillen 'em ez keen ez you kin. Den go down de fence, an' sorter money round 'em you git er squirrel on de fence, an' skeer him an' make him run up

de fence, all time on de top rail, an' w'eh he gits ter de knife blades he ain't gwine ter see 'em but w'll run er gin 'em an' rip himself wide open. Den you ain't only got de squirrel dead, but you got him mighty nigh cleaned. All you got ter do is ter skeer de jacket offen him. Now, sah, I had been killin' squirrels dar all day, an' ez I 'tended ter come back in de mornin' ter git some fine ones fur de prosecutin' 'turney, here—an' I w'at gwine ter charge him er cent fur 'em, nuther—I thought it wouldn't be wuth while ter take de knife blades out, but 'long in de ebenin' yere come po' Mr. Sandy—an' de Lawd knows I lub dat pusson—an' cuts hisse'f mightily, da tells me. Doan you see it w'at I no fault o' mine? Doan you see dat I is jest ez innocent as any chile?"



NEDN'T CALL DAT LADY.

"But why did you put the blades in the exact place where Sandy gets over the fence?"

"Now lemme tell you dat in killin' squirrels you got ter go w'at de squirrels is. I never could kill no squirrels whar dar w'at none."

"And you say that the squirrels ran against the knives and killed themselves?"

"Yes, sah, jes ripped daselfs wide open. W'y, I tells you de wuz almos ready ter fry when da fell offen de fence, an' you oughter see dem squirrels whut I wuz gwine fetch you, Mr. 'Turney. So fat da couldn't hardly waller, I w'at gonn ter charge you nuthin' fur 'em, nuther."

"That is a very likely story, Allen; but there is one else here that ever killed squirrels that way?" The prosecuting attorney appealed to the audience, but no one responded.

"Oh, I kin't hep it ef nobody else ain't ez smart ez I is," said the prisoner. "I kin do er good many things dat dese yere folks don't know nuthin' er bout."

"Well," said the prosecuting attorney, "I will let that indictment go for the present and take up another one. Not satisfied with the terrible laceration inflicted by the knife-blades you went to Sandy's corn-crib and fixed an old musket so that any one opening the door of the crib would discharge the thing. Sandy, upon reaching home, where he lived alone, went to the crib to get some corn to feed the hogs. He was bleeding and was just able to walk. He opened the crib door and then what happened? An awful charge of shot was poured into his legs. The neighbors say that you put the gun there. What have you to say about it?"

"Now, lemme tell you bout dat. O'cose I put de gun dar; I had er right ter do it, an' fur w'at? Some time er I noticed dat de folks had been er stealin' my co'n. I wucked hard fur dat co'n, an' I couldn't er ford ter let it go dat er way, so I put de gun in dar. How did I know who wuz er comin' dar? Man comes an' shoots hisse'f it ain't my fault. I didn't think dat er honest man wuz gwine git hurt. Pusson got er right ter take kere o' his co'n. I reckon."

"Yes, but why did you put the gun in Sandy's crib? You had no corn there."

"Huh?"

"You heard what I said. Why did you put a gun in Sandy's crib?"

"Dat is cule, but it wuz dis er way: It wuz er monstus dark night, an' I thought dat wuz my crib."

"How can that be, when you live at least a mile from Sandy's place?"

"Bab?"

"You heard what I said. How did you mistake his crib for yours, when you were a mile away from home?"

"Dat is cule, sah, an' I hates ter 'knowledge it, but I w'at right bright in my mind at de time. You see a passul o' us had been over to ole Jinny's ter er gullin', an' de good ole soul dat she is sot out some monstus strong blackberry brandy, an' I drank er good deal o' it, and I didn't know when I come ter my house. It w'at my fault, I kin tell you dat."

"Here is old Aunt Jinny now," said the prosecuting attorney. "We will ask her if you were at her house."

"Hol' on, sah. Now Aunt Jinny is er mighty good lady, but she ain't right bright in her mind and neber wuz. De doctor tole me dat she dun los' her recollection."

"What doctor?"

"Lemme see (looking round), Dr. Spinner."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sah, I knows."

"All right, Dr. Spinner will be here in a few minutes and we will ask him."

"Bay, lemme tell you 'bout dat white man. He dun los' his recollection, too."

"How do you know?"

"W'y sah, I knows it by dis sack: I borred er dollar from him some time er go, an' he doan recollect dat I paid him. Doan ax dat man, caze he doan know."

"I don't think that it is necessary to proceed further with this trial," said the Judge. "We will bind the prisoner over to appear before the Grand Jury."

For a few moments the prisoner sat in silence. After a while he looked up, with an expression of disgust on his face, and said: "Man kain't kill er few squirrels lessen da blade him ober ter de jury. Man kain't put er gun in his crib ter perreck his property lessen da blade him ober ter de jury. White folks wants er nigger to vote, but da doan want him to take kere o' his property. Dis whole thing is er trick er gin me. Dese white folks feared dat lessen da sc'm ter de pennytinchy I gwine be 'lected ter some high office. It's all vanity and jealousy."—Ole P. Read, in N. Y. World.

LIFE AT THE RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

Spies Watch Students All the Time—The Result of the System.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, writing of university life in Russia, says: "The universities no longer possess the right to elect their own professors, their own deans, their own rectors; the Government appoints them all, without reference to their scientific qualifications, and many farcical who were laughing stocks to the students under the old regime are full-fledged professors now. All professors are mere officials, who are not at liberty to lecture on any branch of their subject which they think needful to their students, but have to send in their programs to the ministry twice a year, and each time the ministry revises, corrects, or abolishes them, substituting something else in their place. They are ordered to lecture on such and such parts of such a subject, and so vast is the program and so ridiculously short the time allowed for its exhaustive treatment that many professors are compelled to read out term after term a dry conspectus of theses, which, of course, never change.

"The result is absurd; the students are compelled to come and spend hour after hour listening to a course of lectures which they have written out in extenso at home. And yet, if they absent themselves from this infliction they are expelled. For the students have a little right to choose what lectures they will attend as the professors have to decide what subjects they will lecture upon. A student who chooses Russian literature for his specialty is allowed to frequent about fifty lectures during his six months' term, whereas he must have at least two hundred lectures on archeology and Roman antiquities, delivered very often by foreigners, chiefly Bohemians, unable to express their thoughts in grammatical Russian. A significant consequence is that last year the minister—who, by the way, is an Armenian—had to complain in an official circular that the petitions written to him by university students 'are very often not only defective in style, but faulty in grammar and orthography.' A student must not miss a lecture; there is a host of minor officials who lie in wait for him, and report his absence at once. He must always come in his military mantle, which he has to hang up on a numbered peg, and every peg is examined several times during each lecture. If he reads a book at the university, one of these officials, called a beadle—sometimes a detective or a former convict—steals up behind him and snatches it out of his hand and runs up to show it to the inspectors, many of whom are bankrupt merchants, ruined beer-brewers, and unfortunate peddlers.

"The system of espionage that flourishes at the universities might excite the envy of the Venetians of the days of the Doges, when the very walls had eyes. If you cough or sneeze the beadle knows it, the inspectors hear of it, the rector is informed of it, it is reported to the curator, and carefully entered into three several books against your name, as it may hereafter be useful as proving or disproving something laid to your charge whenever you turn out to be politically untrustworthy. While you are a student not only can the inspectors, sub-inspectors, beadles, and all the myrmidons of the Government visit you in your rooms at all hours of the day and night, ransack your drawers and trunks, turn your bed upside down, rip up your mattresses, and generally give your lodgings the appearance of apartments that have just suffered from a seismic convulsion like the earthquake of Lisbon, but they are invested with the power which they are not slow to use of searching your person, examining the contents of your pockets, and your friends and relations, and their pockets and belongings, should they happen to be with you during the domiciliary visit.

"These inquisitorial processes, of course, are quite independent of those that are made by the police and the members of the terrible 'Third Section,' which you have to put up with as often as is deemed good for you in particular or for the Empire at large. Then, again your house porter, or doorman, watches you like an Argus, his wife or his mistress spies upon you, his children or his nephews dog your steps wherever you go; everyone who visits you is asked his or her name, his or her business, and admission is refused until statements are made and immediately verified. Helplessly drunken men are often on your stairs or under your windows—apparently objects of disgust or pity, in reality spies eagerly straining their ears for everything you say, and often raising up their imagination to an effort to attribute to you something that you might probably have said, but never did actually utter. Your friend and chum who reads with you, who dines with you, is inseparable from you, you discover one day to have been all along in the pay of the secret police. Teachers are spying was the price he paid for his education from the age of 15 upwards—a fine moral education it must have been, well worth the price."

Among the Husband's People.

The young wife who leaves her own family in a measure, that is, in its close daily life, and enters largely, as she must needs do, into the life and circumstances of another family, will do well for herself if she takes with her a determination to love and to be loved there. It is an ill adviser who cautions her to stand upon her rights, and to let the others observe in the beginning that there is to be no interference. It is time enough to resent interference, if it is of the unwarrantable sort, when it comes. To go bristling all over with arms and armor is to invite attack anywhere. She should remember, too, that sometimes parents have the right to interfere. Even if it be ill-judged, she will do better to meet it gently than to repel it forcibly. She will be wise to look at the possibilities of her future, too, and to see the folly of weakening any of the anchorages, as one may say, of her husband's life; to see the better part of increasing his love and fealty to his own people, to appreciate the help they will always be eager to give her

in strengthening the good and in repressing that which is not so good; the restraint they will be in case of need, the wall of support to all her endeavors. And even if she never requires any help of this sort, and the very thought be a profanity, she should convince herself that her husband's people have, before anything is said, a right to her affection. They are the ones of whose flesh and blood, of whose life and manners, of whose thought and principles, was born that which is most precious of all the universe to her; they cannot be quite unworthy of some portion of that which their son evokes. Sometimes she will find these good people aching for her love; and whether they are so eager as that or not, if she only give it to them with a quick and tender heart, taking theirs for granted, whatever are her imperfections they will be forgiven, whatever are her excellences they will be exalted, and she will make for herself and for her husband a happiness far exceeding that to be had by any other course.—Harper's Bazar.

A BARRIER BETWEEN THEM.

Hostile Neighbors in Africa Who Have Established a No Man's Land.

A little British expedition recently steamed far up the Benue branch of the Niger river in a small steam launch and finally entered a tributary of the Benue and explored a region which no white man has ever visited before. The most interesting thing about their journey was the curious experience they had with the natives.

They had been passing for a good while through a region that was inhabited by Moslem blacks, fruits of the rather severe methods of conversion employed by the Arab invaders of the Soudan. The country was very fertile and the people were numerous, but all of a sudden, though the country still wore its usual aspect, and the soil was apparently rich, population entirely ceased. For a stretch of over twenty miles not a hut was to be seen, nor was a single sign of human life anywhere observed. The expedition wondered at this remarkable state of affairs, for the country was certainly inviting, and they could not imagine why it had no inhabitants.

All at once, however, as they rounded a bend in the river they saw big crowds of natives running down the slopes of the hills to the bank. They brandished their spears at the white men on the little boat and told them to go back for they wanted no Moslems in their country. There was an interpreter on the vessel who succeeded in convincing the natives that the visitors were not Moslems, and thereupon the people became quite friendly.

Then the reason for this curious lack of population was ascertained. When the tribes who had been converted to Islam found that the natives near them were just as strong as they were, the spread of their religion in that direction abruptly ceased, but these heathen people and the Moslem converts near them could not live at peace with one another. It was finally decided that, as they could not be good neighbors, a stretch of country should be placed between them where no one should live, and in that way they expect to get along with less bloodshed. So all the people who inhabited this fertile region, about twenty miles wide, packed up their little belongings and moved away, and this stretch of country thus came to be without a single inhabitant. Today it is a No Man's Land, and the only reason is that the people who are neighbors there cannot live on friendly terms, and, having tired of fighting, have put this barrier between them.—N. Y. Sun.

The Works of "The Duchess."

A funny thing happened to a well-known literary woman in this city not long ago, says the N. Y. Evening Sun—a woman who is better read in Shakespeare than in Silius and in Dickens than in the Duchess. Indeed, she has never read a line of this latter prolific person, but she knows the name very well, and having occasion recently to make some slight study of the present English writers of fiction she wrote a line to her bookseller, saying: "Please send me the works of 'The Duchess.'" She thought there were, probably, three or four of them, she said. The next day, as she sat in her study, there came a tap at her door, and opening it, she found her maid, and a strange man, and her maid, all tugging at enormous packages of something or other, which they all set down upon the floor, while the strange man handed her a note from her bookseller, which read: "Dear madame, we have pleasure in sending you the works of 'The Duchess,' as you have ordered."

"Then," she said, "I opened the three great packages, and I laughed till I cried, for, upon my word, the works of 'The Duchess' were comprised in forty-three volumes."

Was He a Mean Man.

One of the meanest men in Harlem has made his will, which some day will be offered for probate. The testator, as reported in the N. Y. Mercury, sets forth his peculiar views as follows:

"I declare this to be my last will and testament. I claim to be perfectly sound in body, but I do not presume to affirm that I am sound in mind. I would not stultify myself by setting up such a pretension. I have about \$60,000 of invested funds. What a vast amount of hypocrisy, sorrow and falsehood I could buy with that amount. I thought first of bequeathing it to charity. But what's the use? The greatest benefactors of humanity are war and cholera. Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to my wife, who lives I don't know where. She rendered me the greatest service in her power—she abandoned me one fine day and I never heard of her since. In remembrance of this kind act I shall make her my sole legatee; however, on the express condition that she shall marry at once. In this way I shall be sure of knowing that my death was regretted by one human being at least."

At Amherst, N. S., recently Rev. Dr. Hartley lost a valuable ring. He advertised but got no tidings until a dream revealed to him the fact that the ring was under his bed, and he found it on one of the slats.

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AN HOUR'S PLEASANT CHAT WITH THE RISING GENERATION.

Dunkards Versus Drunkards—An Old-Time Settler's Cabin on the Plains—Humorous Items—Etc., Etc.

Last year a party of twenty-five dunkards was en route to the general conference via St. Louis, says the Nashville American. No agent accompanied them, and a telegram was sent to Union Depot Passenger Agent Bonner to "meet twenty dunkards."

The religious education of the telegraph operator who received the message had been neglected. He had never heard of the dunkards, and supposing a mistake had been made, he just inserted the letter "r," and when Bonner received the message it read: "Meet No. 1. Twenty drunkards aboard. Look after them."

Bonner was somewhat taken aback. He did not know but that an inebriate asylum had broken loose, but anyway prompt action was necessary. The twenty drunkards must be desperate men or the dispatch would not have been sent, and murder might have been committed on the road.

Bonner posted off to police headquarters, and his story did not lose in the telling. The chief of police, alive to the exigencies of the situation, made a special detail of ten policemen and a patrol wagon.

The policemen were drawn up in line at the depot, and intense excitement prevailed among the numerous depoloungers, a rumor having gained currency that a desperate band of train robbers was on the incoming train.

In due time the train arrived, but no party of roystering drunkards alighted. The party on the train was composed of several pious-looking gentlemen with broad-brimmed hats, who stood around as though expecting some one.

Bonner approached one of them and said interrogatively:

"Had any trouble on the road?"

"No, brother," said the gentleman, "none that I know of. And now I'll ask you a question: Do you know a gentleman named Bonner?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Bonner," was the answer.

"Well, these brethren and myself are dunkards, and you were to meet us and put us on the right train. Did you get a telegram?"

Bonner was completely done for. He excused himself, and calling the sergeant of police aside, he told him that it was all a mistake, and he and his men could go back to headquarters. Then he disposed of his religious friends, went around and jelled at the telegraph operator, after which he had to coax the whole police force to promise to keep it mum.

A Settler's Cabin of Yore.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looked as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said, "That's your house as long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-spring hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of blackbirds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near by a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Things of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaped against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

Young Man, Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to take God's name in vain.

Hold on to your feet when they are about to take you into the place of sin.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join their revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold.

Hold on to your hand when it is about to put that to your lips which brings misery and death.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well in time and eternity.

Hold on to virtue. It is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—Christian Evangelist.

Sally, the Monkey at the London "Zoo."

We did not come to the hotel yesterday for our luncheon, but we ate in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. To-day we were going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal.

I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw the lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, cats, parrots, and O, so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey, and her name was Sally, and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house. Then he cut another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said, "Take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soup, and she took up the spoon and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her take up three straws, "Sally, there is one, now go on." And she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "Take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws, and gave it to her master.

"Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," and she did. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage next to Sally's. And when he saw we were coming to him he came down from the bars, turned his back to us and sat down.

Then he sat around and put his hand through the bars and begged for some biscuits. We gave him some, but he would beg over and over again, until we went away. Then we went to the snakes of all kinds. And the Alligators were very big. We saw a turtle a foot and a half long and about three-quarters of a foot wide.—St. Nicholas.

"Good Enough Boys."

"I made a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly, "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross-cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was 'good enough.' That generally means not good at all."

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.—Christian Standard.

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left-hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, says Farm and Fireside, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck, and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks, and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm, and fired at Smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat, just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers, or only one?"

What is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to nurse evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems others better than himself.—Ex.

KILLING WILD TURKEYS.

RARE SPORT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

General Sheridan's Diplomatic Ambascade, and Its Magnificent Results—Fun Only for the Officers—Troops Camped in a Turkey "Roost."

Twenty-two years ago, the whole region, which includes the Wichita, Canadian and Beaver rivers, in the Indian territory, was the habitat of our noblest indigenous bird, the wild turkey. To employ a slang phrase—for the wild turkey makes its haunts in the timber—the woods were full of them. During the winter expedition against the Indians in 1863-4, writes Major Inman, portions of the command, particularly those companies which escorted General Sheridan on his mission to Fort Sill, lived for days on them, and shooting them by moonlight afforded an immense amount of sport to the officers, in which the general indulged largely.

On the North Fork of the Canadian, is a place still known as "Sheridan's Roost." The general was an old sportsman. After going into camp at this place, on the evening of the 27th of December, the command found themselves in a "turkey roost."

Sheridan had himself made the discovery, and he immediately gave orders that no one, either officer or man, should leave the camp without his permission, because, if anyone commenced to prow around, the birds would not come back to their accustomed roosting place at night. Just as the last rays of the setting sun sunk behind the low mountains on the west of the camp, the general and about seven officers, whom he had selected as companions, left their fire and wandered slowly into thick woods where he had discovered early in the afternoon the coveted birds were in the habit of congregating to roost. Each of the officers, at the suggestion of the general, took a position on the ground to watch until the birds should arrive for the birds to seek their sleeping place.

They did not have long to wait, as, before it had grown fairly dark, two or three magnificent flocks came walking down the ravines leading to the valley. At the head of each flock, as they unsuspectingly advanced, was a fine male bird, upon whose bronze plumage the moonlight glistened as it sifted through the interstices of the trees. When he had arrived at the place at which the flock under his charge had been accustomed to roost, he stopped, glanced all around for a few seconds and then, apparently satisfied that everything was all right, he gave a signal—a sharp, quick, shrill whistle. At that instant every bird in the flock with one accord raised with a tremendous fluttering of their wings and alighted in the tops of the tallest trees. At this juncture, all the various flocks having become settled in their several roosting places, the general gave the word and every man commenced to fire on his own account. The turkeys fell like the leaves in the fall, but did not seem to have sense enough to get away from their doom; they flew from tree to tree at every shot, but persistently remained in the immediate vicinity of their "roost" with all the characteristic folly of a sage hen, which appears, according to my observation, to have less sense than any bird that flies.

It was time that all honest men, whether "in camp or court," were in bed before the general and his party left the ground, so exciting was the rare sport. After counting the number of birds that had fallen, it was discovered that they had bagged nearly 100, of which the general had killed the lion's share. The now historic spot was called "Sheridan's Roost," which name is retained to this day.

Another turkey shooting occurred previous to the one above referred to, in which the whole of General Custor's command took part. It was about eighteen days after the terrible battle of the Washita, and Custor was chasing the fugitive savages towards Fort Cobb. The weather had been very disagreeable—cold, snow and a furious wind. The troops had been wading through about a foot of snow, and the horses were nearly starved, because it was impossible to get at the grass lying so deep under the snow. That night the command went into camp on the Washita, and it was soon discovered that accidentally they had pitched upon an immense turkey roost. It was not yet sun-down when the picket line was stretched and preparations for the men's scanty supper begun. Eagerly expecting that the birds would come to their haunts at the usual hour, the cooks were a little perfunctory, anticipating that the bill of fare would, that night, vary materially from the customary sow-belly and hard-tack.

So sure enough, just about sundown, the turkeys began to return from their search for food, and it was a most remarkable sight to watch the evident surprise of the birds as they approached their roost to discover that their ground had been usurped. Several flocks "rounded up" in full view of all, and it could be noticed that they were bewildered and did not know what to do. They stood still, apparently paralyzed, for some time, and as other flocks soon arrived they all began to fly up into the trees right in the middle of the camp. At this moment everyone seemed to be imbued with

the desire to shoot and a fusillade began, resulting in the tumbling off the trees of fifty or more of the bronzed beauties; and, of course, driving all the remainder from their roosts until the air was full of the frightened birds. As night drew on, not knowing or failing to seek another roosting place, back they came, but in increasing numbers, determined, apparently, to roost there or nowhere. The air and the ground were filled with turkeys; they were dazed by the turn affairs had taken and great flocks ran right among companies and the wagons.

Then was enacted a scene such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed, nor has it since, in all probability; all the dogs in the command—and there was every breed and size, for the average United States soldier loves a dog—joined in the pandemonium that followed the chase for the bewildered birds.

There was feasting in camp that night, and never before did turkey taste so delicious as the magnificent birds, served up in every conceivable style, at that supper in camp on the Washita, to the half-famished troopers of the famous Seventh cavalry, and the gallant boys of the Nineteenth Kansas; and that there were many cases of riding that subjective brute known as the nightmare, before the morning, I have not the slightest doubt.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Climate Effects Upon the Habits and Temperament of the People.

It has been said that this land of the sun and of the equable climate will have the effect that other lands of a southern aspect have upon temperament and habits. It is feared that Northern-bred people, who are gulped by the necessity of making hay while the sun shines will not make hay at all where the sun always shines. It is thought that unless people are spurred on incessantly by the exigencies of the changing seasons they will lose energy, and fall into an idle floating along with gracious nature. Will not one sink into a comfortable and easy procrastination if he has a whole year in which to perform the labor of three months? Will southern California be an exception to those lands of equable climate and extraordinary fertility where every effort is postponed till to-morrow?

I wish there might be something solid in this expectation; that this may be a region where the restless American will lose something of his hurry and petty, feverish ambition, partially it may be so. He will take, he is already taking, something of the tone of the climate, and of the old Spanish occupation. But the race instinct of thrift and "getting on" will not wear out in many generations. Besides, the condition of living at all in Southern California in comfort, and with the social life indispensable to our people, demands labor, not exhausting and killing, but still incessant—demands industry. A land that will not yield satisfactorily without irrigation, and whose best paying produce requires intelligent as well as careful husbandry, will never be an idle land. Egypt, with all its *dolce far niente*, was never an idle land for the laborer.—From "The Winter of Our Content," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

The Drummer Didn't Enjoy It.

Conductor Rodman, who runs on the Villisca branch of the Burlington, has a very pretty wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rodman had an opportunity of enjoying the discomfort of a traveling man on the down town train the other morning. The drummer knows Mr. Rodman rather well, as his business takes him to Villisca frequently. Last Monday Mr. Rodman took his wife on his trip, and they came back to St. Joseph the next day. On this morning as Mr. Rodman came through the car collecting tickets, the drummer pulled at his arm and whispered:

"Say, Rodman, do you see that rattling pretty girl back there?"

"Yes," responded the conductor glancing in the direction indicated.

"Well, do you know her?"

"Where does she come from?"

"St. Joseph, I believe."

"Say, old man, do you know her well enough to give me a 'knock down' to her, for she's a beauty, and no mistake."

"Oh, yes. I guess I can fix it for you. Come along."

In a moment more the drummer was standing in front of the "rattling pretty girl" and had a winning smile prepared, when—"Mr. Blank, allow me to present you to my wife."

The drummer murmured something about his pleasure, but went up into the baggage car soon after, where he managed to say to Mr. Rodman, "I didn't say anything out of the way, did I, old man?"—St. Joseph News.

Her Reason.

Mr. Blossom—I don't think you are doing right in forbidding Nelly to receive gentlemen callers. Why did you do it?

Mrs. Blossom—I do not desire the child to ever marry.

You seem to forget that you were young once, that you received gentlemen callers and that you married.

Indeed, I don't, Mr. Blossom; and what is more, I don't intend to have Nelly make a fool of herself because her mother did.—Epoch.

TRIALS OF A PREACHER.

Incidents in the Life of a Methodist Minister at a Poor Appointment.

One of the clergymen in the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church tells this story about himself:

"When I was the pastor of a small church in Delaware county, this state, I had a hard time in trying to keep soul and body together. My labors were arduous and the salary only \$400 a year, and if we had not received various donations of provisions from parishioners almost equally poor as ourselves, we would in all probability have starved to death."

"It was what is known as a 'backwoods appointment,' being eighteen miles from a railroad and located in a valley created by thickly wooded hills. To give you an idea of our reduced circumstances I am compelled to say that there was but one white shirt in the house, and that was shared in common by my oldest son and myself. When he wore it I went into the pulpit without one and made up for the deficiency the best I could."

"One Sunday we had the presiding elder of the district with us. He had come the previous night. Early in the morning he was disturbed by this shrill question from my son:

"Father, father, who wears the shirt to-day, you or me?"

"Well, I was in doubt who was entitled to encase himself in that useful garment on that occasion, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice I shouted from the confines of my room, I think it's your turn, my boy."

"I thought no more about the matter until after breakfast and family prayers were over; then the elder took me aside and asked if there was only one white shirt in the house. Of course it was an embarrassing question, and I tried to evade making a reply, but he was persistent, and I finally was forced to admit the truth. Tears swelled up in the elder's eyes and he offered to part with some of his meager hoard of money, but I assured him that I did not need it, and as I refused absolutely to accept a cent, he did not press the matter further."

"Still," although the elder was a kind-hearted man and received but little more salary than myself, yet he loved to indulge in practical jokes. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to dine with us, and my wife, who always seemed to stand in awe of the big, dignified elder, made an extra effort to prepare a tempting repast. Oysters were scarce and very high in that section and consequently a luxury, but my wife concluded that for once we should have oysters."

"Well, thanks to recent wedding fees, she was able to buy them. Then she exercised all her ingenuity to place them on the table in every conceivable form that would please the eye and gratify the taste."

"Well, when we sat down to the table we saw oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters roasted and oysters on shell. It was literally a wilderness of oysters."

"Outside of oysters there was, in fact, but little to eat except bread, butter, apple sauce and, I believe, some sage cheese. Still the little women sat with a beaming countenance, eagerly anticipating the elder's delight at the unexpected treat."

"After a blessing had been invoked J, as a matter of form, turned to our guest and inquired:

"Elder, will you permit me to help you to some of the oysters?"

"The elder's face assumed a severe expression as he slowly and deliberately replied:

"Well, Dominie, I hate to say it, but the truth of the matter is I very seldom eat them."

"I glanced at my wife. Her face was almost a crimson hue and tears were starting from her eyes. I think I felt just a trifle savage, but I betrayed no sign."

"After a few seconds of the most painful embarrassment I ever experienced the elder broke the silence, by saying with unflinching deliberation:

"You see, Dominie, I very seldom eat oysters, because I very seldom get them," and he burst into a tremendous fit of laughter that almost made the dishes rattle."

"Of course he did ample justice to the dinner, which at the best was frugal enough, but I don't think that my wife ever quite forgave him for those painful moments of suspense."—New York Herald.

Not Superstitious.

"Now father," said the youth, "I have fixed up a check for a small amount in my favor, and all it wants is your name at the bottom."

"I'm sorry my son, but I've been converted from all superstitious ideas I ever had."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I don't believe in signs."—Washington Post.

A Good Lie.

A Virgilian, who stole a pile of greenbacks from a bank, made seventeen different "confessions," and each time implicated a new party and cleared himself. After arresting about half the town they finally concluded that he was a good liar and a poor thief and sent him up. He then wanted to tell the truth, but they wouldn't have it.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

The Reform church in the United States (German) reports 1,556 congregations and 203,832 members.

The amount collected in the churches of London on Hospital Sunday was \$210,000. This was \$5,000 more than in any previous year.

There is a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in the Wisconsin State prison, which has more than 100 members and is doing a good business.

The Methodist Episcopal church has, in connection with its mission in Mexico, 2,437 communicants. This indicates a gain of 254 during the last year.

Seventeen hundred of the Sioux are members of the Episcopal church, and Baptists, Catholics, and Congregationalists are also represented among them.

A St. Louis congregation paid off the church mortgage and then burned the instrument in open meeting, the choir singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Young Men's Christian associations are being organized in Jerusalem, Iamaleh, and Lydda. Hind Smith, who is engaged in the work, has secured the co-operation of the bishop of Jerusalem.

Two thousand women of India have signed a petition to the Queen of England, asking that restriction may be put on child marriage by raising the marriageable age of girls from 10 to 14 years.

The American Congregational union reports receipts for the last year of \$155,500, of which \$76,390 came from individuals and churches. This has been the most successful year in the history of the organization.

The Presbyterian Theological seminary of San Francisco has recently received gifts amounting to \$350,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the gift of one man, Alexander Montgomery of San Francisco.

The various Lutheran bodies in this country have twenty-two theological seminaries, with sixty-eight professors and 1,032 students; twenty-five colleges, with 285 professors and 3,453 students, and thirty-eight academies and seminaries with 3,500 students.

Some preachers put their listeners asleep with dreamy discourses, but the Rev. David Kaufman of Indiana reverses this and puts himself asleep while in the pulpit. While apparently asleep and unconscious it is said that he delivers sermons of amazing eloquence.

The Pope has purchased from the Gonzaga family a picture by Veronese representing St. Louis de Gonzaga in his princely dress with a sword. The picture is now exhibited in the German college, where it is visited by cardinals and priests. It is a sign of the preparations for the centenary of St. Louis, which falls on the 21st of June, 1891.

Dr. George F. Fentecost has had a prosperous voyage to India and has commenced his labors in Calcutta. Large numbers of invitations from other cities have been sent to him. He says the mission stations are deplorably undermanned and begs that Christian people in this country will pray that more missionaries may enter the field, and that God will bless his work in India.

The excitement over the mixed-marriage question in Hungary has been most painfully increased by the publication in a Magyar paper of the letter of Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Minor. It contained the decision of the Holy See that none but Catholic marriages could be permitted in mixed marriages, and gave Cardinal Minor instructions how to act. It was altogether private, and its appearance in print is a mystery yet unexplained.

PECULIAR PUNISHMENTS.

The letter S was burned upon a man at Boston in 1767 for stealing a copper kettle.

A forger at Boston in 1769 had a letter F burned upon the palm of his hand.

A counterfeit of Walpole, Mass., was in 1702 obliged to stand in the pillory for two hours.

In 1627 a woman of Salem, Mass., was bound and chained to a post for beating her husband.

For passing counterfeit money at Springfield, Mass., in 1767, a criminal had his ears cropped.

For absence from the Salem, Mass., court, Sir Richard Saltenstale was fined four bushels of malt.

Mary Oliver of Salem, Mass., was sentenced in 1846 to have a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour for wandering the elders.

EYES OF THE EYE DOCTORS.

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PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent on their sons. Those entitled to a pension, if you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' Nerveine!

NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, STUTTERING, STAMMERING, ETC. FREE SAMPLES BY MAIL TO C. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



people."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The London Religious Tract Society last year issued 77,000,000 publications. The "oldest clergyman of England," the Rev. John Elliott, died Jan. 29 in his hundredth year.

The twelfth triennial conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of all lands is to be held next August in Amsterdam, Holland.

Miss Cusack, the nun of Kenmare, has joined the Baptists, and was baptized recently by the Rev. Dr. H. S. MacArthur of the Calvary Church in New York.

Mme. Koucher, the wife of the great minister of the second empire, who died in Paris Christmas day, expired on her knees before a crucifix.

The holy father's aims to the poor and various good works during the past year amounted to upward of 400,000 francs, including 45,000 francs to the poor of Rome.

The American Congregational Union reports last year as the most prosperous one in its history. Its income was \$155,530, \$70,300 of which came from churches and individuals.

THINGS CURIOUS.

A \$100,000 staircase is to be put into Mrs. Bonanza Mackay's new London house. In fashionable marriage notices in some newspapers the name of the bride precedes that of the bridegroom.

The constitution of the new state of Washington limits the session of the legislature to sixty consecutive days.

Two Portuguese pugilists recently engaged in a prize-fight of 1,127 rounds. They fought six hours a day, stopping at noon to eat and smoke.

Dearborn county, Indiana, has a 12-year-old boy with feet fifteen inches in length. He is called "professor" because of the solidity of his understanding.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

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One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented 10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.

Or for stamps any single article at the price.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many cheap imitations are being sold, and buyers are being deceived. Never yield to such persuasion, and always insist on the original Vaseline. A bottle of Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

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FOR THE LADIES.

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE SUBJECTS FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

The First Woman in Camp—Self-Supporting Ladies—Household Hints and Other Matters.

They sat together on the bank, beside the rippling water. He, handsome, proud—a city chap—And she a farmer's daughter. In earnest way they watched their lines, As in the brook they dangled, Intent to keep them wide apart. For fear they'd get entangled.

Ever long the maiden looked a fish Which offered much resistance. And which she vowed she could not catch Without someone's assistance; The space between the anglers then Became somewhat contracted; And there a very touching scene Was speedily enacted.

The struggling fish upon the hook— A poor deluded creature— Of the situation then became A secondary feature. The artful maiden angled well To catch a city husband, And he the tempting bait absorbed And "caught on" like a chubb.

MORAL— Of course this fishy little tale Contains a wise suggestion, Which to young men on fishing bent Is worthy of digestion. Take warning from the young man's fate— Beware of angling maiden, Lest with the care of married life Your future you would laden.

—Frank R. Welch, in West Shore.

The First Woman in Camp.

A Senator of Nevada occasionally relapses into reminiscences, says the Louisville Post. One of his best stories is of the arrival of the first woman in the mining camp. Two boys had tolled with pan and rooker at Washoe for three years without so much as a glimpse of a sunbonnet. Late one afternoon a shout was heard. The cry was taken up and repeated until it rang from end to end of the gulches, "Petticoats!" "Petticoats!"

Down went the picks and shovels. The red-shirted miners swarmed up the hillsides. An emigrant wagon, "all the way from Pike," was slowly moving along to a camping place. A lone man sat on the seat in front. The lucky miner who had raised the shout told how he had seen a live woman sitting beside the man when the wagon first hove in sight. But as soon as he gave notice by the warning cry, she had dodged back out of sight beneath the canvas cover. Piled with questions, the miner described in glowing detail how the woman was dressed and what she looked like.

That evening while the slices of pork were sizzling and the coffee pots were bubbling, the miners discussed the great event. The more they talked the more they felt that they must see a woman. Somebody proposed a purse and a visit to the emigrant's camp. One after another chipped in. There was \$3,000 in gold dust when the last contribution was turned in. Then, forming in line, these miners started for the wagon of the Missourian.

By a unanimous vote "Bill" (now Senator) had been selected as the spokesman. He walked to the head of the procession and carried the bag of gold dust. As the column approached within sight of the little camp the leader saw a flutter of drapery at the front of an improvised tent. Then the flap was hastily drawn, and as the miners approached they saw only the man of the outfit, and he gazed apprehensively at the array.

A big ring was formed. The Senator advanced to the center. He explained to the traveler that the boys meant no harm to him or his. But it had been three years since some of them had seen a woman. In fact until the arrival that afternoon the gulches of Washoe had never been honored with the presence of petticoats. The boys had deemed the occasion worthy of recognition. They had made up a purse, which he was commissioned to present to the lady. The Missourian listened. As the little speech neared the climax he grinned. When the Senator held up the buckskin bag the emigrant's eyes grew big. He turned and started with alacrity for the tent.

"Sally," he said, "come out and show yourself. The boys don't mean to hurt ye. They've got something fur ye."

Leading the frightened woman by the hand the Missourian returned. The Senator handed over the buckskin bag with his most elaborate bow. The woman took it, made an awkward acknowledgment and scouted for the tent. As she disappeared there went up a shout which made the coyotes hunt their holes for miles around.

Self Support.

Too many of our girls are not receiving the best possible training to fit them to become wives and helpmates for husbands compelled to economize and struggle for a financial footing, during the first years of their married life, says Mrs. J. Galliard, in Ohio Farmer. Marriage does not always mean support, and our girls should be taught that when the wheels of time and adversity overtake them they will be capable of battling with the world single-handed. It is a sorry spectacle to see a young widow exclaim in nothing but fancy-work, the most poorly paid of all professions.

There's a large field of industry open for women, and one of these is that of the trained household cook. A great many have adopted it as a profession. One woman of refined taste has adopted it as a profession and is meeting with success; she is a graduate of the Westminster cooking school, and a woman of good family and social position. She does cap and apron and goes out to private houses to prepare company lunches and dinners. She has more engagements offered her than she can possibly fill. I have in my mind a woman

reared in affluence, who was suddenly, by reverse of fortune, thrown on her own resources, that excelled in making fancy cake; she immediately chose it as her profession, offering her services to both public and private parties, where cake was included in the bill of fare, and she has all the engagements she can fill, and the remuneration is by no means small. It looks as though the trained nurse had preceded the trained cook but a short time. There's an old saying, that "the love of money is the root of all evils," but how often we see the lack of money the cause of a vast amount of unhappiness in homes, and in a majority of cases it causes the first steps toward divorce. So many young men rush into matrimony with little forethought, apparently, about future expenses, often taking a young girl out of a good home and compelling her to ask or beg of the husband for money to buy the necessities of life. And while our daughters should be taught the sacredness of matrimony, they should never be allowed to leave the shelter of the home without a thorough knowledge of some means of self-support.

Woman's War Service.

Although it is impossible to discover just how many women gave their services in the fields and hospitals in the civil war, says Pennsylvania Grit, Capt. Almsworth, who is at the head of the pension division of the war department, has recently prepared a table giving an idea of the vast number who did what they could for their country by nursing and caring for those who took active part in the struggle.

The records are incomplete, but as far as can be ascertained they were probably 10,000 women, with and without regular authority and pay, who performed the duties wherever they happened to be. Of these, 778 were hired by contract by the war department; 337 went by the appointment of Miss Dix; 248 were Sisters of Charity; 31 were provided by the sanitary commission, and 96 by order of the surgeon general. In addition to those who went as nurses, there were matrons, cooks, laundresses, etc., making, it is thought, no fewer than 40,000 women in all, three-fourths of whom were white and from the north.

There are now on the pension rolls the names of 200 women who acted as nurses, and these were placed there by a special act of Congress; but as yet nothing has been done for most of these noble women, many of whom are old, feeble, and nearly forgotten. Representative Bolknip, of Michigan, an ex-soldier, reported a bill to the United States House of Representatives, placing on the pension list twelve dollars a month "all women employed by the surgical department of the United States service as army nurses, or otherwise officially recognized as such during the war of the rebellion, and who rendered service in hospitals, in the camp, or on the battlefield for a period of six months or more, and who were honorably relieved therefrom, and who, from the results of such service or the infirmities of advancing age, are unable to earn their own support."

Household Hints.

STARCH.—Make starch with soapy water; it prevents the iron from sticking and gives a glossy surface. A little coal oil in boiled starch improves the looks of a starched garment, and aids in ironing. Put a little borax in to cold starch, less starch and less labor are required. Use corn starch in cookies and doughnuts when eggs are scarce and high. One tablespoonful in place of each egg.

SALT.—Rinse milk utensils in salt and water, and when there is no boiling water, wash sour milk pans in cold water, and rinse in strong soda water and lastly in pure cold water. Use one part of salt and three parts hard wood ashes mixed to a paste with water to mend cracked griddles, or a cracked stove. Putting in a little salt before beating the whites of eggs will shorten the process.

FISH.—Dip fresh fish quickly in boiling water and the scales can be removed easily. A fish peddler at our door took the scales from fish in a twinkling with a curry comb. Wrap each fish after dressing in a cloth saturated in strong brine and they will keep well for several days in warm weather if not allowed to touch each other.

BREAD.—In cutting corn bread hold the knife horizontally. Heavy bread is unhealthy, because the gastric juice acts only on the surface; if light and porous, it penetrates easily to every part.

SUNDRIES.—Do not pour boiling water on your crockery. It may cause the glazing to crack. Use iron pans for baking common soft cake or gingerbread. When frying eggs put in the fat, heat hot, then drop in the eggs and at once pour in some very hot water, it will cause the fat to flow over the eggs and will cook them quickly and evenly.

Put a drop of turpentine in a softened bread crumb and thrust it down the little bread's throat for the gases. Rub your corns and tender spots on the feet with turpentine. Always choose a cloudy day to wash windows. The sun shining directly upon them will make them streaked.—Claribel, in Ohio Farmer.

A Money-Making Husband. Loving Wife—"Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shining heap of gold into his hat), this may tide you over." Husband—"Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it?" Wife—"Easy enough. Every time you said a mean thing to me I put ten cents into a box."—N. Y. Sun.

"I wonder what Dr. Smith is looking so glum about?" Why, I can tell you, he says his trade is almost ruined, that he'll hardly have a patient in the winter months after a while, on account of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Empress of Russia has not lost her taste for dancing, but indulges in that pastime nearly as freely as she did in her youth when her devotion to it won her the name among her friends of the "graslopper."

Salvation Oil has the enviable distinction of being a synonym for cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, gout and kindred affections, such as sciatica, tic-douloureux, etc. It is growing more popular daily. The people believe in it, and will have it. 25 cents.

The cotton mill industry is progressing in Maine. Returns of assessors to the Valuation Commission show that during the decade from 1880 to 1890 the number of spindles in cotton mills has been increased from 640,564 to 859,590, or a gain of 219,026 spindles.

There is nothing (unless it be the new machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, constantly sold since 1874. All grocers have it. Have you made its acquaintance? Try it.

Professor Newman, brother of the late cardinal, is hale and hearty at 85. He is a vegetarian.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

"Buck" Kilgore, the Texas Congressman who kicked a door open in the Capitol last fall, has had a shoe named after him that he's famous down in the Lone Star State.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I may say they are second to none in the world."—E. J. A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

Isabella II., ex-queen of Spain, is a fat and waddling old lady of circus-like girth, who seems to have forgotten all the vanities of the world and to be devoted to works of charity, the appreciation of Parisian dinners and the needs of a good partner at the whist table.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send for address: "Trial Package" mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Charles Stuart Kennedy, of Detroit, possesses a contemporary miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, painted on porcelain, and her autograph.

Garfield's Tea, harmless herbs, accomplishes benefits resulting from cathartics, and avoids unpleasant and often injurious effects of purgative pills.

The portrait that is to adorn the two-dollar Treasury note that the Treasury department is about to issue is that of Gen. C. B. McPherson, who was killed at Atlanta shortly before Sherman began his march to the sea.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The German Emperor is now a landowner in Norway. A few weeks ago he made a contract with Holm Munthe, a well-known architect of Christiania, for the erection of five villas and a hunting lodge on his estate. The Norwegian believes that it is the Emperor's intention to visit his northern home each summer.

Is Your Child Sick.

C. S. S. NEVER WITHOUT IT. It is perfectly harmless, yet so powerful as to cleanse the system of all impurities. About three years ago my little boy three years old was confined to his bed with what the doctors pronounced inflammatory rheumatism in his left leg. He complained of severe pains all the time, extending to his hips. I tried several remedies but they did him no good. A neighbor whose little son had been afflicted the same way, recommended C. S. S. After taking two bottles my little boy was completely cured, and has been walking one and a quarter miles to school every day since. I keep C. S. S. in my house all the time, and would not be without it. S. J. CHESTER, Easton, Ga.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chester's English Pennyroyal Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. All pills in postpaid boxes, with wrappers, are dispensed on certificate. At Druggists, or send us 10¢ in postage stamps, and we will send you a box of the pills, with full directions. 10¢ in postage stamps, and we will send you a box of the pills, with full directions. 10¢ in postage stamps, and we will send you a box of the pills, with full directions.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CURE Billousness, Sick Headache, Malaria.

BILE BEANS.

DIET'S REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is instantaneous. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK.

CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

THE CZAR'S PEOPLE.

Ivan Nikolaevitch Zykoff at St. Petersburg has discovered a method of baking rye bread direct from the grain. The rye is washed to clean it, and immediately afterward it is turned into dough and baked.

At the instance of the medical councils of various oyezds (counties) of the St. Petersburg government the village schools of those oyezds will be opened on Sundays and holidays for popular lectures on hygiene, which all the peasants will be invited to attend.

The ministry of the interior has approved a project to establish agricultural colonies for professional beggars and vagrants. A special commission has been appointed to work out the colonization plans in detail and to present them for adoption to the ministerial council. The plans will be ready by next spring and put in operation as soon as indicated by the government.

Novoye Vremya is out of temper again because its ferocious attacks upon the Jews have caused several provincial papers which hitherto had ignored the Jewish question to take the part of the persecuted people. "What is the use in speaking to our provincials," the paper exclaims, "if arguments produce on them an effect contrary to that desired? The Slovo of Kiev at least should have more sense. It is simply horrible to see papers like this throwing themselves on the side of the Judeophiles." The editors of such papers would do better if they emigrated to England, the United States or Palestine and joined the synagogue.

A new book for practical tree-planters is thus endorsed by the well-known Orange Judd Farmer: "The entire book is fully written and given in trustworthy information for all who grow fruit of any sort or kind. Stark Bros., nurserymen, Louisiana, Mo., will send it free to all interested."

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, is of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and his face shows the heavy lines and prominent nose that are characteristic of that ancestry. He is a quiet, retiring man, wholly unassuming in dress and manner, and always speaks in low, well-modulated tones. His home life is noted for its simplicity.

Nothing in history shows more distinctly the at once fierce and fantastic nature of the Frenchman than the recent popular commotion over Sardou's mild play, "Hermidor."

ST. JACOB'S OIL

TRADE MARK

REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY

RHEUMATISM.

Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, NEURALGIA.

Sore Throat, Strepings, Frost-bites, SCIATICA.

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE DEAF

WANTED! A LADY

To send circulars, do please, saying ready home work, few hours daily, send for book of instructions in St. Louis, with terms. STYAN CO., Box N, Port Huron, Mich.

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment.

That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you.

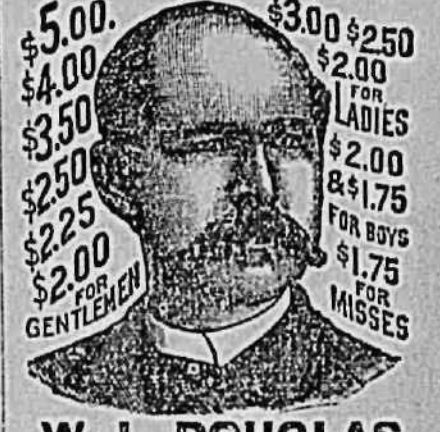
The reason for their faith is this:

Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of your being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the \$500 you'll get something better—a cure!



W. L. DOUGLAS

83 SHOE GENTLEMEN.

55-00 Genuine Hand-sewed and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.

54-00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for style and comfort.

53-00 Good-year Welt is the standard dress shoe at a popular price.

52-00 Police-man's shoe, especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

51-00 All made in Congress, Buttoned lace, a shoe for ladies, is the only shoe ever sold at this popular price.

50-00 Douglas Shoe for Ladies, is now departing and promises to become popular.

49-00 Shoe for Ladies, and \$1.75 for Misses still retain their excellence for style, etc.

All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. Ready-refund agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertisement or order blank. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW

ELASTIC TRUSS

has a different from all other, is of pure rubber, with self-adjusting lugs in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the elastic cup presses back on the intestines, preventing the protrusion of the organs. It is a perfect cure for all cases of hernia, and is sold by all druggists.

Money made by buying my truss, 25 pkts. \$1.00. 25 to 50 pkts. Presents with every order. Send postal card with name and address for catalogue.

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3000 yds. an hour

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